



In the Sheets

A Naughty Adrienette Fanzine





Ghillyart

@ghillyart

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18⁺

Contributors

Cassandra S. Fisher

[cassandrasfisher](#)
[cassandrasfisher](#)
[cassandrasfisher](#)
[cass_s_fisher](#)

Etoile-Lead-Sama

[EtoileLeadSama](#)
[Etoile-Lead-Sama](#)

Ghostly Hamburger

[ghostlyhamburger](#)
[ghostlyhamburger](#)

Gkittyart

[Gkittyart](#)
[Gkittyart](#)
[gkittyart](#)
[gkittyartmeow](#)
[Gkittyart](#)

JuliaFC

[giuliafc](#)
[JuliaFC](#)
[juliafc_75](#)
[GiuliaClifford](#)
[JuliaFC](#)
[GiuliaClifford0](#)

Kai

[AlcoveVeil](#)

Maggie

[maggies-scribblings](#)
[Maggies_Scribblings](#)
[maggies_scribblings](#)
[MaggiesScribb1](#)

Malauu-Ladynoir

[Malauu-Ladynoir](#)
[Malauu_ladynoir](#)
[malauu_ladynoir](#)
[MalaurieBertuz1](#)

Miraculous Elcie

[miraculous-elcie](#)
[miraculouselcie](#)

Oriollie

[oriollie](#)
[oriollie](#)
[holyoriollie](#)
[oriollie](#)

Rose Minou

[rose-minou](#)
[rosehealer02](#)
[rosehealer02](#)

Rosie

[chatonne-rousse](#)
[chatonne-rousse](#)
[chatonne.rousse](#)
[ChatonneRousse](#)

Sinkoriin

[mikiiriin](#)
[mikiiriin](#)
[mikiiriin](#)
[sin_koriin](#)

Sukiisdungeon

[Sukii-desu](#)
[Sukiisgallery](#)
[sukiisdungeon](#)
[Sukiisgallery](#)

TheQueenofSpace

[TheQueenofSpace](#)
[TheQueenofSpace](#)
[the_queen_of_space](#)

Celticwolf55

[Celticwolf55](#)
[Celticwolf55](#)
[CelticWolf55](#)
[CelticWolf55](#)

We want to thank you all for participating in the Adrienne NSFW Zine.

This fanzine has adult content, not recommended for minors.

If you proceed you have agreed that you are willing to see such content.

All the characters depicted in this work are consenting adults.

All the contributors are over the age of 18.

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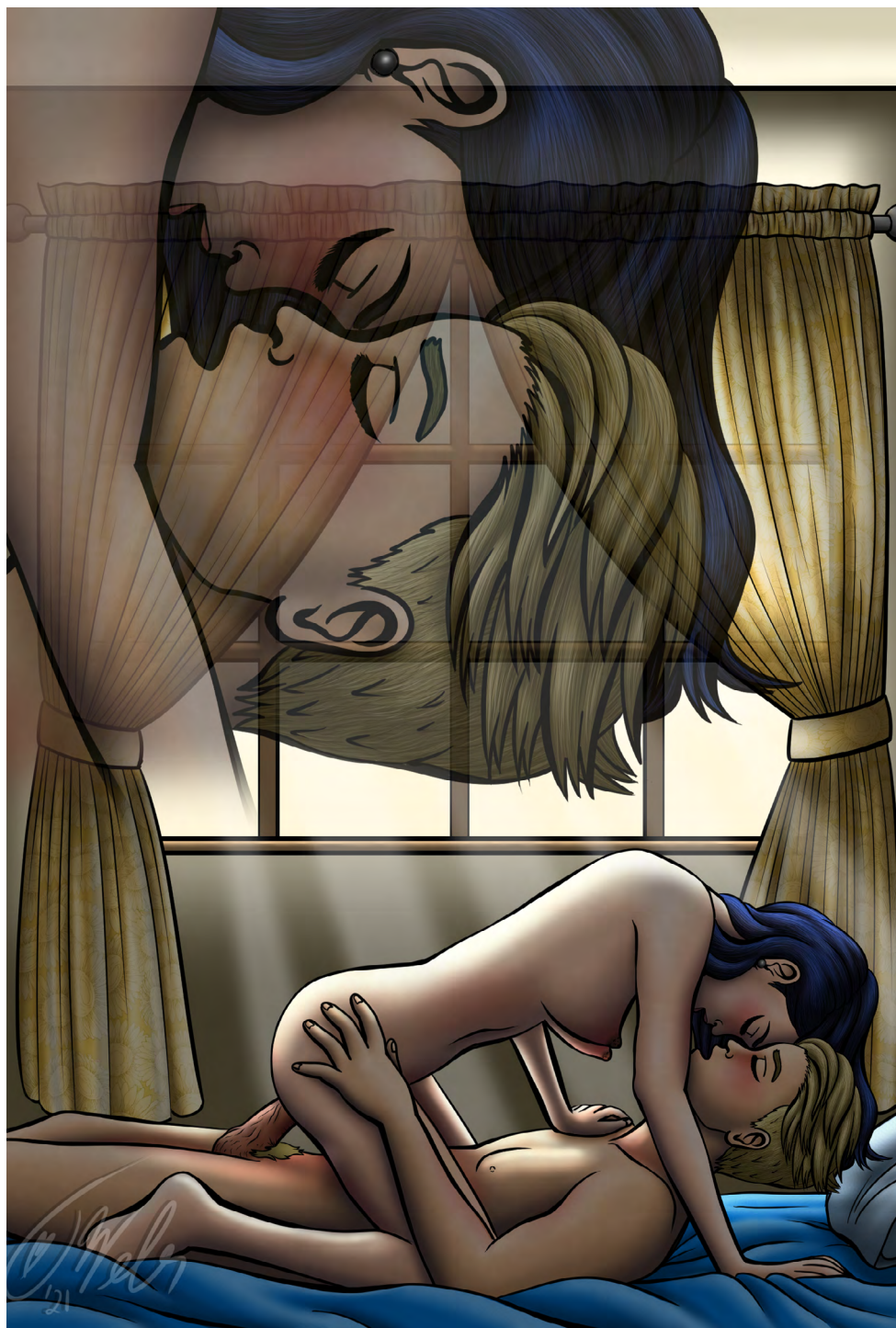
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Project Moderators: Cassandra S. Fisher, JuliaFC, Maggie
Design and Layout: Maggie (with assets from [pixabay](#), [rawpixel](#))
Cover Art: GKitty Art
Back Cover Art: Kai
Inner Back Cover Art: TheQueenofSpace
Betas: JuliaFC, Maggie, Miraculous Elcie







Reunited (And It Feels So Good)

by: Rosie

beta: Jennagrinsoverml

A huge thank you goes out to Jenna for all her encouragement and the many 🔥 and 😊 responses to shared snippets along the way. This wouldn't exist without you, my friend. And of course, thank you to Ollie, my collaborating artist, for bringing this story's climax to life in such an incredible way!

Sexting and video chats have sustained a recently-married Marinette and Adrien during their first long weekend apart since the wedding. Now that she's back in Paris, they have four days of lost time to make up for, and Adrien intends to take very, very good care of his wife.

Marinette blinks awake to bright summer sunshine over a blur of verdant fields and her phone buzzing in her lap. She yawns, rubs her eyes, and pulls her cardigan closer around her to ward off the chill of the train.

Her phone vibrates again, twice in succession this time. She rolls her eyes with a fond smile and picks it up, taking an extra second or two to stare at her lock screen wallpaper, a photo from their wedding day two months ago that still makes her chest squeeze with emotion, before unlocking it and tapping the message notification.

Adrien (18:02):



Adrien (18:03):

Can't wait to see you!

Adrien (18:03):

('3 `) / 〇♥*: 〇 . .

Her eyes soften even as her grin widens. She sends a response, then scrolls upward through their conversation over the past four days as she waits for his reply. She's grateful to not have a seatmate for this journey when she passes by several photos, some against the backdrop of her hotel room and others where her husband's body is draped in the familiar sheets of their bed. She angles the phone away from the gap between the seats behind her for extra privacy and relives the memory from two nights ago.

Marinette (21:42):

[photo]

Marinette (21:42):

I miss you, Chaton.

Adrien (21:43):

[photo]

Adrien (21:43):

Great minds think alike.

Marinette (21:43):



More like horny newlyweds who haven't spent a night apart since getting married think alike.

Marinette (21:44):
[photo]

Marinette (21:44):
But...yes.

Adrien (21:44):
whines My Ladyyyy

Adrien (21:45):
You're too beautiful to be real.

Marinette (21:46):
I promise I'm not a sentimonster or an illusion.
Just a lonely wife, far away from her husband for the
weekend, missing him...and his strong arms
and sexy abs and soft hair...

Adrien (21:47):
The holy trinity, eh? Arms,
abs, and hair?

Marinette (21:48):
 All of you is gorgeous, and you
know it.

Adrien (21:50):
[photo]

Adrien (21:50):
You mean...this? 

Marinette (21:50):
  That too.

Marinette (21:51):
[photo]

Adrien (21:53):

Dammit, Mari. I can't text as fast with one hand, and I need the other to...take care of things.

Marinette (21:54):

[photo]

Marinette (21:54):



Marinette (21:55):

[request video call]

She taps twice to enlarge the first photo he sent and feels her cheeks heat, though maybe that's just the low evening sun shining through the window. Taking in the details—his hair splayed over the pillow, bright green eyes and a brighter smile, his left hand resting on his bare chest and the light from the bedside lamp glinting off the shiny platinum of his wedding ring—she has to admit that it's not the sunshine that's making her heat up.

Marinette scrolls past the braless picture she'd sent him in response and her breath catches at the next image that pops up. That soft blond hair she loves so much is cropped out of this photo, taken only from his cheeky half-smile to his hand wrapped around his erection, but his strong arms and sexy abs are definitely on display.

A shiver runs down her spine, and she clenches against a surge of arousal that makes her close her eyes and breathe deeply through her nose. Thirty minutes. Just thirty minutes and she'll see him again.

Without a doubt, Marinette is a strong, independent woman. She can handle a long weekend away from her husband—better, in fact, than he can handle one without her. But even across the miles, she knows his heart beats in time with hers, their connection a tether she willingly chooses to tie to the anchor of her other half. Wherever he is, Adrien is her home, and she's always eager to return.

Her phone buzzes again.

Adrien (18:08):

I just looked back through our pics and messages from this weekend and...let's just say I'm looking forward to seeing you.

Adrien (18:08):

I already was, but I really am now.

Adrien (18:08):

[photo]

The picture that suddenly fills her screen is nothing more than his lap, one hand holding the seat belt out of the way to show where he strains against his jeans.

Marinette giggles. Horny newlyweds who miss each other really do think alike.

She can't wait to help him take care of that problem as soon as she can.

The door to their apartment has barely closed behind them and they're already wrapped in each other, continuing what they started in the little elevator on the way up, now with the benefit of full privacy.

With her back pressed to the wall, their height difference has her on tiptoes, straining her neck to reach him, but that isn't enough of a deterrent to stop kissing him.

She wraps her arms around his shoulders, and he responds just as she'd hoped, his hands beneath her ass boosting her up so she can wrap her legs around his waist. He can still read her like a book, still work with her in familiar tandem, just as he has for many years, though sometimes he does find new ways to surprise her.

He licks into her mouth and she moans in response, her own tongue meeting his as she tightens her hold around his shoulders. She could kiss him forever and never tire of it, take a day off work to spend just kissing him over and over. These past few days, she's missed the softness of his lips and the feel of his tongue against hers.

She's missed the fun it often leads to, as well.

With her skirt rucked up around her waist and his hardness pushing insistent against the cotton of her underwear as his body presses her tight to the wall, it seems as though fun is imminent this evening. Her body responds to that thought, a little twist low in her abdomen, an involuntary cant of her hips toward his, a rush of arousal.

Oh, *yes*. Reunited feels *so* good.

"Kitty," she pants, breaking the kiss, "I want you to fuck me."

His breath catches and his fingers dig into the flesh of her cheeks where he holds her steady.

She smirks at his response and continues, "But I'm gross from the train. Let me take a quick shower, then I'm all yours." She presses a quick kiss to his lips. "Okay, love?"

"Mmm. Sounds good to me." He lets her release her legs from around his waist and sets her down carefully, helps her smooth her skirt down, then meets her eyes with a cheeky wink. "Maybe I'll join you. You never know."

"Oh, I hope you do, *beau gosse*."

He swats her ass lightly as she turns to walk down the hall, and she knows exactly what she's doing when she sashays away with an extra swing in her hips and an answering wink over her shoulder.

She's just rinsing the shampoo from her hair when the shower door slides open. She shivers as cold air intrudes into her cozy cocoon of steam, though Adrien's warm body presses against hers in the next moment and suddenly the chill is gone.

She can't help but smile as his hands roam her wet curves, his thumb brushing over her peaked nipple, his fingertips tracing her spine. Making sure all the suds are washed away, she opens her eyes just as he kisses beneath her jaw and down the column of her throat.

Marinette tangles a hand in his just-damp hair and sighs. It was only four days, but now that they're together again, she doesn't want to let him go. It's obvious he feels the same way, and she's glad she wasn't the only one missing her other half.

He kisses across her shoulder, his hands drifting lower to cup her ass and pull her closer.

"I know it was only a few days," he murmurs against her wet skin, "but I missed you so much, Mari. Nothing is the same without you here."

"Oh, *Minou*," she breathes. "I missed you, too."

"Yeah?"

She nods and wraps her arms around his waist. "Yeah. The hotel bed was too big all by myself, there was no overgrown cat boy to purr me to sleep, and I had to shower alone."

He tsks and shakes his head indulgently as he straightens up and gazes down at her. "Poor thing. I don't know how you survived."

"It was a harrowing ordeal, but I made it through."

Grinning, he huffs a laugh. "My strong, brave wife. I knew you could do it."

She stands on precarious tiptoes to kiss him, but he meets her halfway, and soon her heels are on the tiled floor again. Their lips meet again and again, until



his tongue sweeps over her bottom lip and she welcomes him in, returning the kiss with matching ardor.

When the water begins to fall lukewarm around them, she reluctantly parts from him to reach for her pouf and body wash. She isn't surprised at all when he plucks the sudsy pouf from her hand and takes over the task.

Gently, reverently, he covers her in fragrant foam from the neck down, bending to reach her ankles and behind her knees, and making her giggle when he pays special attention to her breasts.

She turns under the spray to rinse off her arms and torso and purposefully rubs her ass against his cock, humming with satisfaction at the sharp intake of breath behind her. He takes the bait and wraps his arm around her, his hand slinking lower, lower, until he drags a finger through her arousal.

The surprised gasp this elicits is met in counterpoint by his own groan as she presses back against his erection.

"Mmm. I could take you right here, Bug."

She raises an eyebrow at him over her shoulder. "Why don't you?"

"Because my wife has returned to me after lo these many days of solitude," he says mock-pitifully, with the back of his hand at his forehead. Then he kisses the shell of her ear, and his voice lowers to a purr, all hint of teasing gone. "And I intend to make love to her the way she deserves."

A shiver runs down her spine that has nothing to do with the nearly-cold water that falls on them.

She can't reach for the faucet fast enough to turn the shower off and take this reunion back to their bedroom.

She turns in his arms and smooths both hands up his wet chest to his shoulders.

"Then what are you waiting for, Kitty?"

They dry each other off with warm, soft towels, intermittently sidetracked by warm, soft kisses along the way. It's no surprise when the towels are forgotten on the floor between the bathroom and the bed; they fall to the sheets together with breathy laughter and still-damp hair, both bare and both more than ready.

Marinette relaxes back against the pillows, breathing in the familiar scent of their bed and luxuriating in the feel of the satiny sheets beneath her. These are the same sheets that provided the backdrop for Adrien's sexy selfies two days ago, when they'd worked each other up across the miles via video chat, when she'd moaned and writhed in her empty hotel bed, clenching around nothing but her fingers as she came. Her thoughtful husband has clearly laundered them in the meantime because she distinctly remembers more than just his abdomen and chest being painted in his spend when they were done.

She can't wait to feel him fill her, can't wait to come apart with him inside her. Heat pools in her belly, and she can feel the arousal that already coats her inner thighs.

Her legs fall open for him and he settles between them, kissing across her shoulders as his fingers glide through her slick and circle her clit. His lips travel the valley between her breasts, kissing beneath, around, and above before sucking a nipple into his mouth and flicking it with his tongue.

Marinette gasps, her eyes squeezed shut, unable to focus on any one point of stimulation as he makes his way to her other breast to repeat his actions. The ambient air cools her skin where his mouth was, hardening her nipple to a cold peak. She reaches up to palm it herself, warming her skin back up and tweaking her nipple to match his tongue on the other side.

She sighs, breathing his name, opening her eyes to find him gazing up at her. His tongue slips past his lips and he raises one eyebrow as he circles her with the tip of his tongue before giving one last flick. She closes her eyes again and shivers.

"Stop teasing me, *Minou*," she whines.



“Teasing?” he tsks, leaning back and kissing down, down, past her navel. “This isn’t teasing, My Lady. This is your husband—” he licks her arousal from her upper thigh, drags his tongue through wiry hair and presses a kiss beside her clit, “—taking care of his beautiful, sexy—” another kiss just above where she needs him most, “—incredible wife. Just let me do my thing, Bug.”

And really, who is she to argue?

Especially when he flattens his tongue against her and licks from her entrance to her clit and back again. Especially when he dips his tongue inside, when he moans at the feel of her slick coating his lips, when he *purrs* against her skin, and the shiver that runs down her spine makes her hips buck against his face.

He moans again, loving every moment of this. He’s always loved making her come with his mouth, approaching the very idea with enthusiasm, even from their first awkward, fumbling explorations of each other’s bodies all those years ago. She’s grateful for that, among a thousand other things about her beloved. There really is no one else like him in all the world, and no one she loves more.

She cards her fingers gently through his hair at first, then clutches a little tighter the higher he takes her. His tongue darts inside her again, and her muscles quiver, ready to grip his cock and hold on tight, ready to milk him for all he has to offer. Her head spins at the thought, and the little surprised noise he makes lets her know her surge of arousal didn’t go unnoticed.

She tugs his hair and gasps his name, shivering once again when his desire-darkened eyes raise to meet hers.

“I need you, Kitty,” she murmurs, watching as his pupils dilate further. “I need you inside me, now. *Please.*”

With one last kiss directly over her clit that makes her hips buck again, he rocks forward, covering her body with his and leaning over her. She can smell herself on his lips and it’s such a ridiculous rush that she has to close her eyes for a moment.

He props himself up with one hand and wraps the other around his erection, pumping slowly. "Well, since you asked so nicely, I suppose it's only right that I oblige."

In one swift thrust, he buries himself inside her and presses his lips to hers, his tongue seeking entrance that's immediately, willingly given.

Her body welcomes its other half as always, nerves tingling from head to toe at the delicious way her walls stretch to accommodate him, hot and wet but tight from the long weekend without him.

Marinette moans loudly at the overload of sensations and uses her final rational thought to make the decision to just let him sweep her away, mind and body and soul. There is no safer place in the world than in his arms, after all.

Maybe it's instinct, then, that has her gripping his shoulder blades, her fingers pressing into his skin in rhythm with his thrusts. Maybe it's instinct that makes her raise trembling thighs to bracket his waist, helping him go deeper and deeper with each stroke. Her feet bounce in the air with every thrust, her toes curling when he finally hits a spot inside that makes her throw her head back on the pillow and pant her pleasure to the ceiling.

He decorates her neck in sloppy, open-mouthed kisses, pausing to suck on her pulse point, his hips never relenting in their repeated return to hers.

Over and over, higher and higher, she can feel her release fluttering, swirling, rising like a bird chasing the freedom of the wind.

Adrien drops to one elbow, his increasingly-sweaty chest brushing over her sensitive nipples, sending a zing of pleasure singing through her senses. His other hand finds purchase just above the curve of her hip and he grips her tightly for increased leverage.

His strokes shorten but he gives up neither pace nor depth, keeping near-constant pressure on her clit and hitting the places inside that make her mouth fall open in a silent scream.



His lips attempt to find hers again, but the best he can do is suck her bottom lip between his teeth and worry it with his tongue. Marinette is barely aware of that, all her energy focused on the connection of their bodies, the heat and friction and the impending climax they're hurtling toward together.

She musters the wherewithal to open her eyes, to take in the sight of him above her.

There's a warm familiarity in the way it feels when he reaches his peak. She knows the look on his face, the way his eyes squeeze shut just as the tension becomes too great, before finally breaking into pure pleasure. That's the moment his eyes open to focus solely on her, when he groans her name against her lips or her sweaty skin, when he affirms his everlasting love and devotion.

Marinette knows and treasures the knowledge that she is the only person who has ever seen him this way, open and vulnerable and breathtakingly beautiful in release.

She knows the way it feels as he spills inside her, impossibly hard, throbbing, warm and wet. Sometimes her climax arrives just on the heels of his, and she delights in his reaction to the way their bodies pulse together, the way her muscles clench around him, milking him to the last.

Now, she reads all the signs of his building release in their desperate closeness. He can't seem to separate his lips from hers long enough to take a full breath, panting a litany of "fuck" and "oh god, Mari" and "yes, yes, yes" into her mouth as he kisses her messily.

His pace speeds, the wet sound of their bodies coming together echoing in the silence of the room. His back tenses, his muscles tighten beneath her fingers.

"*Oh!*" she breathes. "I love you, Adrien. I love you so much, my kitty, my love, my—" She gasps in a breath and clutches him closer in every way she can—inside, around, over, beneath. "My heart, my everything. I love you." It sounds more like a breathy whine than a heartfelt declaration, but she knows that he understands, that he feels the sentiment from the depths of her heart

to the depths of his. Their connection barely requires words, but he needs to hear her love and his worth, and she knows that, too.

“Mari,” he groans against her lips, and finally lets go.

His hips snap to hers and she holds him as close as she can, trying to erase every bit of distance between them. Her hands splay across his back, her heels ride the flexing muscles of his ass, her walls clench and quiver around him as he spends himself inside her.

She’s so close she can feel the edges of it, every nerve alight with latent tension, ready to burst like a firework with just...one...more...

“Adrien, Kitty, *ohhh...*” she trails off with a groan. “You feel so good. *So good.* I’m almost—”

Suddenly, the warmth of his body is gone from hers, the ambient air of the room rushing in like a vacuum to take his place. She’s left cold and empty and thoroughly bewildered. For a single moment, she grieves the loss, squeezes around nothing, whines her frustrated confusion to him as her hands twist in the sheets and she tries to sit up.

Before she knows what’s happened, she’s pulled into a vortex of sensation, barely able to make sense of what’s going on.

His strong hands hold her shaking legs open wide, the air cool against her fluid-slickened thighs. He lets go of one leg and plunges at least three fingers into her, making her gasp in surprise. Fucked open and impossibly wet, the sound it makes as he pumps his fingers in and out is absolutely obscene. It makes her head spin and she squeezes her eyes closed against the overload of sensations.

As her arousal roars back to life—double triple, *tenfold*—she opens her eyes and looks down just in time to see her husband dive between her legs.

Immediately, he sucks her clit between his lips and flicks it with his tongue, again and again and *holy shit*. Her back arches off the bed and he has to let



go of her leg to hold her down, leaving her knees to close reflexively around his shoulders. He huffs a laugh against her, and even that rockets her higher.

In one final moment of clarity, she consciously spreads her legs for him again—he hums a pleased sound that vibrates straight through her—and tangles both hands in his still-damp hair to hold him in place.

That makes him groan, and he speeds the motion of his tongue, sucking harder, licking faster and faster.

All of a sudden the tension is nearly unbearable, too much and not enough in equal measure, as she hangs there, suspended in time and space and so, so close to falling.

He moans against her skin again, and that's it.

Her orgasm strikes like lightning, spreading to her fingertips and ricocheting back again, making her quiver from head to toe. She cries out his name, then groans a different nickname with each wave that rocks her.

He doesn't let up—licking her clit, working her with his fingers, curling his fingertips upward to hit just the right spot—keeping her going far longer than she's ever gone before.

She has no idea how many times she comes, never thinks to count in the first place, but the high doesn't seem to end. The only thing that exists is Adrien and the magic he's spinning.

Starlight bursts behind her closed eyes, dissipating and coalescing and shattering anew in a glittering display of color and light before finally, finally dying down and floating away on a breeze of deeply satisfied peace.

She's still breathing heavily when she opens her eyes to see her beaming husband cleaning her up with one of their discarded towels.

"You..." she rasps, surprised to find her voice scratchy. (Oh god, was she *that* vocal?)

He raises one eyebrow, still grinning like the cat that got the cream—and wow, did he ever. "Me?" he says with exaggerated innocence.

Marinette closes her eyes again and throws one arm over her forehead.

"Yes, *you*. That was..." Several moments pass as words fail.

"That good, eh?"

Even with her eyes closed, she can hear his cocky smile. *Let him gloat*, she thinks. *He's certainly earned it*.

She breathes a laugh. "I think I transcended. Unlocked a higher level of consciousness." Turning toward him as he slips into bed beside her, she tucks herself into his side and kisses his chest. "Honestly, you should be glad I came back at all."

He smiles. "I'm a lucky man, indeed."

A deep, satisfied quiet settles over them as their heartbeats and breathing return to normal.

It's still a little early, but she's exhausted from traveling and...*that*. Maybe they can sleep a little, grab another shower, and go another round. She's keen to return the much-appreciated favor. The thought makes her rub her legs together beneath the sheets, still tingly from her husband's handiwork.

That really was something else.

"I can't believe you did that. You know, *after*," she murmurs sleepily against his skin.

He shrugs. "It's not a big deal. You do it."

She ponders that. She *has* tasted herself many times on his lips. At this point, it's a familiar part of their lovemaking.

Pressing a kiss to her hair, he pulls her closer to his side. "I really missed you, Bug. I'm glad you're home. I'm glad I could welcome you back with a bang."

She snorts. "No sex puns while we're still naked. You know the rule."

"I never agreed to that rule."

Laughing, Marinette stretches up to kiss him, and several long moments pass as their lips move together, slow and warm.

"I love you, Kitty," she whispers, hugging him close.

He hums contentedly, his fingertips gliding featherlight up and down her spine. "I love you, too, Marinette. Always."

She smiles against his shoulder as her eyelids grow heavier. "Let's take a little nap—" She yawns, interrupting herself. "And then I'll suck you off in the shower, okay?"

Adrien chokes out a surprised laugh. "You're too much, Mari." He shakes his head, grinning. "But that's an offer I would never turn down."

She doesn't respond, already halfway toward sleep. Her last thought before drifting off is that that was one hell of a homecoming. Just wait until their reunion after *he* spends a few nights away.

Horny newlyweds who miss each other do think alike, after all.

The End



Meet the Artist!

Oriollie

Welcome to the Artist Interview!

This is where we get to know some of our fandom artists better.

We thank the artist for taking time out of their day to answer the questions.

This artist creates beautiful Miraculous art and isn't afraid to get ...spicy!

Let's get to know Oriollie a little better...

What is your pen name or pseudonym?

I'm Oriollie everywhere! Easy to find ;)

How long have you been creating art?

Since I could hold a pencil?.. XD

I'm never good with this question. I don't think you can just find a point in time and calculate from there, as if I once STARTED and never ever stopped.

I went to an art school as a kid and for a bit as an adult. I took some internet classes on anatomy and portraits as long as drawing classes at uni. I did some real life figure drawing... But the truth is, there were moments in my life when I haven't drawn for 1-2 years. I could never bring myself to draw consistently and with devotion for a long time. My learning process was very hectic and random: I tried different styles and mediums and could never decide on anything.

1,5 years ago I fell into the Miraculous rabbit hole and surprisingly (to myself) started drawing A LOT. Soooo... I guess I'm an artist now? XD It still feels weird to call myself an artist, and I can't believe I finally managed to get better at it after all these years of trials and errors.

Who inspires you?

In terms of art - anything with good anatomy or contrast lighting. When I look at such works I feel challenged and I want to try to do something similar myself.

Lehanan (https://www.instagram.com/lehanan_aida/) is one of the best artists when it comes to anatomy, including sin, and she inspires me to get better!

I love how some artists manage to stylize their characters so they still look closely realistic, like Ana Godis ([instagram.com/ana_godis](https://www.instagram.com/ana_godis)) or Kay ([instagram.com/xafeelgood](https://www.instagram.com/xafeelgood)).

I think the most inspiring and absolutely mindblowing artist for me now is Karmen Loh ([instagram.com/bearbrickja](https://www.instagram.com/bearbrickja)). I think I'll try to move towards this direction soon.

How did you come to draw explicit art?

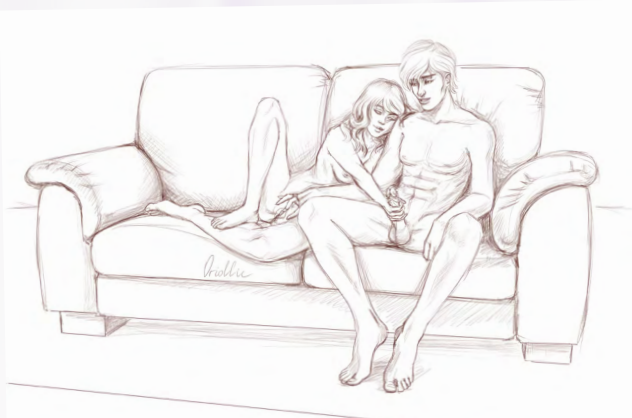
I was always fond of anatomy, I think drawing humans is really interesting! I cannot say the same about clothes though. So, anatomy practice + naked humans = explicit art XD Honestly, if you've drawn naked people for some time, you start seeing all bodyparts as just bodyparts. Plus, I was always very open about sexual stuff and it doesn't bemuse me. Thinking about favorite characters making love and having a good time makes me happy, so why not draw it? And once I realized I can actually make a living drawing what I'm interested in, it was decided - I became a sin artist.

Out of the Adriennette art you've drawn, which is the one you are the happiest about?

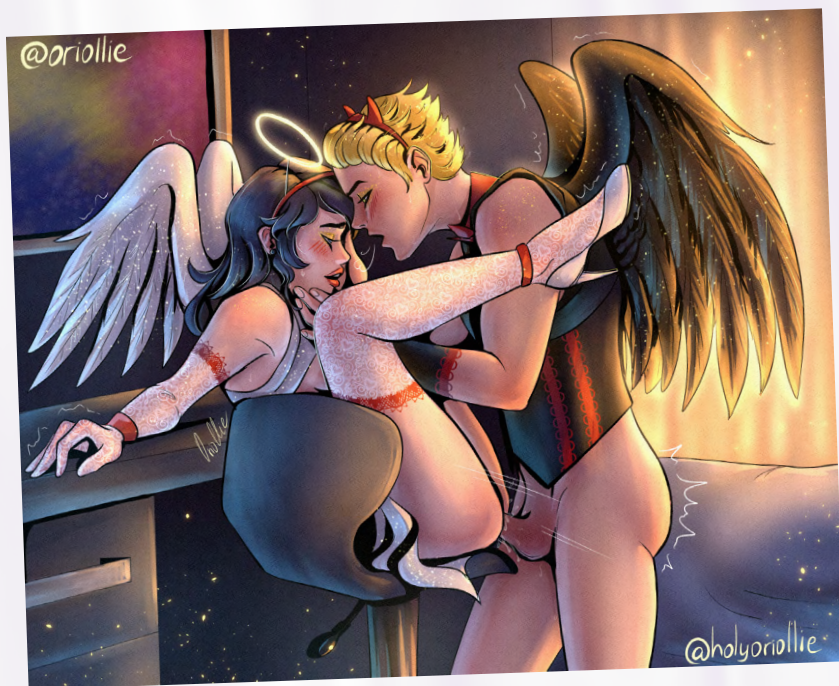
I guess it would be the one in this Zine because it was the latest one, and I don't really like my old works.

Except! Except the "Movie Night". It was literally the third sin drawing I've ever made, and it's just a detailed sketch with no coloring... but I always loved how it turned out.

Unfortunately, I'm the only one XD I guess it's this paradox when creator's taste differs from the audience's.



I hands down think it's one of the best drawings I've made until recently. I would draw some things differently now (like, this penis is way too long, come on!). But looking at it again, even now, gives me the feeling of satisfaction - I'm really proud of the anatomy! Look at these feet! * _ *



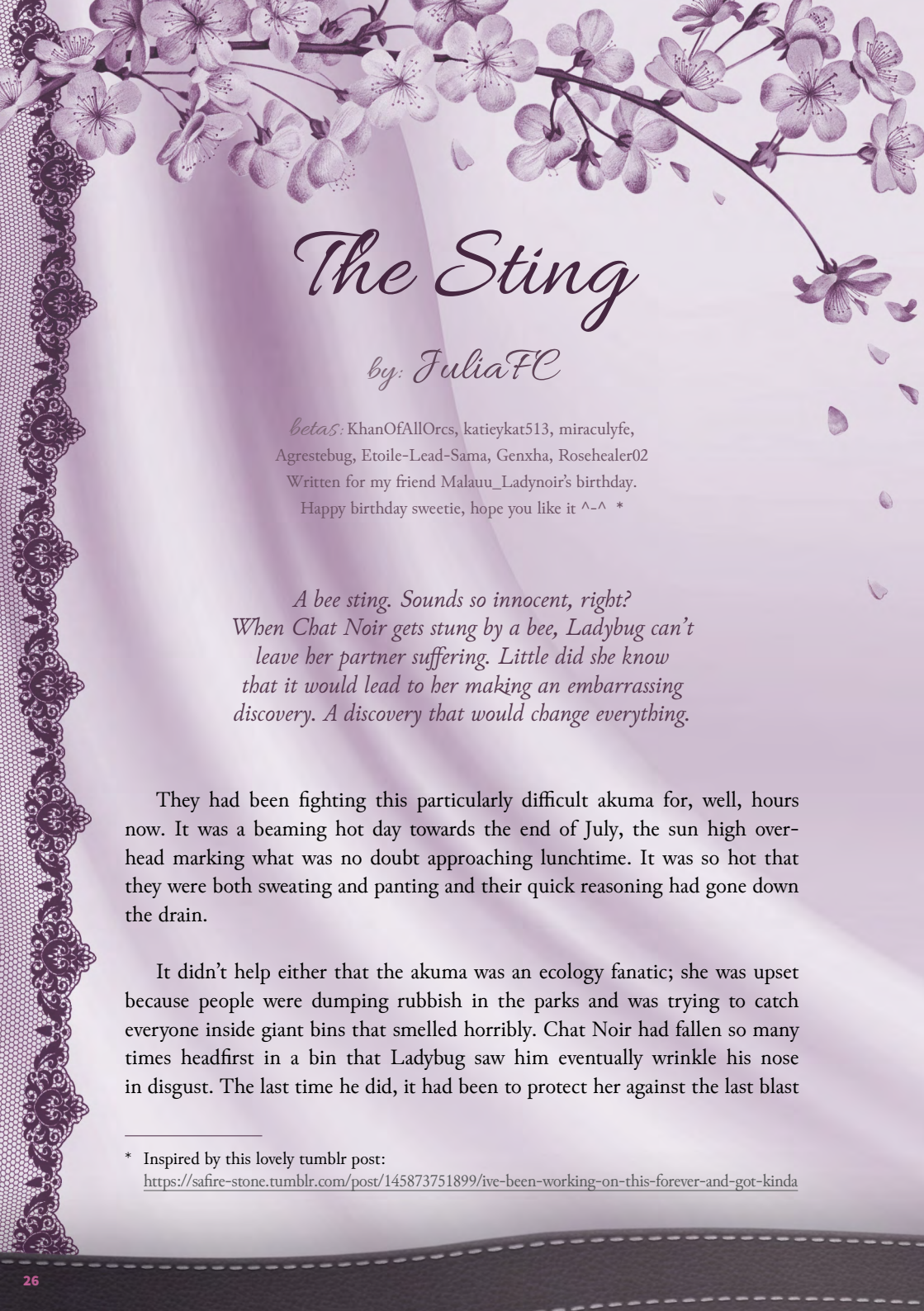
Which of your Adrienette pieces would you like to see turned into a story?

I don't have such desires, although I'm happy if I manage to inspire people's creativity with my art! I sometimes imagine stories behind my drawings though. This one has a backstory that someone can try to interpret. Marinette spent hours perfecting their couple Halloween costumes, and creating wings was the most challenging part. During the party Adrienette fell hot for each other and snuck out into a room to have sex. But since the costumes are not that easy to remove and she doesn't want them to get ruined, Marinette suggests to use a position that would keep the wings intact. That's why it's called "Careful with the wings";)

What is some interesting fact you would like others to know about you?

I can make good quality "Ur-ur!" noises like a pigeon. Mr. Ramier would be very proud!

Well, that is all the time we have now. I do hope you enjoy getting to know Oriollie. Please check out her work at: oriollie.tumblr.com, instagram.com/oriollie, instagram.com/holyoriollie (NSFW), twitter.com/oriollie.



The Sting

by: JuliaFC

betas: KhanOfAllOrcs, katieykat513, miraculyfe,
Agrestebug, Etoile-Lead-Sama, Genxha, Rosehealer02
Written for my friend Malauu_Ladynoir's birthday.
Happy birthday sweetie, hope you like it ^-^ *

*A bee sting. Sounds so innocent, right?
When Chat Noir gets stung by a bee, Ladybug can't
leave her partner suffering. Little did she know
that it would lead to her making an embarrassing
discovery. A discovery that would change everything.*

They had been fighting this particularly difficult akuma for, well, hours now. It was a beaming hot day towards the end of July, the sun high overhead marking what was no doubt approaching lunchtime. It was so hot that they were both sweating and panting and their quick reasoning had gone down the drain.

It didn't help either that the akuma was an ecology fanatic; she was upset because people were dumping rubbish in the parks and was trying to catch everyone inside giant bins that smelled horribly. Chat Noir had fallen so many times headfirst in a bin that Ladybug saw him eventually wrinkle his nose in disgust. The last time he did, it had been to protect her against the last blast

* Inspired by this lovely tumblr post:
<https://safire-stone.tumblr.com/post/145873751899/ive-been-working-on-this-forever-and-got-kinda>

of the akuma as she lunged to break the akumatized object. She didn't see him emerging from it until after she had thrown her Lucky Charm in the air and released the Miraculous Cure; she saw him wincing, and she saw him rubbing the small of his back, but she didn't pay great attention to it.

It was only when they ended up running in the same direction to avoid the paparazzi and found refuge on the roof of the Grand Paris, that Ladybug managed to take a good look at her partner — and noticed how painfully he kept squirming and rubbing his back.

"Are you okay, Chaton?" she asked, as the second beep of her Miraculous reminded her she had only three minutes to ensure that her partner was okay and head off.

Chat Noir sighed. "Yes, I'm good... besides stinking even worse than usual, feeling as if I were in a furnace, in this black suit under the beaming sun, and having been stung by a... bee? Wasp? Something? My back is so sore! And I can't even reach it!" He showed what he meant by trying with both hands to reach a point at the centre of his back, and failing miserably.

Ladybug rolled her eyes and moved behind him, inspecting his back carefully. "I thought our suits were impenetrable, that they protected us against any injuries and extreme weather conditions too," she mused, but after a few seconds her eyes widened because she did see a small bulge at the centre of her partner's back. She put a hand on it and the heat that emanated from the sting, and her partner's suit as a whole, was almost unbearable.

"Ouch, yes, there..." moaned Chat Noir. Ladybug tried to rub the spot and he jerked away instinctively. "Careful, Buginette. It hurts!"

Ladybug's gaze softened. "Oh, Chaton... I'm so sorry you ended up with that. The Miraculous Cure should have fixed the problem," she said, but he interrupted her:

"Except that I was stung *after* you cast the Miraculous Cure, so now I'm stuck with it. And even your Miraculous Cure can't cure the fact that I'm wearing black under this *clawful* sunshine. I'm so warm right now I just wish I could take this off."



“Take it off then,” said Ladybug simply.

Chat Noir just stared at her, his eyes as big as saucers. “Excuse me. *What?*”

“Take it off. And give me a minute, I’ll be right back,” she said and ran behind a chimney just in time for a flash of pink light to reflect all around the thin barrier. “Oh, that was close!”

Chat Noir couldn’t move. Wide eyed and slack jawed, his knees both locked in place and threatening to buckle at the same time, her words buzzing in his head; he kept staring eyes wide at the chimney she had disappeared behind. He heard some soft talking going on from behind the chimney and supposed that Ladybug was feeding and talking to Tikki.

“Are you taking your suit off, Chat Noir?” said Ladybug a little more loudly. This woke him up from his stunned *réverie*.

“A-are you serious, LB?” He couldn’t avoid feeling uneasy about the whole situation.

“Aha,” came his Lady’s voice from behind the chimney. “I have some stuff here I can put on the sting, and by taking the top of your suit off, you’re going to cool down a little.”

The reasoning was definitely making sense, but Chat Noir still couldn’t avoid feeling very uneasy about taking the top part of his suit off in front of his Lady. It felt too much like... being naked!

“Chat Noir! The suit! I’ll be out as soon as Tikki’s ready to transform me again. I want to see you topless.”

Her words caused Chat Noir to forget how to breathe. Yes. That was it. ChatNoir.exe had stopped working. Reboot, reboot! He could hear how Ladybug sucked a breath in too, and immediately after, he saw a bare hand appear from behind the chimney.

“Haha, sorry, Chat Noir, that came out completely wrong. I-I mean, please take the top of the suit off so I can put something on that sting before it gets too painful!”

Hearing her embarrassment helped Chat Noir get out of his own impasse and a little smirk popped on his lips. “Well, M’lady, you said it *meow*, you can’t take it back. You want to see me topless. I must say, I’d never thought this day would come when you’d ask to see my *pawsome* muscles...” His smirk widened and he looked theatrically at his claws while his expression became very smug.

His expression became even *more* smug when he heard the loud growl coming from behind the chimney (and the little giggle, which he supposed must have been Tikki teasing his Lady).

“Stop it, Chat Noir, or I won’t help you anymore. Now shut up and take your clothes off,” she barked and sucked her breath in again. “Uh, ah, I mean, are you ready, Tikki? Spots on!”

A very red and embarrassed Ladybug reappeared from behind the chimney; Chat Noir raised an amused eyebrow and unzipped his suit through the zipper attached to his bell, his eyes shining with mischief as he eyed his Lady with a flirty grin. He made sure to take off the suit in the sexiest way he could think of.

“As M’lady commands,” he purred, causing Ladybug to blush an even deeper shade of red than her suit. After the initial smirk and amused look, he noticed that Ladybug was holding something in her hands that looked suspiciously similar to a first aid kit. “Y-you carry a first-aid kit with you at all times?” he asked.

“Uh, ah, y-you can’t be too prepared. I m-mean, anything can happen s-so... sometimes I carry stuff when I go out of the house.” Her cringing expression, and the way her bluebell eyes pleaded with him to not dig deeper and just take her words at face value, felt familiar.

Very familiar.

Uncomfortably familiar.

Chat Noir brought a hand to his chin and rubbed his cheek thoughtfully.

“So, let me understand,” he mused. “What *else* do you always carry around with you?”



Ladybug gulped. “Oh...you know...a few other things that can be helpful. L-like a pink ball gown. An umbrella. Swimming suits. An antinuclear weapon. Y-you m-may never know when you need something unusual.” She showed her other hand, in which she was holding a bottle of sun lotion. “F-for example, sun lotion. You look a little red on the neck, I don’t want you to get sun stroke.” She laughed nervously.

Chat Noir couldn’t prevent a chuckle. “You’re amazing you know, M’lady?”

As he said that, though, he couldn’t avoid feeling a sense of déjà vu, as if it was already natural for him to interact the exact same way with someone whose behaviour followed a very similar pattern. Feeling that way, he found himself frowning, a scrutinising glance passing all over Ladybug’s body. She was still standing there in embarrassment, now redder than ever, and when he noticed where she was looking, his own cheeks dusted pink. Her eyes were glued to his abs; after following his previous train of thought, noticing the way she was staring at him, made him feel even more awkward.

“Uh, M’lady? Are you okay?” He waved a hand in front of her eyes. Finally moving from her previous position, she blushed further.

“Yes, sorry.” She put down the first aid kit and the sun lotion, approaching him hesitantly. Putting a very shaky hand on his shoulder, she started to inspect him carefully.

“You know, LB, the sting is on my back, you won’t find anything here at the front,” he teased her.

“Oh, yeah, sorry, Chaton. I was only checking you out.” Her breath hitched again as her eyes widened. “Uuuuuuh I-I m-mean... checking if there was any other injury.”

Chat Noir chuckled again. “I don’t mind you *checking me out*, Buginette. Not at all.” But as he said that, Ladybug’s gaze moved to his back and heard her gasp.

“That’s a very bad sting, minou. It must be so painful.” She passed a gloved hand over the reddened skin and Chat Noir shuddered. “Does it hurt?” she asked as her gaze crossed his.

"A little," he said, letting out a small whimper when she tentatively pushed on the area.

She proceeded to open her first aid kit and rummaged inside of it, taking a few things out until she grabbed a tube and erupted in a triumphant, "Aha!"

She opened the tube and proceeded to squeeze a generous amount of cream on her fingers and rubbed it on the affected skin on his back. He couldn't avoid wincing a bit in pain; although the thought of her gloved hand rubbing his back, and all the awkwardness and misunderstandings this whole situation had created was producing a new collateral effect. To be completely honest, in his current position he didn't know how to tackle it. He only knew that he had to get her to stop touching his skin and looking at him as if he were a three course meal. The tightening sensation he felt in the lower part of his body left no doubts to *how urgently* he needed her to stop.

"This should relieve the inflammation and make it less painful," she said eventually. "Now stand up and let me ch—uh, *see* if there's anything else that needs my attention."

When he heard that, his face felt a little hotter, because indeed there was another part of him that needed *growing* attention but... he couldn't ask her to look after *that*.

Could he?

She saw the fire in his gaze and the wicked grin that curled his lips and added, "I mean, if I need to put more cream on you somewhere else."

Obediently, the boy stood up and Ladybug inspected very carefully—*suspiciously* carefully if you asked him, but he decided to give her the benefit of the doubt—every inch of his exposed skin.

"Everything else seems to be goo—" she started to say, but then her eyes widened and she stopped breathing, her gaze frozen as she looked at something. Chat Noir raised another confused eyebrow and followed her gaze, landing on his lower tummy, right above his crotch.



Oh no! Right. The part he didn't want her to notice! But then, he saw that the growing bulge between his legs wasn't what had caught Ladybug's attention and he scratched his head awkwardly.

"What are you staring at, my mole?" When she nodded, he thought he might be able to divert her gaze from the incriminating part and continued, "I've had that forever, I know it's an uncommon shape." He gulped as she kept pointedly looking at it.

When he had started modelling there had been quite a few photographers who had commented on that mole, so he knew it wasn't exactly pretty. But it was in a position where even a normal swimming suit would cover it. According to his doctor, it was going to be prettier than the scar that would be left on his body if the mole had been surgically removed; so unless it became a medical emergency, he had been told he had to live with it. Usually, *Gabriel's* graphic designers just wiped it off with the help of Photoshop on the rare occasions that he was forced to model a low waist outfit and the mole was in full view.

But when he looked up at his Lady's face, he got worried. Ladybug was as pale as a sheet, her eyes still wide and staring at the mole. Her expression was even more cringing than before, her chest not moving, as if she was unable to breathe.

"I promise, LB, it's not as bad as it looks, my doctor checks it regularly, an—" he was saying, aware that he was rambling, but still feeling uncomfortable because of the strange attention his crotch (or rather, the skin just above it) was receiving from his Lady. Until his blood froze in his veins and his heart stopped as he heard Ladybug whisper,

"Adrien..."

He gulped so loudly he was sure he had been heard even in China.

"W-what? N-no... w-what d-do you m-mean? I don't know who—" he started but Ladybug's fierce glare froze the words in his mouth.

"Don't give me that. I saw the same exact shaped mole on the cover of *La Mode* magazine a couple of months ago." She crossed her arms to her

chest and gave him a stern look. Oh yes, that picture. He remembered how angry Nathalie had been at the director of *La Mode*. Apparently, their graphic designer had been off sick and the cover had gone into printing without being photoshopped. Which included removing his mole.

Uh, hang on. Did Ladybug buy *La Mode*? Why would she do that? There was nothing of interest in that paper for people who weren't in the field of fashion!

And wait a minute... a sudden thought caused him to raise an eyebrow and pop a small smirk on his lips. "LB? That cover picture was a $\frac{3}{4}$ portrait to model a short spring jacket." His eyes became small slits in his face as he shot her a cunning look. "Why exactly were you staring at my *crotch*?"

Honest to God, there was even writing over it. That's what the director of *La Mode* had argued with Nathalie, anyway. He said that nobody would even notice the mole because there was writing covering it and made it hard to distinguish. Evidently, not hard at all for his Lady!

Ladybug's face lit up like a lightbulb. "Uh, eh, ah... er..." She lost all her cockiness and broke eye contact, starting to stare at her index fingers, which she was tapping together nervously. "Uh, y-you know... p-purely f-for *r-research* p-purposes."

The sense of déjà vu became even stronger, so strong that Chat Noir could actually peel the mask off her face with his mind's eye. Because only *one person* behaved the exact same way and hence, Ladybug could be only *one* amazing girl, and he couldn't believe he hadn't seen it before. Well, actually he *had* seen it before, but he had allowed Plagg, and Ladybug's smart tricks, to fool him into believing it wasn't true. What an idiot he had been. It was as clear as day now.

"Marinette," he muttered under his breath.

Ladybug's eyes became huge, as all colour drained from her cheeks and her hands cupped over her mouth, letting the first aid kit and the bottle of sun lotion fall to the rooftop tiles she was standing on. She didn't say anything, or give him the time to do anything, but fled as quickly as she could, disappearing from view before Chat Noir could put the top of his suit back on.



He picked up the kit and the sun lotion and looked around in pure amazement, the weight of his discovery not even starting to sink in due to his growing shock. The gleam of sheer panic he had seen in her eyes was like that of a prey caught in its hiding place and ready to face death.

For some reason, he found the detail extremely interesting. *Arousing* even. He wore a shit eating smirk on his face as he held onto the sun lotion and first aid kit she had left behind. He looked for Notre Dame, to understand where he was heading, before he picked up his baton and followed her.

When he landed on her balcony with a soft ‘thump’, Chat Noir looked around and identified the skylight door, marching promptly towards it. He put down the first aid kit and sun lotion and tried to open the latch, but of course it was locked.

Oh well... there went his idea of just popping the stuff on her bed from the outside and going. He sighed and knocked on the glass. Based on the loud crash he heard coming from the inside, Marinette was in her room, and wasn’t pleased with his presence on her balcony. Oh dear. He knocked again and after a couple of minutes, when he had nearly resigned himself to the idea of leaving the stuff on the balcony and going, he heard the sound of the latch opening and slowly, Marinette’s head popped out of it, dark hair first and then a very awkwardly embarrassed face.

“Uh, oh, ah... hi, Chat Noir, what brings you here?” she tried, a cringing smile curling her lips.

Nope Marinette. You’re not getting away with it like this. “Returning your first aid kit and sun lotion,” he purred, looking at her smugly, “*M’lady*.”

All blood drained from Marinette’s face as her eyes widened and her gaze fixed in shock the offending items she had forgotten on the rooftop of the Grand Paris. Thing was, because of the way he was holding them, it looked as if she was staring right there where she shouldn’t. Usually, he wouldn’t distress an already distressed damsel further, but... this was too good to pass up.

"I get that you like staring at my crotch, Buginette, but it's pretty warm out here and as I already stated, black isn't the best colour for sitting under the sun. Do you mind if I come in?"

Marinette's cheeks turned a much darker shade of red at his words, and his shit eating smirk widened when she quickly averted her gaze.

"Of course," she muttered and opened the skylight's glass pannel a bit further, prompting him to take it from her hand, and blushed a little more when her hand brushed his in the process. She withdrew inside and waited for him to follow and close the hatch before glaring at him, folding her hands on her chest and telling him resentfully, "And by the way, I *wasn't* staring at your crotch."

"This time," he teased in reply, trying to hide a smirk, which led to her giving him an outraged glare.

"I never stare at your crotch, Adrien! And wipe that smirk off your face, it doesn't suit you anymore now that I know it's you."

His smirk widened. "Of course, Buginette. Now you're going to make me believe that you were staring at my lower tummy on the cover of that picture... just for... *research purposes*..."

"Of course! I was looking at the... uh... hem of the trousers," she said, looking at something pinned to her wall and when he looked at it, he realised it was the cover they were talking about.

He theatrically leaned in, making sure he was getting very close to her face and purposely invading her personal space. "Yes. I can see how you would look at the hem of the trousers. That's so interesting, especially because *it's not in the picture!* That's the rim of the underwear."

His look of pure triumph was only briefly met by Marinette's furious glare. He chuckled, noticing how the colour of her face was going through all the different tones of red until it settled on crimson. She glared at him again and he grinned, feeling extremely strong and powerful — maybe even because he was sitting, legs crossed, on her bed. On *Ladybug's* bed. He still couldn't

believe it. And her room was plastered with pictures of *his civilian self*. She had been sitting behind him in class for the last 4 years. She was one of his first and most important friends out of the mask, exactly like she had been in the mask.

Now if only he could find out who that boy was that she had a crush on... Luka? Nope. She had broken up with him almost immediately four years ago and she had repeatedly told him she was still in love with the other boy, the last time being just a couple of weeks ago. Nope, not Luka. But if he wasn't Luka, then whom...?

"Okay," said Marinette after taking a huge breath and sighing again. "You got me. I *was* staring at your crotch." Then she noticed how smug he looked and quickly added, "in the picture I mean, not earlier."

"You must have been staring at it for a while to notice my mole. There's writing all over it and most people thought it was a dot or an imperfection of the picture itself." He was only teasing her and totally expected her to elbow him and tell him to shut up as usual. Instead, her shade of red deepened again and she crouched over herself as if wanting to disappear.

"*Quite* a while, yes," she admitted in such a low tone of voice that he was sure he heard it only because he wore cat ears. "The fact that Alya kept rubbing it in my face all day yesterday didn't help. You wore that jacket at my birthday party the other day."

Oh. "Yeah, that was the jacket, indeed. I wanted to wear something different since it was your eighteenth birthday, you know. To look nice in the pictures."

"You always look nice, Adrien, you don't need to wear fancy clothes." She said quickly, slapping her hand on her mouth. Her eyes widened, as if she didn't mean to say it.

"Thank you!" he said with a genuine smile, his hand reaching for his nape as the slightest dusting of pink coloured the bottom rim of his mask. A very awkward silence followed, the room was so quiet that Chat Noir could feel the regular beating of his own heart and the sound of Marinette's breathing.

His gaze darted around the room and was met again by way too many pictures of his civilian self, but oddly enough, there were much fewer than what he had seen when Jagged Stone had shown her room 4 years before. There were many more pictures of their friends, too, and they were mostly grouped in little show-cases, by her bed and by her desk. Most of the wall was now bare, or showing a few abstract paintings she had collected over the years. He stood up and looked around, making to go down the mezzanine to the bottom part of her room, but as he did that, he heard her breath catching and looked at her in confusion.

“Uh, it’s just... I didn’t expect you, the place is messy...”

He looked downstairs with an even more skeptical look. “Marinette, if this is messy, I don’t know what tidy looks like. The only thing I see out of place is the top part of that trunk.”

Marinette displayed again her cringing smile at his words, and that smile looked suspicious, so he did exactly what he knew she didn’t want him to do. With a swift gesture, he jumped on the bottom floor and went straight to the trunk. “What’s this?” he said as he took a curious peek inside.

He had never seen anyone come down a set of stairs faster in his life.

“N-nothing!” lied Marinette, but her antics were only making him more curious. So he peeked a little more carefully and put a hand in the trunk, to take out a little packet wrapped up like a gift.

“Uh?” he whispered to himself as his eyesight finally managed to make out some of the things that were inside the trunk and noticed a few packets of different sizes and shapes, all neatly wrapped including the bow. The one he had in his hands said “Happy fourth name day, Adrien!” and it wasn’t signed. Obviously, by now he’d gotten used to presents that weren’t signed.

To be completely honest, the wrapping paper and the bows looked strangely familiar. *Unsettlingly* familiar.

He blinked, stared at the present and blinked again. Then his gaze moved to Marinette who was looking at him sheepishly.



“My fourth name day isn’t for another three months, Marinette...” he said to himself. “And how do you know my fourth name?”

Marinette gave him a pleading look. Then a sheepish smile. The more he blinked and looked at her, the more different emotions passed through her face. Eventually, after an even longer time of silence, she sighed and moved the cover of the trunk to reveal its content. Chat Noir’s eyes grew wider.

The box was full to the rim of neatly wrapped presents. Since she had taken the lid off, he felt in his right to bend down and pick up some of the presents. Some were even wrapped with Christmas wrapping paper. He picked one up that said, “Happy Christmas, Adrien!” He blinked at it even more baffled.

It was *July*.

He picked up another Christmas wrapped one and when the note on it said his name again, his confused gaze met an extremely embarrassed set of bluebell eyes. She managed to look him in the eye only for a second before hiding behind her hands. He picked up another random packet, and another, and then another. They all had his name on them.

“What the fuck...” escaped his mouth before he could even stop it, and it was his turn to blush and slam a hand on his own mouth and mutter a ‘sorry’ to her. “Marinette? Did you make presents for me for the rest of my life?”

Marinette hid her face again behind her hands, then started rocking in circles, muttering some stuff impossible to understand and smiling her cringe smile again. “J-just f-for the n-next fifteen years,” she finally said.

That caused Chat Noir’s eyes to become even wider. She kept fiddling with her foot on the floor, and looking down, and the silence was so heavy in the room that he could actually hear her breath catching.

“Y-you see... back in Collège, I-I k-kind of... had this...” She gulped awkwardly. “C-crush on you. Adrien you.” She started fanning her face and neck with her hands and turned to the side so that he couldn’t see her face any longer. “God, I can’t believe I’ve finally told you.”

Chat Noir kept skimming through present after present neatly wrapped in the trunk and gave her a sidelong look. "I think this goes a little beyond crush level, to be honest." He whimpered when he read the note into another present. "This is for the birth of my *first son*? Did you actually make this when I was *fourteen*?" He read the note up to the end. "Louis?"

Marinette turned around and crouched over herself trying to disappear. "Please kill me," he heard her saying. His confusion must have been evident in the way that he looked at her, because Marinette finally turned around, looking defeated in the way her shoulders were all slouched over and her head was looking down. She literally crashed on the chaise-longue and finally dared give him a look, to immediately become crimson and look down again. "You're right, it was beyond crush level. It was more... an obsession. I-I kind o-of had a-all my l-life planned w-with you, including the names of our kids." She saw him tilting his head and moving a step forward, and she plunged backwards up to the very end of the chaise.

Chat Noir blinked again. She looked terrified. "You're talking of it in past tense," he noted with a little pout. Then he gave her a look full of worry and self doubt. "H-have you changed your mind? You don't love me anymore?"

She blushed again and shook her head. "N-no, I m-mean, y-yes," she barely managed to say with a trembling voice.

God, she looked so fragile, so small and terrified. He could hardly believe it was the same girl who was class president for years, who had often argued with his father to gain him some freedom, who was so passionate and fiery against those who lied and who treated people unfairly, who was always ready to offer her support to anyone who needed it. The same girl who was Ladybug with and without the mask. But there she was, squirming on the corner of the chaise-longue in her room, trying to disappear because she had just confessed her obsession to her crush of four years.

Oh if only she knew!

"I still want it, Adrien. I w-want us to get married and have t-three kids, and a d-dog or a cat... uh no, a h-hamster, and g-get a house and all, a-and the k-kids would b-be Emma, Louis, and Hugo, and t-the hamster w-would be named—"



“Claws in,” said Chat Noir while he still had a brain cell left to bring his mouth to pronounce the words. In a twirl of green light, his transformation fell and Adrien took the place of the hero in black. He hastily took a wedge of Camembert out of his shirt’s pocket and offered it to Plagg, who for once didn’t say a word. He just picked up his food, ate it in one bite, gave him a meaningful, very sly look with an added smirk and flew away, probably looking for Tikki, or the other kwamis in the Miracle box.

He moved a foot towards her and Marinette literally squealed and squirmed into herself, trying to blend with the chaise-longue. “Marinette? You saw me earlier this morning. What’s different now? I won’t eat you, you know.” *Not literally, at least*, he thought as a wicked grin spread across his lips, but he quickly lost it because Marinette seemed even more terrified.

So he sat down at the other side of the chaise-longue, as far as he could from her, and looked at the gift in his hand; his mind started wandering to what Marinette had just said a moment ago. He would need to take some time to digest all of it. He certainly hadn’t expected any of it, but there was one thing that really bugged him, and he couldn’t help but pop a new smirk on his lips at the thought. He again opened the dedication of the gift and feigned great interest in reading it again, eyeing her from time to time and pretending to be very deep in thought, scratching his chin with his index and thumb.

“What is it?” asked Marinette after a while. His smirk widened.

“I was wondering how exactly you plan to have the three kids with me, Marinette, if I can’t even move a step towards you without you squirming like that.”

Marinette gifted him with a new, very loud squeal and met his devious grin with a look half terrified and half outraged. “Being told that you are, and were, the other boy, doesn’t authorise you to get all cocky with me, Chaton. This morning I could talk to you because you didn’t know what a sorry excuse for a friend I am, drooling over you every day for the last four years. Now, instead... you know that I’m a freak... and I want to die!”

He frowned. "Why would you want to die?" He saw her curling even further into a ball and hiding her face on her knees and chuckled. "Marinette, I am *Chat Noir*, do you realise what that means?"

Her face emerged temporarily from behind her knees and her bluebell eyes met his forest green ones. She had been honest with him, now was his turn. He sighed and hoped he wouldn't do worse by shattering the perfect image of Adrien she had in her head, but regardless, he owed her this much.

"Ask Plagg. I have a... *shrine* dedicated to Ladybug in my closet, you know. I own every single merchandise and gadget ever made of Ladybug, including the limited edition ones and the tacky Chinese ones. You name it: if it has spots and your cute face on it, I buy it. I have spent hours counting your spots, from your pictures because I was too afraid to do it with the real thing. I own all your action figures, and some of Chat Noir's and," he admitted as a deep blush spread on his cheeks, "even nowadays, at nearly 19, I still *play* with them and," he embraced himself, "make them *kiss*..."

He eyed her and saw that she was looking at him wide eyed and flushed. His breath started catching as he felt his palms getting sweaty.

"I have twenty different types of Ladybug pyjamas tops and bottoms; my whole underwear drawer is full of red and black polka dotted boxers and," now it was his turn to disappear, "I had fantasies of our life together too... that we would go to a deserted island, live only off of fruit, and have a hamster." He heard her gasp and smiled sheepishly at her, his hand rubbing the nape of his neck. "Did you think you were the only one to like hamsters? They're so cute and don't need too much care. I wanted to have at least two and we would call them—"

He couldn't finish because she had thrown herself to him and his lips got suddenly busy kissing Marinette, who tasted of salt, but also of strawberries and croissants and... Oh boy, nothing, no book, no sex-ed classes, no description or manga or graphic novel he had read would ever have been able to prepare him for the wave of emotions that he felt the second that her lips met his. He felt a surge of electricity run through his body in waves and a fire burning deep into his gut, getting stronger and stronger at every tickle of her breath on his skin,



at every nibble of her teeth on his lower lip, at every attempt of his tongue to dominate hers and vice versa.

He didn't even stop to breathe. Taking her sudden gesture as permission to act upon her previous confession, he took his new job to heart and decided to take his time to explore the gorgeous girl who had just gifted herself to him. His lips left hers only to move languidly across her jaw until they reached her ear. He started nibbling at her earlobe, suddenly missing the enhanced senses of the cat, which would have helped him getting completely intoxicated with her wonderful scent. But... the tightening sensation in his jeans reminded him of the reason behind why he had discarded his transformation. And so did the sudden feeling of her hands on his bare back.

"How's your — uuuuuh — sting?" asked Marinette's trembling voice as his lips proceeded to explore her long neck and started sucking at the base of it, right on her pulse.

"What sting?" he asked, and was surprised at how hoarse his voice sounded, but he didn't care. His hands travelled down her sides and reached the rim of her top, sneaking underneath it and finding her soft skin. Uh, she was so warm and smooth under his touch. He felt her shivering as his fingers ran upwards and reached the lacey fabric of what must be her bra, and his gaze met hers in a silent plea for permission to continue in his predicament. In all response, she put her hands on his, separated by the thin fabric of her top, and smiled at him.

"The sting on your back that started all this, silly!" she said, her smile feigning confidence, but her voice betrayed her nervousness by literally trembling.

He pulled himself up and took his hands off her body (with great difficulty, but he wouldn't continue touching her if she didn't want to!), sat up and looked at her sheepishly. "Don't worry about that, I don't feel it anymore," he muttered as his hand reached the nape of his neck. Then, he cleared his throat because his voice was still hoarse. "And, ah, I'm sorry, I was... too s-oon, I-I didn't mean to..." he stuttered a little and kicked himself mentally for it but it was difficult to talk with his heart in his throat. But his surprise was huge when she giggled and picked up his hands. Both of them. And put them back where he'd taken them off.

"You may not have, but I did!" She gave him a determined look. "I was the one who k-kissed you, right?"

Adrien was still shocked that his hands were back on the top of her bra. "Uh, yes, you d-did." He blinked a couple of times, and then blinked again when she glanced shyly at him, a devious smile curling the corner of her lips. A smile that he really wanted to kiss off her face, but wasn't doing it because he was unsure of what to do.

She put both hands on his, again. "Remember the three k-kids you were d-discussing earlier?" He nodded so she smirked and continued, "You're not helping to create them, either, by simply holding my breasts like this, Chaton."

Adrien's heart doubled its speed. Ouch, that hurt. Ladybug 1, Chat Noir 0. Totally hopeless. Damn!

"Y-you mean that I can...?" His face felt extremely warm when she nodded. "What about your parents?"

She giggled again. "They're not here. There's a catering event they've been hired for at the Grand Paris. I don't expect them back until later tonight."

"Cool," he muttered to himself. His hands wandered back down to the rim of her top; he finally gave her a good look and realised that she wasn't wearing her usual blazer, only the short sleeved top she usually wore underneath. He pulled up the top and Marinette followed his lead by lifting her arms and felt the top coming off her head, ending on the floor, soon followed by her bra, after Adrien finally understood how to unclasp its hooks. Which meant that he had to look carefully behind her back, disappearing from her view for way too long for her tastes.

But when his face came back into view, the fire in his eyes was unmistakable. He stared at her like the cat that got the cream. It was exciting and terrifying at the same time. She felt a tingling sensation to her core the second his lips met hers again, but then one of Adrien's hands moved to the place between her legs and she stiffened a little.

"You okay?" asked Adrien, stopping in his tracks, his hand not even daring to move as he sucked his breath in and eyed her sheepishly.

She nodded and then confirmed with a loud, "Yes."

So he proceeded. He unfastened the button of her trousers and pulled down the zipper, creating just enough space for his hand to sneak in. He held his breath as he touched her underwear and felt her holding hers as he sneaked his hand in.

Uh, she was wet. That was good right? He thought he read somewhere that it was good. Was it sex-ed at school? Possibly. Maybe a manga. Dah, it didn't matter. He moved his fingers around, trying to find the little bud he knew was the centre of her pleasure and as he found it, he felt her utter a low moan and clench her arms around his neck.

"You're all wet for me, M'lady," he purred into her ear, causing her to shiver.

"Oh God, yes, Adrien, right there!" She started panting heavily as the bud under his fingers started getting more turgid. He moved his fingers from there and she let out a little disappointed whimper, but he just smirked and came off the chaise, making her lay on her back on it. He kneeled in front of her and pulled her trousers and panties down in one swift gesture. Then, he slowly caressed her bare thighs and took his sweet time to take the bottom part of her trousers (plus panties) off, letting it fall to the ground next to the chaise-longue. His gaze glued to hers as his hands moved up, caressing her skin smoothly, starting from her bare feet. He picked each foot up and kissed the top of it; then he moved his lips on the smoothness of her legs, peppering every inch of her skin with languid kisses and brushing it with his lips. He felt her shivering and squirming and his smirk widened.

"Adrien Agreste! Stop teasing me immediately and get back where you were before, or I swear to God..." Marinette groaned.

He chuckled. "You swear *what*, M'lady? This cat waited so long to get the cream. Let him enjoy unwrapping his gifts. I want to make you scream my name and purr in *paw*-leasure."

She groaned, probably at the pun, but as he nibbled at the skin of her inside thigh, she squirmed again and arched her back. Oh, he *was* enjoying this. When his lips reached the wetness inside her legs, her scent was nearly overwhelming. He felt his own core, gut and sex throb as he positioned himself better, forcing her to spread her legs wider. When he used his hands to open her folds, he felt her gasping again and looked up.

“Is this okay?” he asked, looking at her with unhidden desire until she nodded slowly. So he smirked and proceeded to do what he had started to do, lapping softly on her little nodule. Her instant moan was the most rewarding sound he’d ever heard. He spread the folds a little more and went back to his previous activity, tentatively starting to lick and nibble at her clit, trying to understand what was making her squirm more. He could see and feel it getting always more turgid as her moans began more hoarse and frequent, like her jerking movements. Her hands rummaged around as her legs kicked the air around aimlessly, until she eventually got hold of his hair, clenching to it for dear life and involuntarily pushing him closer.

“Eager, aren’t you, *purr*-incess?” he joked and heard her utter a loud moan.

“I swear to God, Chaton, if you don’t get a move on, I’ll pin you head down to the top of the Eiffel tower! Hurry the fuck up!”

He smirked again. For being his first time, he didn’t seem to be doing that badly if he had managed to make her curse. He fastened his pace with his tongue on her clit while his hand stroked every inch of the sensitive skin of her labia. Then, he stuck a finger in her sleek entrance, and was rewarded with a big moan while Marinette arched her back. He smirked against her clit and stuck another finger in her vagina, and then a third, starting to pump in and out while still fastening the pace of his tongue on her bud of pleasure.

“Ah! Adrien please don’t stop! Don’t... stop! Aaaaah...” She uttered a loud groan and he felt her getting even wetter than before, as deep shivers ran through his own body, too — she had just cum, and he was getting close as well.

“I suppose it’s a lot to ask that in your survival kit you have a condom, right?” he said in between heavy pants, his face emerging from between her legs as he licked his lips clean and then wiped them with his forearm.



Marinette blushed a deep shade of purple. “Over there,” she said, pointing at a pink and black sports bag. “First pocket, at the front”.

His eyes must have nearly popped out of his skull. “You serious, Marinette?”

She looked away and blushed darker. “You never know... c-condoms have many uses, n-not just the one they’ve been made for...”

The sheepish glance she shot at him as she said that did it for him. He started chuckling. Then her mortified look made him burst in an even louder laugh, until he was literally in stitches, tears streaming from his eyes.

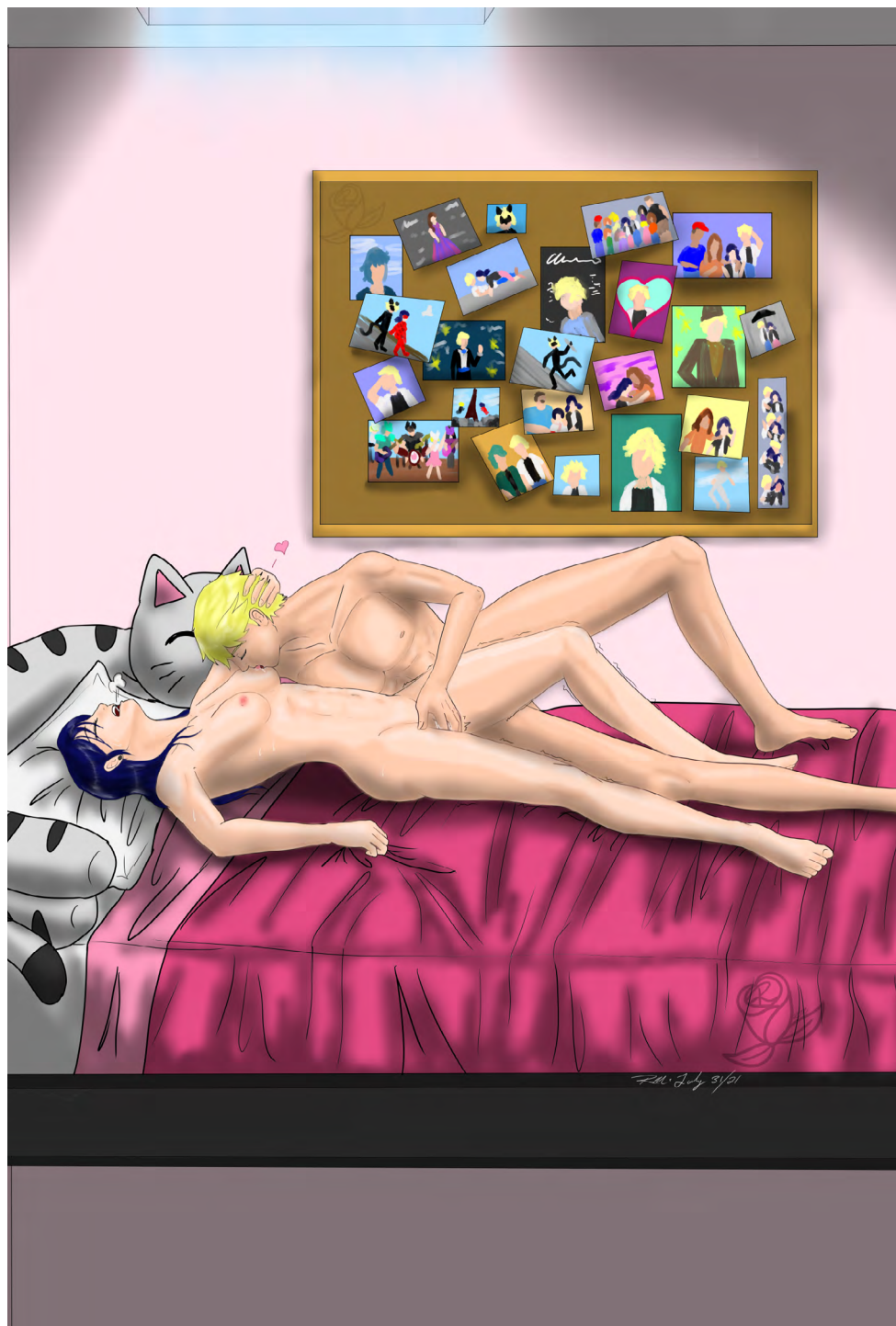
“I’m serious, Adrien. You can make *sling elastics* with them, keep matches dry...” But he kept laughing, so she started chuckling as well and eventually she was laughing with him.

“Okay, Buginette, I believe you. But I’m glad you have them. Mind me using them for their actual intended use?” He dashed to the bag and looked in the pocket she had pointed out, immediately finding an unopened box of condoms. He eyed it and blinked. “Lifestyle *ultra sensitive* pack of... 100?” He looked at the box pointedly. “You’re quite kind to your slings, I must say.”

Marinette hid her face behind her hands. “Oh STOP!” she groaned and he started laughing again, so she sat up, grabbed the box from his hands and glared at him. “Lose the smug look and smirks, Chaton. I like being prepared, OK?”

Being asked to lose the smug look certainly didn’t work, because he raised a disbelieving eyebrow and looked at her pointedly, arms crossed on his chest and bust leaned forward, purposely invading her personal space. “Yes, I can certainly see that!” he said. “A *box of 100*. Jesus, M’lady, you have some faith in my abilities.”

She could nearly see the ears on his head going flat, even if he wasn’t wearing his costume at the moment. Seeing him faking being worried that way made a smile pop on the corner of her lips. Then he pouted, and she couldn’t resist — she ruffled the hair on his head and giggled. Then she started laughing.





"Yes, no pressure, loverboy!" She cupped a hand on his cheek and leaned in to place a quick kiss on his nose, but he took the hint at heart and grabbed her shoulders, pulling her close and attacking her lips with his. The kiss wasn't too long, because he left her lips quickly enough and started littering her whole face, jaws, neck and bosom with kisses. His lips were everywhere and her heartbeat shot up instantly, as the wave of pleasure washed through her again. But when he reached for the place in between her legs once more, she picked his hand and held it, purposely stopping him in his tracks.

"Huh?" he whispered, his gaze languid and full of desire, only matched by the sentiment shining in the bluebell orbs he loved so much.

"Not so fast, Monsieur. You had your shot. Now it's my turn!" she said suavely.

Adrien's eyes went huge. "You can't be serious, Marinette. I won't last much longer, you know."

She unwrapped her arms from around his neck. "Well, first of all you're way overdressed. Let's take care of that shameful detail," she said as she took off his white shirt first, and then his black stripy top. "I refuse to be the only one who squirmed and moaned today, *Minou*."

To make her statement more meaningful, she ran featherlight fingers all across his now bare shoulders and back, finally moving to the front. She contoured each and every muscle, a smirk popping on the corner of her lips when she saw him shiver, and getting goosebumps, until he started literally whimpering under her touch.

"Good," she whispered into his ear. Then she put a mouthful of his earlobe into her mouth and started sucking at it, smiling at how he suddenly stiffened.

"Please, Marinette, I..." he said under his breath, but she just giggled.

"Adrien, *mon minou*, you have no idea how long I have lusted over you. How long I have wanted to touch these muscles and hear you whimper. I'm not letting you out of this room before I see you turn into as much of a hot mess as I became for you just earlier."

Adrien gulped dryly. “H-have you?” he managed to say, his voice a much higher tone than he’d ever remembered it being. At least a full octave. Maybe two.

“Aha,” she confessed, now in the other ear, as she gave the other earlobe the same treatment. “And then, you’re *twice* as unfair. The amount of times I had to talk myself down from the desire to kiss that stupid cat senseless!” As she said that, she was moving her lips across his chest and she distinctly felt his heart rate increasing.

“But I thought,” he started. Marinette shut him up with a kiss on the lips, deep enough to leave him breathless but quick enough to leave him full of want.

“You see, had Adrien not been in the equation, I would have easily fallen for my handsome Chaton.” She reached his right nipple with her mouth and avidly sucked it, smiling triumphantly at the raw moan that escaped his lips. “And not only was he stupidly handsome; he kept declaring his love for me at least once or twice a week, flirting with me, giving me roses, calling me pet names...” She highlighted every single one of her partner’s sinful behaviours with a lick and a suck on his nipple, copying the gesture on the other side with her thumb and index finger. Then she started descending with her mouth and both her hands down his torso, until she reached the hem of his trousers. She looked at him with a little smirk and, never losing eye contact, started to pull the trousers down, freeing a slightly wet pair of red polka-dotted boxers that could hardly contain his erection.

“Well, well,” she licked her lips, “You weren’t kidding when you told me about your underwear collection.” With a swift gesture, she completely took off his trousers, discarding them on the floor. Then she started paying attention to his crotch area, fondling the growing bulge sensually with her hands, and she was rewarded with another moan and a rocking movement from his hips.

“Please, Marinette,” he begged, but she had every intention of taking her sweet time. She kept fondling the bulge until she felt the fabric of the underwear getting a little more damp, then she finally decided to take off the remaining barrier, revealing a very hard and erect dick, still slightly wet with pre-cum.

When she saw it, she lost her self confidence temporarily, because wow, she didn’t expect it to be that big. Well, she had really no way to compare; she had



never seen a real one before (besides porn videos shoved in her face by Alya, but they didn't count, right? Those were *actors*, after all...), but as the object of her curiosity twitched a little, the only thought that crossed her mind was how was it going to fit in her? The girls in the porn videos Alya showed to her didn't seem to have problems with it, but she had always thought it was all a scene. Make-believe. Fiction. Seeing a real one in front of her very eyes was something entirely different.

Especially because it was *Adrien's*.

And her *Chaton's*.

Oh dear, she was so fucked.

Pun intended.

She put a finger on the top of it and it twitched again, causing a small smile to curl her lips. She was the reason for that — wow. As a new moan escaped from Adrien's lips, she started touching the tip of it and then the shaft in the exact same way that she had done with the underwear, now discarded somewhere on the floor. After passing yet another featherlight finger on the whole length, she proceeded to tentatively grab the shaft more firmly with both hands and try to push it inward and pull it upward. But she immediately stopped when Adrien winced. The boy cupped both hands on top of hers, made her lower one of her hands back to her thighs and guided the other one in a way that, instead of holding his dick like a microphone, she was holding it like a pole. Then he showed her the deep, firm gesture that he desperately needed.

Oh. Okay, that was much clearer. When she started moving her hand up and down his length as he had shown her, it didn't take long for Adrien to lose control. After a certain number of wags, Adrien jerked up and started kissing her firmly, exchanging positions and making her fall on her back; his avid mouth took hold of her nipples, first one and then the other, and started sucking on them causing her to scream.

"I wasn't finished, Adrien!" she squealed after gaining control of her voice, but the boy had already sneaked a hand between her legs and was rubbing fast and firmly at her bud of pleasure.

"Sorry, M'lady, if you carried on I would have cum on your face!" he admitted as his strokes on her clit became faster and faster and Marinette took firm hold of his neck and torso, panting heavily on his skin (which wasn't helping, Marinette! Wasn't helping at all...)

"A-aaaaadrien! Oh my God, don't stop! Right there!" So he did and after a couple of seconds he felt her release on his hand, as she grabbed hold of him even more strongly and meowed loudly in his ear.

Then he picked up one of the condoms in the box and carefully opened up the wrapping, putting it quickly on his throbbing erection. He came closer, leaving her one last chance to push him away, but all he could see in her eyes was love and pure desire. He felt tears prickling at the corner of his own eyes; he hugged her tight and, as he closed all distances, pushed the tip of his penis inside her slick vagina and said into her ear, "I also have a confession to make, Marinette."

Dear God, she was so tight. The sensation of her walls against his dick was overwhelming, nothing could have prepared him for it. It surpassed by miles even the feeling of kissing her, and definitely nothing at all like the feeling he got when he was helping himself at night, even if he thought of Ladybug while he did it. Nope... this was the real thing and — *oh boy* — it was too much.

He knew he had to be careful and go slow and let her get used to him, and as he filled her completely, he continued what he was saying before, "I... was confused, too. I always thought I loved Ladybug; but slowly, surely, I started having these thoughts in my head about Marinette, too. When I am with you, my heart flutters and my mind wanders, exactly like it happens when I'm with M'lady. I didn't say anything to not ruin our friendship, but... it's been a long time since I've thought that you were only a friend to me, Marinette. In and out of the mask. *I love you.*"

It seemed the perfect moment to tell her, there and then, while he had just known her in the most intimate way; there and then, while he was deep inside of her.

He felt her hold on his neck and shoulders get stronger. He was surprised when she looked at him softly and kissed the tip of his nose, saying it to his face, looking straight into his eyes, "I love you too, Adrien. *Chaton.*"



Then, she started moving her hips towards him and he had to hold his breath because the waves of pleasure she was giving him with such a tiny gesture were of enormous proportions.

"I'm trying to not hurt you," he said, hoping it was going to stop her from moving because if she continued, he wasn't going to feel responsible for his future actions. He would be too far gone.

"It doesn't hurt. Hurry up!"

Of course, he was way too happy to oblige.

He started a slow but regular movement inside of her and when he didn't see any sign of discomfort, he quickened his pace and made his thrusts firmer and stronger. He knew he had to go just a little faster, push a little firmer... he moved his hand to Marinette's clit and started rubbing it, trying to bring her to the same high where he currently was.

In response, she squirmed as he felt the walls of her sex starting to pulse around him; she grabbed his shoulders, causing him to fall on her. She took hold of his mouth, the waves of pleasure starting to wash through him, and he shouted a hoarse "Marinette" against her lips, holding onto her for dear life as the release of the best orgasm he'd ever experienced made him want to melt completely inside the girl underneath him and become just one with her.

It took a long time for his heartbeat to return to something even close to normal, and due to the proximity, he was aware that the same was true for Marinette. He initially made to move from top of her as soon as he was able to breathe again, afraid he was squashing her with his weight, but as soon as he went on his elbows and made to move, Marinette wrapped her arms around his neck and shoulders and forced him to remain still.

"Don't," she whispered into his ear.

"I need to dispose of the condom," he said, trying again to get up but finding her fierce opposition and finally giving in after a third attempt.

"Just another few minutes," she said with a little sigh of content. Then she started to sniff his neck and the sensation made Adrien ticklish.

"Marinette, stop! You're tickling me!" He chuckled, making it hard to understand what he was trying to say. When he realised that she wouldn't stop, he tilted his head and started to do the same to her neck. Mhhhhhhh Marinette's scent. Mix of coconut, wildflowers and the smell of freshly baked croissants. Mhhhhh.

"Adrien, okay, I'll stop, but only if you do the same!" She started laughing hysterically as he became more deliberate in his attempts to tickle her. "Okay, you've got only yourself to blame," she squealed in between fits of giggles, "get off me, *now!*"

With a little pout, he did as he was told, and since he was at it, he disposed of the condom at the same time. Then he laid again on the chaise-longue and crawled his way back to her warm body, feeling her deep sigh of contentment when he hugged her tight.

"I will need to go soon," he muttered, his heavy eyelids already betraying him and making it hard to open his eyes and look at her.

She snuggled closer to him and hugged him tighter. "Not yet. Stay with me." That was the last thing he heard before falling sound asleep.

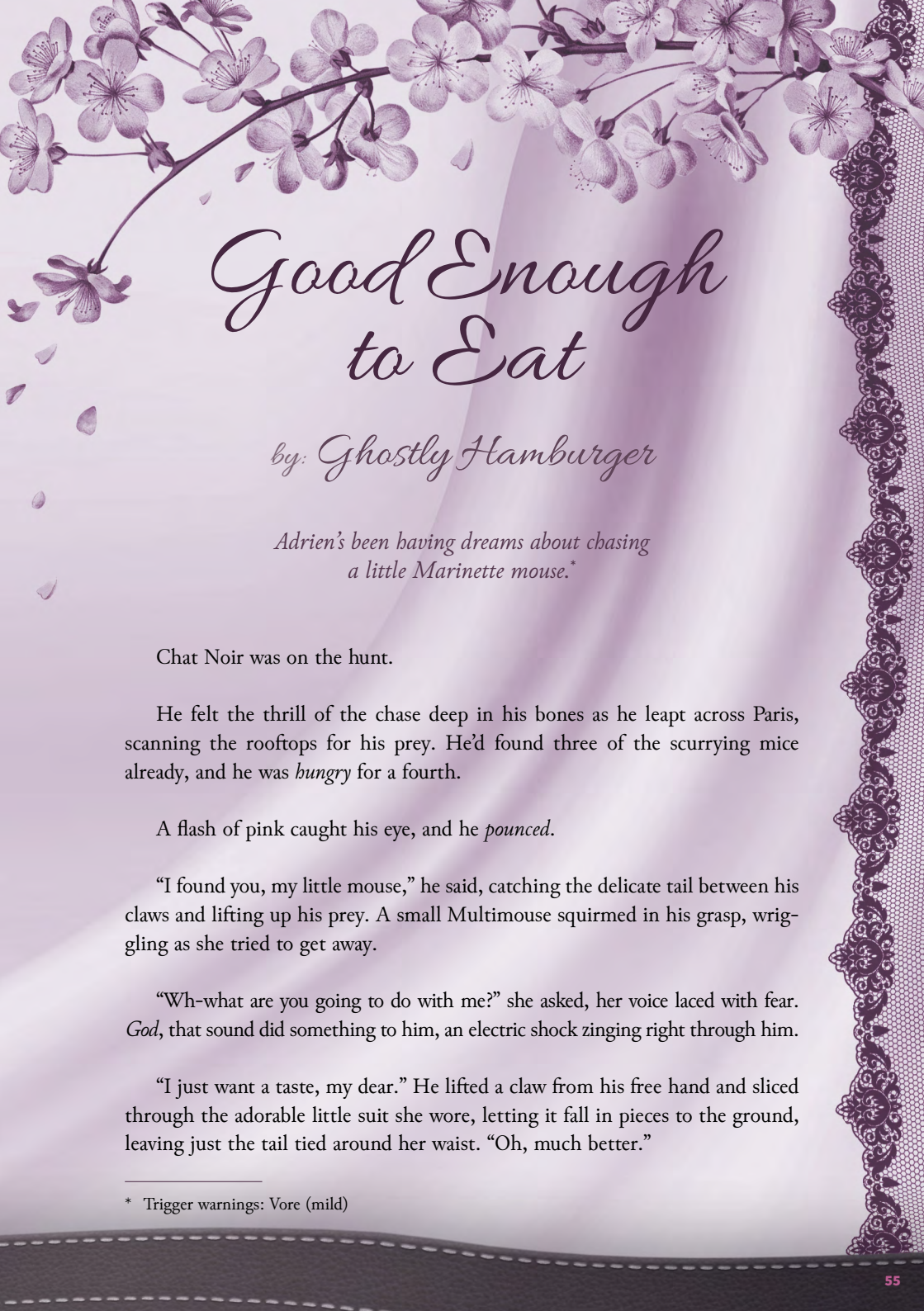
He would think of the consequences later. Right now, he lulled himself in the fulfilling sensation of finally being where he felt that he truly belonged.

The End





Dream Aftermath ♥ Kai



Good Enough to Eat

by: Ghostly Hamburger

*Adrien's been having dreams about chasing
a little Marinette mouse.**

Chat Noir was on the hunt.

He felt the thrill of the chase deep in his bones as he leapt across Paris, scanning the rooftops for his prey. He'd found three of the scurrying mice already, and he was *hungry* for a fourth.

A flash of pink caught his eye, and he *pounced*.

"I found you, my little mouse," he said, catching the delicate tail between his claws and lifting up his prey. A small Multimouse squirmed in his grasp, wriggling as she tried to get away.

"Wh-what are you going to do with me?" she asked, her voice laced with fear. *God*, that sound did something to him, an electric shock zinging right through him.

"I just want a taste, my dear." He lifted a claw from his free hand and sliced through the adorable little suit she wore, letting it fall in pieces to the ground, leaving just the tail tied around her waist. "Oh, much better."

* Trigger warnings: Vore (mild)

“Chat—*Adrien*—please—”

He maneuvered her little body so easily between his fingers, carefully spreading her, studying her. He poked out his tongue and let it glide over her nude body, tasting her skin and the sweet slick between her legs. “*Delicious*, little mouse.”

She whimpered. How could she be so cute and so desirable at the same time?

Chat pushed the blunt side of his claw between the little Mousinette’s legs, making her gasp as she straddled his finger. Her tiny hips rocked against it, and she *moaned*.

“Fuck yourself on my hand, my mouse,” he said, eyes glued to her perfect small body. “You deserve some pleasure from our little game.”

She obliged, grinding herself against his finger as she gasped and moaned, her hands cupping her breasts. “*Chat*,” she moaned. “Oh, *Chat*!”

“Cum for me, mouse.”

She let out a long moan, hips rocking hard against his finger as she came, screaming, “*Adrien*!”

“So good,” he purred, using his other hand to gently brush her hair back. “So, so good, my little mouse. *Delectable*.”

Her eyes widened as he picked her up by the tail again and dangled her above his head. Her protests turned into nothing more than squeaks as he lowered the tiny mouse into his mouth and *swallowed*.

Adrien sat up in bed, eyes wide, adrenaline racing. He forced himself to cough, half expecting to see a little Marinette fall out of his mouth.

But of course, that didn’t happen. He stared into the darkness of his bedroom as he tried to breathe normally, tried to get his heart under control. He felt heat under his sheets, and realized that not only was that *insane* dream incredibly realistic—it had made him *hard*.

Well, he wasn't going to be able to get back to sleep with this boner. He decided to take the time to take care of it, redirect his brain to think about *Ladybug* instead. Ladybug, not Marinette.

Not Marinette beautifully nude, the *taste* of her still on his tongue...

What *would* she taste like? Not that he wanted to actually eat her, but other types of *eating* entered his mind, unbidden. Marinette spread out before him, her sweet voice begging for him, her pussy open and *dripping* for him. His tongue buried in her, more of that delectable taste, as his hands gripped the soft skin of her thighs, her ass.

His hand unconsciously moved over his cock as his mind wandered. Marinette's body would be warm beneath his hands. She'd probably curl her hands in his hair, tug him to where she needed his tongue. She'd moan for him, and he'd *try* to make her trip over her words, see how long it took till she was just a quivering, stammering mess under his tongue.

She'd grab his hair hard, pull his head up to look at her. Her face would be flushed, the cute blush spreading down to her breasts, perky and perfect. "*Adrien*," she'd groan for him, *beg* for him. "Fuck me, *please*."

He'd kneel over her, kiss her softly as he pushed his cock into her—

"*Marinette!*" he cried out with a groan, spilling over his hand and making a mess of his sheets. He panted hard, the image of his pretty friend fading as he faced reality again.

He was supposed to hang out with his friends the next day. How could he face Marinette?

When Adrien met his friends at the park the next day, Marinette was wearing a cute light pink dress, and it was barely covering her body.

In reality, it was a perfectly modest dress, but the mental images it gave him were downright *filthy*. His hands skimming over the hint of cleavage she showed while pulling down that spaghetti strap with his teeth. The flowing skirt bunched up around her hips while he buried himself between her thighs.

Why the *fuck* was he thinking about his good friend like this?

He couldn't stop sneaking glances at her as she helped Alya spread out the picnic blanket, arrange a variety of foods from her parents' bakery.

One of those glances, though, he caught her staring back, an eyebrow raised at him. She set down the dish she was holding before crossing the grass to reach him.

"What's going on?" she asked. "Alya says you keep staring at me."

His mouth went dry, and he tried to keep his eyes trained on hers, not look down at her (beautiful) breasts.

"Did I do something wrong?" she asked. Her face was flushed pink.

"I—had a weird dream about you last night," he admitted. "That's all."

"Oh," she replied, visibly relaxing. "What kind of dream?"

It was his turn to blush then, his cheeks heating up. "I, uh—I dreamed about, um—you were—I was—I was eating you!"

She blinked. "Um...what?"

"I—you weren't *you*," he tried to explain. "You were Multimouse, and I was chasing—*hunting* you, and then you were naked and *so* cute and pretty and you tasted so *good* and I—uh—"

His face was turning redder and redder. He wasn't even sure *how* so much blood could rush to his cheeks when it was also rushing... other places.

"It's okay if you eat me!" Marinette *squeaked* in response, and oh god if he wasn't hard before...

He stared at her, wide-eyed, as he tried to figure out if she actually just said that. He noticed her eyes flick down to his crotch, then back to his face, some sort of *hunger* in her gaze.

Adrien wasn't sure which one of them moved first, but suddenly his arms were around her, capturing his little mouse, as her lips were pressed to his, her tongue teasing his.

He needed her so badly that the idea of parting for even just a second burned. He was on fire, every part of him charring into ash that didn't *matter* except where she was touching, where she was kissing. His hands traveled lower, gripping her ass, and she lifted a leg around his waist, practically grinding against him.

He moved a hand under her thigh to support her, and she lifted her other leg so she was completely in his arms, moaning softly as she kissed him.

"What are we doing?" she asked between kisses, her hand twisted in his hair in a way that felt far too good.

"Going somewhere more private," he replied, walking with her still in his arms, grateful that she lived across the street from the park.

"Wait—back door," she said, directing him when she realized they were going. "Parents will ask questions..."

They made it just inside the door before Adrien had Marinette pressed against the wall of the stairwell, grinding his now very erect cock against her as she pressed light kisses along his neck.

In the back of his mind, he knew his father would be furious if he showed up to a photoshoot with marks on his skin, but that didn't matter now. *Nothing* mattered more than taking the beautiful girl in his arms up to her bedroom and... and *eating* her.

Against every instinct, he set down his little mouse. "Get upstairs," he said in a low voice, a squeeze to her *perfect* ass.

She smiled at him before darting up the stairs, her panting breaths sounding like little squeaks.

The cat smiled as he began to stalk his prey to her bedroom.



He followed her up the ladder, and she just barely managed to close the trapdoor before he *pounced*, one hand cradling the back of her head so she wouldn't get hurt as he pressed her against the floor, her legs splayed over the trapdoor so no one could walk in on them.

"Mine," he practically *growled*, lips on her neck as his hands tugged at her clothing. "Need you—*Marinette*..."

"Yes, *please*," she cried, lifting her hips up to grind against him. "Oh, *Adrien*!"

"You said I could eat you, right?" he murmured. He pulled her dress over her head, licked a long line from her breast up over her neck, before he nipped at her earlobe, careful of the black stud earring she always wore. "Still want me to?"

He wasn't even sure what had come over him, but god she was sweet, so beautiful, and she was—oh fuck she was topless, having undone her bra when he wasn't paying attention.

"Don't stop," she said, her voice hoarse with need. And if this is what a dream about eating her could bring—he *needed* to taste her, *now*.

His head lowered to her breast, pulling one dusky nipple into his mouth, and she *moaned*. His tongue swept over the hardened nub as his hand gave her other breast the same attention. He could feel her shifting, undoing his pants, tugging at his shirt.

"No, little mouse," he admonished her gently, his lips still on her skin. "I'm the one devouring you."

She whimpered as he kissed down her chest, her stomach. He sucked at a spot on her hip that had her making those beautiful squeaking gasps again, and fuck her panties needed to be gone.

His hands raked down the sides of her legs, but he wasn't Chat right now, didn't have the claws he needed to shred her clothes out of the way. So he settled for kissing below her navel, tongue slipping out to taste her skin as his fingers brushed the hem of her panties.

"Adrien," she moaned, spurring him on as he hooked his fingers in her underwear and pulled them out of his way. He paused for a moment in his worship of her body to marvel at her pussy, bare and spread before his eyes like a delectable feast, wet and slick and just waiting for him to dive in.

So he did. She *shrieked* with pleasure as he pushed his face against her, his nose against her folds, inhaling her scent as he flicked his tongue against her skin, getting just the barest taste of her, dew collecting on his tongue.

He lifted his head slowly, relishing the drag of his tongue across her folds, until his lips found the swollen nub of her clit. He kissed the bud softly before laving it with his tongue, making sure he was *intimately* familiar with his mouse.

"Marinette," he murmured, his lips against her still, before he slipped a tongue inside her, lapping up her wetness like it was the sweetest cream. She tasted so good, sweet and tangy and musky and *Marinette*.

Some little part in the back of his mind reminded him that this wasn't another dream, he was actually eating out his very good friend and they were going to have to *talk* at some point, but then she moaned in pleasure and tugged lightly on his hair and he *did not care about reality*.

Her thighs suddenly wrapped around him, planes of muscle squishing his cheeks and it didn't matter that he could barely breathe, because she was bucking her hips into his mouth and cumming on his tongue. She chanted his name with broken breaths like a prayer.

He kissed his way back up her body, slowly moving over her until his lips met hers again. "I want you," he murmured.

"Adrien," she moaned softly, slipping her arms around him. "Yes, please..."

He couldn't help the low growl that escaped him as he had to move back, just enough to tug off his pants and boxers. She pushed herself up on her elbows, and he firmly grabbed her arm to pull her to stand.

His cock brushed against her as he picked her up, his hands gripping her ass. He could have taken her up to the bed—but the wall was much closer, and he could easily just press her up against it.

Her thighs rested on either side of his hips, and fuck, he was so close to her, he could feel her hot and wet and ready for him.

"Please," she murmured, her arms around his neck.

"Please what, little mouse?" he asked, gently nipping at her lower lip.

She whimpered. "T-take me...*fuck me*..."

He kissed her fiercely and pressed himself against her, sinking his cock inside her. He moved slowly, easing himself into her as he relished each of her soft moans. Then, he pulled back slightly and started to *fuck* her.

She was so wet and tight around him, a perfect fit for his cock as she squeezed him with each thrust. *Nothing* could have felt as wonderful as her, the way her body moved against his, the gasps and groans she made as he pushed her up against the wall, as she clung tight to him. He was addicted to her already, wanting to stay inside his mouse forever.

"*Adrien*," she groaned, her lips sliding against his with how close they were. "Adrien, *fuck*, I love you..."

He couldn't respond with anything more than a searing kiss, words failing him as he felt pressure building, a white-hot *need* coiling in him as he fucked harder, faster, and then—"Marinette!"

He spilled into her with stuttering thrusts as she clenched around him again, her orgasm matching his. His forehead pressed against hers as he slowly pulled out of her and let her stand on the ground again.

"So," she said, grinning at him. "Care to tell me how you know about Multimouse?"

The End



Meet the Author!

Ghostly Hamburger

Welcome to the Author Interview!

Here we get to know more about a Miraculous smut writer! Thanks to the author for taking the time to talk to us.

When Ghostly Hamburger writes a story, whether it's Adrienette or any other pairing, one thing is guaranteed: it will be original, hot, and beautifully written. It will also make us come back to reread it over and over again, just for the pure pleasure of reading.

We hope you enjoy reading this interview... Now let's meet the author!

What is your pen name or pseudonym?

Ghostly Hamburger

How long have you been writing — or when did you start?

I've been writing since I can remember, but I started with the NSFW stuff at 15. Yeah, I was underage, but hey, I was a horny teenager. I lost almost all of that though over time, and I have no desire to find it again.

"A-are you sure about this?" she asked. She was breathing heavily, her voice starting to shake.

"Yeah," he groaned. She was so pretty on top of him, her cheeks flushed, her eyes half-lidded. He couldn't move away even if he wanted to—he was stuck on her bed, hard and wanting and she had complete control over him and fuck his cock twitched as he remembered that fact.

Marinette was his friend. Just his friend. But he couldn't help thinking about what it would be like if there were fewer clothes between them, if she took advantage of his position, of him.

Not that sweet Marinette would ever do that to him.

Unless he begged.

— in *Platonic Bonding*

What do you think is the best way to improve one's writing skills?

Just keep writing and reading literally everything.

What is the most difficult part of your writing process?

Focus

How did you come to write explicit stories?

I read a really good one by SailorChibi and was like. I could do that. I'm gonna do that.

Out of the Adrienette stories you've written, which is the one you are the happiest about?
Platonic Bonding.

Which Adrienette story would you like to hear as an audiobook?

I've had one of my stories turned into an audiobook before and it's an odd experience. On the one hand, I'm so flattered that someone wanted to do this, and she did a fantastic job! But it's so hard to hear my own words read back at me.

He buried his face in her neck, kissing from her shoulder up to under her ear. He flicked the shell of her ear with his tongue, making her gasp and cling closer to him. He gently nipped at her earlobe, careful of the earrings she always wore.

Suddenly, she pushed him back, a strange look on her face. But that was quickly forgotten as she grabbed the collar of his undershirt and yanked him back to her, kissing him fervently as she grabbed at the hem of the shirt to pull it over his head.

He responded with his arms around her, finding the zipper of her dress. He started to ease the zipper down when she stopped kissing him long enough to growl, "Don't even think of ripping the fabric, Agreste."

"Wouldn't dream of it," he reassured her. The dress gave way, slipping down her torso to her hips. She wore no bra beneath, as the dress absolutely would not have allowed for one, and Adrien immediately worked his kisses down to her breasts, covering them in soft, gentle touches before taking the pink nub of her nipple into his mouth and swirling his tongue around her. He grazed the bud with his teeth, then pulled away to return his kisses to her lips.

— in *Free Pass*

His lips crashed against hers, stifling the sounds she made. It wasn't the gentle romantic kiss she dreamed of from him, instead rough lips on lips, his tongue gliding against hers.

She let go of all pretense, blatantly rubbing herself against him, the feeling of his lips and his body and that seam of his jeans that was pressing even more into her combining to a perfect, wonderful feeling of *yesgoodmoremoremore--!*

Her hips jerked off the ground, rubbing against him, as stars exploded behind her eyes. She moaned his name against his lips, letting herself fall into a blissful cloud of satisfied lust.

She stilled, her legs falling open, letting him go—until he moved a hand to her thigh and pulled her close again, his own hips still pressing against hers.

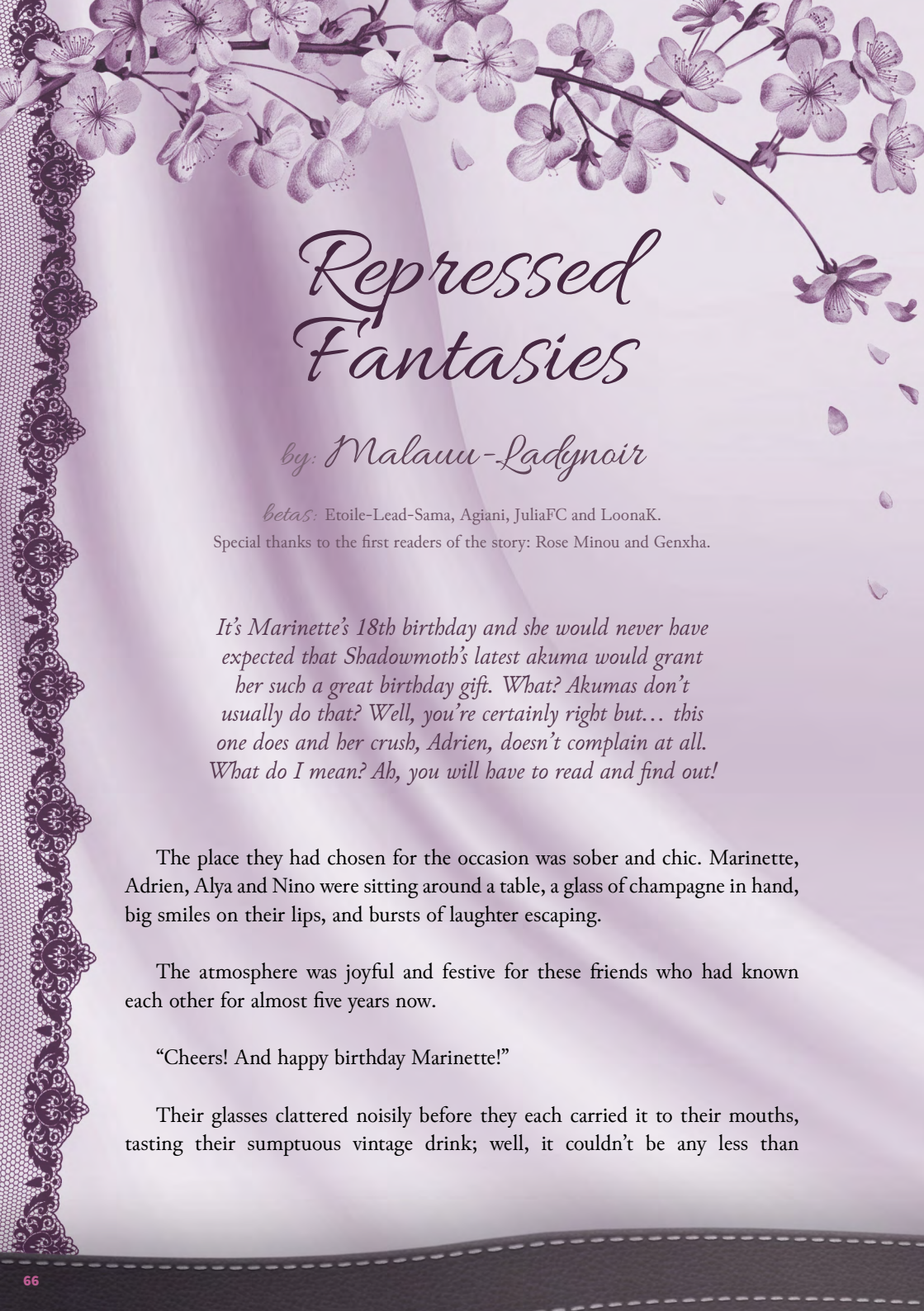
"Not yet," he groaned. "Don't—don't stop moving..."

— in *An Unexpected Moment*

What is some interesting fact you would like others to know about you?

I'm the coolest!

Well, that is all the time we have now. I do hope you enjoy getting to know our author. Please check out her work at ghostlyhamburger.tumblr.com and archiveofourown.org/users/ghostlyhamburger.



Repressed Fantasies

by: Malauu-Ladynoir

betas: Etoile-Lead-Sama, Agiani, JuliaFC and LoonaK.

Special thanks to the first readers of the story: Rose Minou and Genxha.

It's Marinette's 18th birthday and she would never have expected that Shadowmoth's latest akuma would grant her such a great birthday gift. What? Akumas don't usually do that? Well, you're certainly right but... this one does and her crush, Adrien, doesn't complain at all. What do I mean? Ah, you will have to read and find out!

The place they had chosen for the occasion was sober and chic. Marinette, Adrien, Alya and Nino were sitting around a table, a glass of champagne in hand, big smiles on their lips, and bursts of laughter escaping.

The atmosphere was joyful and festive for these friends who had known each other for almost five years now.

"Cheers! And happy birthday Marinette!"

Their glasses clattered noisily before they each carried it to their mouths, tasting their sumptuous vintage drink; well, it couldn't be any less than

sumptuous, since Adrien had paid for it. *'A special drink for a special occasion,'* he had justified himself, after flashing his card in front of his amazed friends and signing a bill for over 500 euros.

The girls had missed how his eyes had been trained on Marinette as he'd said so, but Nino... Nino certainly didn't.

"Welcome to adulthood, Mari," Alya exclaimed cheerfully.

Indeed, Marinette was the last of the group to celebrate her 18th birthday, just a few weeks before they officially began to go to University. Having chosen different careers, they would find themselves separated in various Parisian schools. But no matter what, they had made the promise to continue to meet regularly, like they were at this very moment.

A friendly and warm moment, which Marinette would have to leave for a while.

"I need to go to the toilet, I'll be right back," she apologized.

"Wait. I'm coming with you," Alya interrupted her before she stood up and left the table herself.

Adrien and Nino watched the girls walk away from their table, before the latter cast a mischievous and insistent look at his best friend.

"So? Are you going to ask her out?"

The boy practically choked with his champagne, blowing bubbles in his glass and splashing Nino at the same time. "Marinette?" he asked, incredulously.

"Dude, who else do you think I'm talking about? Alya has been dating me for four and a half years," was Nino's snarky reply.

Adrien placed his glass on the table, his hand instinctively finding the back of his neck which he rubbed with embarrassment. "I... Uh... I..."

“Bro, you can always try to lie to yourself, but with me, it doesn’t work anymore. I can see how you look at her, and you’ve been looking at her like that since we were in Collège,” Nino protested. “And besides, who spends 500 euros for a bottle of Champagne, just for a *friend’s* 18th birthday celebration?”

“Marinette’s worth it!” he instantly replied.

“You see, *THAT’s* what I mean, Dude. You’re head over heels, trust me!”

The blond lowered his head, his shoulders slumping, his empty gaze staring at his glass and sighed deeply. His best friend was right. He couldn’t continue to hide the feelings that had grown so much into his heart, deep in his soul, those last few years for his good friend. His everyday Ladybug. His lovely, sweet, wonderful, pretty and attractive former classmate... *Oh dear*. He was so screwed. This girl would be the death of him. A soft, seductive and pleasing death... *STOP, Adrien, get a grip!*

“I don’t know, Nino... She doesn’t seem interested in a relationship. I mean not in something romantic...” he sighed deeply again. “She has never dated anyone since she broke up with Luka... And it looks like she enjoys being single,” he added, trying hard to convince himself that it would be wrong to ask her out. Or maybe trying to protect himself from being rejected again by a girl he really loves.

He wasn’t sure he could bear the sight of a second pair of hypnotizing bluebell eyes, looking at him with rejection and pity.

“As you wish, Dude... but you’ll never know unless you try...”

“That’s enough! You’re gonna get out of here and ask him out, Girl! Or I will!”

“Alya!” The blue eyed girl protested against her best friend’s threat.

“No! No more excuses! I’m sick of all this bullshit, Marinette!” she exclaimed, exasperated. “You love him and I know for a matter of fact that he really likes

you too! It's so obvious! The poor boy can't stop looking at you with lovesick kitty eyes," she added to assert her arguments.

A red spot suddenly popped up from Marinette's bag, the creature's voice happily supporting Alya's explanations. "Alya's got a point, Marinette."

"Tikki! Not you too, please," she begged. "I don't think it's a good idea to ask Adrien out, and you know why," she told her kwami.

Alya's eyes widened. "I don't know why and I'm your best friend. I'm all ears!" Alya encouraged her to confess her new silly excuse.

Marinette started to blush deeply red, her face no doubt matching the color of Ladybug's suit. She couldn't explain to Alya why... *How could she explain that she was in love with two boys and couldn't even be clear with her own feelings?*

The brown haired girl raised an eyebrow to Marinette's reaction then she gasped loudly. "Geez! There's another boy! Am I right?" she asked, confused. "Wait! No way! Is it Ch—"

"Don't say any more, Alya. Stay quiet, please! Let's find the boys," said Marinette, abruptly interrupting her.

The girl gently pushed her kwami's head back inside her purse; then, she hastily opened the door to return into the bar, leaving a stunned Alya behind.

"That was something," whispered the girl, quickly following her best friend to their table and taking a seat next to her boyfriend again.

They talked for a long time, before leaving their table to exit the bar and go to the restaurant where they had a reservation that same evening. It was a surprise that they had organized for Marinette's birthday and they were all excited to place a blindfold on her eyes to drag her there. But, as soon as they left the bar, they were faced with a whirlwind of panic which was unfortunately not unusual for the citizens of Paris.

Marinette quickly removed the blindfold, her heroine's instinct stepping into alert mode when she heard the agitation and the noise outside: she was sure

that the help of Ladybug and Chat Noir was needed as soon as possible. Alas, the new super villain sent by *Shadowmoth* was already too close to her and her friends. *Far* too close.

The next moment, the akuma victim pointed a luminescent mirror in their direction and the last thing she saw was a familiar figure jumping in front of Alya, Nino and her, taking a white incandescent beam right in the chest.

“Adrien!” they all screamed in a single voice.

The young man stood up, staggering slightly and seeing that nothing seemed to have happened after the impact. He couldn’t help but act like his feline alter-ego when he had seen his friends targeted by Shadowmoth’s new victim.

“Everything is fine! I don’t think his power did anything to me,” he reassured his friends. Then, they heard the akumatised victim, who had already distanced himself from them, humming evilly in a singing voice,

“I will show the person you love how perverse and dirty your thoughts can be. I will show your most lustful and unspeakable fantasies so that your beloved finally sees your true face!”

“It’s a pretty useless power... I don’t mind Nino knowing my darkest fantasies, he already knows them,” Alya blurted out, chuckling. “So, who’s gonna be your lucky one, Sunshine?”

The realization suddenly struck him, Adrien gulped and almost choked with his saliva. Ladybug? Marinette? No, it was a nightmare... It was impossible for one of them to see his most lecherous fantasies, or worse, for them both to see...

How could he justify himself to Ladybug? *‘Hi, I have a crush on you, excuse me for everything you saw, if you want to make my dead body disappear, I would understand...’* or *“Hey Bugaboo! Actually, I’m Chat Noir, that’s why you’ve seen all those things, since it’s not a secret that I’ve been fantasizing about your red and black polka dotted suit since I was 14. Yes, you can throw me in the Seine. A cold swim will certainly help me cool down.”*

But what was worse: how could he justify himself to Marinette? *'Hi Marinette, I'm sorry to burn like a million steps, but after what you just saw, would you like to go out on a date with me? A cinema? Sharing Andre's ice cream? We could then go to a desert island to live there on fruits, love, fresh water and eventually my fantasies if you-...'*

A deep moan and screams suddenly lifted him out of his confused thoughts and his attention immediately turned to the source of this new agitation.

Alya's worried voice sounded like a painful echo in Marinette's head. The girl trembled slightly and slowly sat on the sidewalk.

"Marinette, is everything okay?" asked her best friend, alarmed.

"I don't know. I... I feel a bit nauseous and... my head hurts... I have... I have a horrible headache," she replied, massaging her temples.

Suddenly, the urge to vomit became stronger and a white flash forced her to close her eyes.

It was at this point that a confusing image came to her mind. She knew that she wasn't seeing with her own eyes, but through the eyes of another person. And wasn't she surprised when she came face to face, or rather blue eyes to blue eyes, with not one double of herself, but two. One dressed in her super-heroine suit and the other was simply herself. Well... simply Marinette, but completely naked and whose mouth was wrapped around a dick, slowly pumping a boy's erection up and down while looking at him sensually in the eye. She then looked up at her alter-ego, and without being able to control the gestures of the body in which she appeared to be locked, she closed a hand on the heroine's breast. She had time to recognize a familiar silver ring and to hear Adrien's voice moan her two names before a new white flash blurred her vision.

Marinette suddenly opened her eyes, panting at the sight she had just seen. She felt the blood rush to her face and her cheeks warmed up violently: no doubt she was blushing to the roots of her hair at that moment.

"I knew it! I just found out who your lucky lady was, Agreste," said Alya waving in her best friend's direction.



At this point, Shadowmoth.exe stopped working, eyes as big as saucers. He chose to partially break a part of the contact with the akuma, just keeping his control over him: “I don’t need to see my so-... uh... this boy’s or all Paris’s fantasies. Keep that part for yourself. Just find Ladybug and Chat Noir to destabilize them.”

“Uh... Adrien, by the way... I think you’ve broken Marinette...” she added, half worried, half satisfied by the turn of events.

Marinette felt a hand lay on her shoulder and she jumped.

“Breathe slowly, Mari. I’ll take you home,” Alya reassured her, before kneeling up to her height and getting closer to her. “We have to get away from here for you to transform,” she whispered quietly into the young woman’s ear.

She nodded slowly, troubled by what she had just seen, when she felt Alya back away from her and a male hand gently resting on her knee.

“I’m so sorry, Marinette. I didn’t want you to learn such a thing in that way. It’s very embarrassing...” Adrien admitted, rubbing the back of his neck. “We can talk about this later, but now it’s important that you move away from here and go back home with Alya and Nino,” whispered Adrien trying to sound reassuring. “Gorilla is already waiting for me to return to the Manor... I will see you when the Akuma alert is over.”

But Marinette only half-listened to him, because since he had put his hand on her knee, she felt dizzy and nauseous again. And indeed, a new flash started to paint another image in her brain.

She gasped when she saw herself kneeling on the ground, with the rope of Ladybug yo-yo wrapped all around her naked body and ending around her wrists, like handcuffs. Well, this one was really just a fantasy because she was pretty sure she couldn’t use the yo-yo while she wasn’t transformed.

She didn't see Adrien, but she could hear his husky voice full of desire by the end of the flash. *"I know you love it when you're not the boss, Bug. You're so obedient and ready for me."*

Marinette felt her heart pounding in her skull. Then, all the uncomfortable sensations she felt disappeared at once, bringing her suddenly back to reality.

She swallowed the lump in her throat, eyes-widened, and the wheels in her brain started spinning at full speed. *Bug*; Adrien had called her *Bug*, when she wasn't transformed...

Could he know her secret identity? No, it wasn't possible: the first fantasy that she'd seen included *both* sides of herself, the masked and the unmasked one. Could that mean he wanted her to be Ladybug? That the black-spotted confident heroine was the clumsy Marinette?

It was way too much information for her to digest all at once. Her breathing was now so fast that she could feel her lungs burning.

She really needed a break right now. She needed to move away from here, transform, and catch the Akuma before she ended up having a panic attack in the middle of the road.

"Adrien, please, step back and don't touch me," Marinette finally exclaimed, more sternly than she wanted to.

"Sorry," he answered, quickly removing his hand as if her knee were made of fire.

Her three friends were looking at her with astonishment and confusion and she instantly understood what she'd done.

"No! Uh, I'm sorry it came out all wrong, Adrien," she apologized immediately. "I said that because it seems that every physical contact initiates the appearance of new images and it's a bit baffling," she explained, getting up and stepping back to mark the distance between both of them.



“Oh... I see,” he simply replied, blushing slightly.

All four of them moved away from where they were. Adrien went in the direction of his car when he turned to Marinette, just before their paths separated.

“Uh... May... May I ask you what you’ve seen?” Adrien asked her.

Marinette flinched at his sudden question and glanced shyly at him. She pinched her lips then opened her mouth to answer. However, the answer died in her throat, because from the corner of her eye, she saw the super-villain not far from them, targeting Alya.

“Watch out!” shouted Marinette, jumping on her best friend. But she wasn’t transformed, so she wasn’t fast enough. Before their bodies both touched the ground, Marinette felt the beam of light hitting her back.

“Damn Mari! Why did you do that?” Alya asked her best friend, who was now lying on her. “It’s not a problem if I’m affected, but you...”

“Reflex, sorry,” she mumbled in reply. Then, she got up and helped Alya to do the same.

“Are you both okay girls?” asked Nino.

“Nothing broken. But you should watch Adrien closely, he may get very sick,” replied Alya, with a smirk.

“Huh?” was the only answer coming from Nino while Marinette had frozen, letting a little nervous squeal escape.

“Because I know my girl... Hey Sunshine, are you all right?” she shouted, seeing Adrien standing motionless in front of the car door. Then she leaned closer to Marinette and whispered into her ear, “You’re screwed now.”

Adrien slowly turned to them, then seemed to stagger quite a bit. He finally moved, running to a trash can and started vomiting in it.

“Ouch! If that’s the effect of being hit, I *may* prefer not getting touched this time,” admitted Alya with a little grimace.

Adrien lifted up his head from the trash, feeling completely dizzy; then it was as if a lighting bolt had struck his eyes. All he could see was fully white before the fog disappeared, leaving him with an astonishing vision.

Where was he? Huh... Was it the school’s washroom? He tried to move but couldn’t do so. It’s when he saw himself, sitting on the toilet seat, half naked. Well... his... Huh... his really tense erection was out of his jeans and his shirt was wrinkled and opened. His hair was wildly disheveled and he could see some red lipstick smeared around his mouth, jaw and neck. He was almost sure he heard a girl’s voice; it was a bit muffled, but then it became clearer.

“Do you want me, Adrien?”

He knew this voice. He was sure of it.

“I always wanted you, Marinette!” he could see and hear himself reply.

Oh dear. It was Marinette’s voice. It was Marinette’s fantasy.

The next thing that happened was Marinette moving toward him, straddling his lap and kissing him senseless. When she broke the contact with his lips, she moved her hips down to him, fully taking him inside her. The last thing he heard was the sound of his own moans and hers, getting louder and louder, faster and faster... almost in synchro.

Adrien was forcibly brought back to reality, gasping loudly. He internally screamed as he realised that one of the girls he personally had fantasies about... also fantasised about *him*. *That must be his lucky day!*

Wait... if the power of the akumatised could show your fantasies to the one you love... it meant that...

The boy looked up to Nino and to his bodyguard that were now standing next to him.

“Uh, it was a wild ride. Where are the girls?” he asked his best friend.

“Bakery. Are you okay, Dude?”

“Sure, I’m gonna survive this. Don’t worry...” he reassured him with a smile.

He heard the Gorilla groan and knew it was his cue. He really needed to go home. Quickly! Ladybug was certainly fighting without him and cursing the fact that the cat wasn’t there.

“You better go, Bro, before your father gets mad,” his best friend exclaimed, pointing to the impatient bodyguard.

“Right. Go with the girls, Nino. I’ll see you later at the restaurant. Let’s hope Ladybug and Chat Noir will defy this akuma quickly,” said Adrien while entering the sedan.

He wasn’t far from the Manor and as soon as he entered his bedroom, Adrien managed to transform into Chat Noir, not easily because he was still a bit dizzy, disturbed and... excited.

He quickly jumped out of the window. He opened his baton, searching for his partner when he saw the little Ladybug icon on his screen showing that she was near the Eiffel Tower. He propelled himself with his baton, jumping from roof to roof to join her.

When he landed next to her, she was already fighting the villain. He greeted her, smiling brightly and trying to search for any traces of discomfort or anger. She returned his smile, not looking upset at all.

He sighed in relief, she didn’t seem to have seen his lustful fantasies, too. Or he was sure, she’d be mad right now.

If only Marinette had seen it... it would mean... *Oh not now! focus on the fight Adrien, not on the girl and her beautiful red lipstick painted all over your face.*





“Are you okay, *Chaton*? Have you got someone having steamy dreams about you? You look like you’ve just seen a ghost...” inquired Ladybug, teasing him, a smirk stretching her lips.

Uh...

“Yes,” he said simply. “What about you?”

“Same,” she exclaimed, her cheeks turning a fantastic shade of dark pink.

Well, she was Ladybug... So, it wasn’t surprising at all. A lot of Parisians certainly had fantasies about the heroine. Uh... and about him too...

“Let’s defeat this one quickly. I have someone to see after that. I owe her some explanations,” Chat Noir answered, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Sounds like a good plan, *Minou!*” she replied, extending her fist toward him to seal their words.

The second he happily responded, hitting her fist with his own, all the world began to wobble around them. The feline felt his heart pounding fast then he was again in the school’s toilet: half naked, disheveled, lipstick everywhere on his skin, Marinette riding his dick and moaning with pleasure.

His eyes shot open and as forest green met ocean blue, he could see how confused Ladybug was. Her face was red, her mouth wide open, her eyes as big as saucers. However, soon enough the pieces of the puzzle started to gather in his mind—and in hers, he could see the wheels in her brain turning too—he couldn’t avoid facing the truth he had just learned. Marinette told him that physical contact initiated new erotic visions. He had just touched *Ladybug* and he had seen *Marinette’s* fantasy. There was no way he was wrong. It wasn’t a coincidence.

“Marinette...” he dared to slowly whisper, addressing Ladybug.

Her answer came instantly, with a low and shaky tone, “Adrien...”

He could see the panic in her eyes. He wanted to reassure her, tell her that everything was okay. Tell her how much he loved her, how much he had always loved her. But he didn't have time to say anything, because the akumatized victim came dangerously close to them and they couldn't compromise their identities in front of Shadowmoth's pawn.

The voice of the villain, or rather that of their enemy speaking through his victim of the day, reached their ears. "The sexual tension between you two will cause your defeat..." Shadowmoth sniggered, using the voice of his evil creation.

Chat Noir got up, helping his partner to do the same. A new flash invaded him but he tried not to show it and to ignore the exciting and seductive image that was offered to his brain. From the corner of his eye, he could see Ladybug also struggling and almost gagging because of the strong vertigo caused by the akuma's power.

"There's no sexual tension between us," she exclaimed, as convincingly as possible. Then, she hit the villain with her yo-yo and caused him to fall from the top of the roof where the three of them were.

She turned to her partner, eyeing him almost guiltily as a deep blush spread across her cheeks. She just wanted to quickly end the fight and the determination to do so was shining in her eyes.

"No tension?" teased Chat Noir, "I thought you wanted to grab my bell firmly, and lower it..."

"Is this what you saw?" she interrupted him, sounding embarrassed.

"Oh yes, that's what I just saw. If you really wanted to see what's under the suit, you should have just asked, m'Lady," he continued, a mischievous smile curling his lips as he winked charmingly.

She blinked and shook her head quickly. "For God's sake, keep your clothes on, *Chaton* and focus on the fight!" That said, she threw her yo-yo down and disappeared from his sight.



The fight was difficult; they had to fight in close proximity, which didn't help them focus properly, nor allowed them to avoid their usual totally harmless physical contacts.

They desperately tried to ignore many of the erotic visions thrown at them, but unfortunately, what was seen couldn't be unseen and they couldn't act as if nothing was happening between them right now.

Ladybug avoided a hit from the super-villain and lost her balance. Immediately, animated by his protective instinct, Chat Noir put his hands on her shoulders to catch her before she fell, ignoring the consequences that he knew only too well now: new painful sensation, nausea, erotic vision.

There was a flash in his mind and... Chat looked at his baton for a long time after the revelation of his partner's fantasy. His bewildered gaze darted between his staff and Ladybug's face, which was now at least a dozen shades redder than her suit. So... he had just found out that she wanted to try both his dick and his baton, and this knowledge was driving him *insane*. The feline hero smirked, ready to tease his partner, but she cut him off before he could say anything.

"Shut up, *Chaton!*"

He let out a laugh and a lustful look. "If I were you, I would avoid telling me to shut up. You can't imagine how much my mouth could make you meow more than my staff, m'Lady."

If looks could kill, he would be a dead cat.

If he wanted to play dirty, then two could play at that game.

"According to what *I* saw just now, you're not completely oblivious of *my* mouth either... apparently I *could* make you purr and meow by giving you a blowjob under the shower," she said suavely.

He swallowed, as her words had just ignited a brutal desire inside his gut. His suit became very tight under his belt, and according to the appreciative look she'd just given him, she seemed very aware of this little—huge—detail.

A moment later, after a few exchanges of blows with the super-villain which proved very complicated because of the growing sexual tension between them, they finally succeeded in defeating Shadowmoth's victim so that Ladybug could purify the akuma.

Despite the Miraculous cure, Chat Noir could feel that the waves of desire and tension were still flowing between his partner and him.

She handed him her fist for their usual victory gesture and driven by an impulse, he ignored her arm stretched out in his direction and pressed his lips to hers.

The first touch was shy, soft and warm. Their lips moved in sync as if it were meant to be. Her hands were gripping in his hair pulling him close and his arms were around her waist, keeping her body nested against his. But quickly, they started feeling the need for something more. Something more intense. Something more intimate. *Just more.* Their whole being begged for *more*. They broke the kiss, panting, looking at each other, and without saying any words they both knew what they wanted now.

"Father and Nathalie are in Belgium for a business trip," the feline exclaimed, and suddenly he swept her off her feet, holding her bridal style before extending his staff to propel both of them over the Parisian rooftops.

The night was falling on the City of Love as they moved in the sky like two shadows.

As soon as their feet touched Adrien's bedroom floor, all the walls that were built between them collapsed, freeing their mutual desire and the sexual tension.

She immediately grabbed his belt kissing him senseless again and he happily responded to her move, humming with contentment against her mouth.

The words of their transformation were whispered and drowned in the other's mouth. Without breaking the contact of their lips, they moved to reach the bed, tripping against his TV, then against the couch, before Adrien finally fell back on the bed, still holding Marinette in his arms.



They moved apart, their lungs screaming for their vital need for oxygen. Bluebell locked with emerald green in an intense exchange full of unspoken words that had been kept captive for far too long.

"I love you, Marinette, I always have. You Ladybug, but also you, the clumsy, kind, altruistic and generous girl who had been my first true friend and always been by my side," he confessed, slowly caressing the girl's cheek with his thumb. "I'm sorry that it took me so long to notice it, because... well... because of my feelings for... uh... *you*. I always thought you deserved a boy who could give you all his heart and not a half one, but... My heart has always been all yours, from the very beginning." He gently kissed her forehead as he said that.

He saw her eyes shining with tears and was afraid he had overstepped, but when she smiled tenderly at him, he knew he'd done the right thing.

"The doubt isn't even crossing my mind, Adrien. I trust you with my own life, and now also with my heart. I love you too and I was kinda in the same situation," she answered.

"You mean...?"

"Yes, you were the other boy, from the very start. And before we're going any further, I need you to know that I also fell in love with Chat Noir. I fell in love with you, *twice*."

Adrien quickly pressed his lips on hers; it was less desperate than their previous exchanges, but it still left her dizzy and featherbrained. She moaned in his mouth when he deepened the kiss, making him shiver from head to toe.

"I'd like to go further with you tonight if you feel ready. I really want you, m'Lady. I want you *so badly*..." he whispered against her plump lips.

"I've told you, I trust you completely. I'm more than ready after all those years of repressed desires," she replied, grabbing his shirt.

Adrien's Adam's apple bobbed in his throat. He nodded tentatively, afraid if he made any sudden move he'd wake up from this dream.

They began hesitantly. Trembling fingers undid buttons and buckles, revealing quivering skin beneath. Both moved softly and slowly, relishing every touch, every brush of lips against flesh, every murmur, every gasp, every kiss. Clothes were shed with adoring care. Pale skin met golden sun. Soft curves met chiseled lines.

Words of adoration drifted between them, sinking into their hearts as never before. They slipped under the downy blankets. Their hands never stilling, their lips continuously exploring, breathy sighs punctuating the silence of the night, pouring pleasure over their lover while floating in their bubble of bliss.

With all the previous erotic visions still clear in his memory and arousing him, Adrien remembered all her fantasies about him and Chat Noir, well, *him* too. She burned in him a desire so intense that it consumed him as strongly as a fire and he had to call on a supernatural self-control to avoid taking her right now, without any restraint. To not rush Marinette, he managed to take his time to discover her body. Mouth and fingers were kissing, caressing, licking, gripping, and he didn't leave any square inch of her skin unexplored, even the most intimate spots.

He paid attention to each of her reactions, each moan, each arching under his touch. His lips were brushing her sensitive nub and slowly he gave it as much care as he could, licking, sucking, testing what made her whimper and beg for more. Quickly, he sank a finger inside her to increase the building pressure in her lower belly.

"Ooooh God... So close..." she moaned, raising her hips to meet the movement of his hand.

Encouraged by her mewling, he added another finger, gently curving it to touch the spot he'd found that made her tighten her walls and squeal each time he brushed it. Eventually, her legs began to clench around his head. She was so wet, so tight, so warm. He could only imagine how good it would be to melt inside her. His dick instantly twitched at the thought. He focused on his fingers and tongue to keep the pace, soon making her scream and see the stars.

"Adrien, please... I need you *now*," Marinette murmured as she floated down from her orgasm.



Her legs were trembling, her throat rough from swallowing her own cries of pleasure as she looked down her body to her lover. Adrien's lips glistened with her arousal and his eyes were darkened by pure desire.

He propelled himself up to come back toward her face. Marinette slipped one hand behind his neck, guiding his lips to hers. She deeply whimpered in his mouth when she felt his hardness sliding against her, sending thrills down her spine.

Adrien reached out to the bedside table, opening a drawer to grab a condom. He opened it and carefully unrolled it on his erection. He knelt between her legs, one of his hands wrapping around his cock, slowly guiding it against Marinette's entrance, his other hand gently reaching her left thigh. He could feel her legs shaking under his fingers and the almost unperceivable hesitation in her gaze, and he knew for sure that it was her first time too.

"I'll take it slow, I promise. Stop me if you feel uncomfortable, okay?" said Adrien in a reassuring voice.

She nodded and he then pressed the tip of his cock against her entrance.

"Kiss me," she pleaded, anxious to feel pain, and he bent down to capture her lips, ready to distract her.

When their lips met, he pushed forward slowly, moving as if she was made of thin porcelain, stretching her and filling her as slowly and delicately as he could.

They both gasped into each other's mouths as he was fully inside her tight and hot intimacy.

"Marinette," he moaned against her lips, his voice hoarse with need. He pulled back so he could see her face as he sank again inside her walls that were opening for him, then molding around him as he slid deeper.

"Adrien," she breathed back, as he started pumping slowly and pleasantly back and forth.

Their bodies were meeting, and parting, and meeting again, moving in perfect sync. Adrien was sure he wouldn't last long because all those feelings were intoxicating and dizzying. Marinette was moaning louder at each thrust of his hips and following the sound of her pleasure, he started to move harder and faster.

Breathless, words fell from his lips, straight from his heart, "I love you... so much... what you do to me... never anyone like you... only you... Love all of you, everything you are... *m'Lady... Marinette...*"

Marinette let his words scatter over her skin, like raindrops, full of love, full of promises. Adrien's voice sank into her, melting every defense, dissolving every wall she had built so carefully over the years.

Then Adrien's name was on her lips as she reached her climax, quickly followed by her boyfriend. His body shuddered against hers as he came hard. Marinette's mouth covered his, taking his growl into her lungs, into her blood, into her bones as he quivered his release.

With a sigh of contentment, Adrien lowered himself gently onto her, wrapping his arms around her body, holding onto her for dear life. She hugged him tightly, arms and legs intertwined.

They stayed like that for a long time, then Adrien left her side only for a few seconds, to dispose of the condom, before returning beside her and falling asleep in her arms. Exhausted, satisfied, *loved*.

The next morning, the waking sun shone through the windows of Adrien's bedroom, bathing two naked bodies snuggled in a tangle of limbs.

Marinette frowned and groaned, the light piercing slowly through her eyelids and awaking her from her peaceful sleep.

"Good morning, *sleeping beauty*," she heard whispering in her ear.



She slowly opened one eye, then the other. "Mmh... morning, *Chaton...*," she breathed to the naked boy who was tenderly looking at her, "*Chaton!*" she squealed and jumped, cheeks flushing a deep red as she remembered what happened the previous night and why their clothes were everywhere but on their bodies.

"You're so adorable when you're nervous," Adrien chuckled, rolling to end up on top of her and leaned down to place a soft kiss on her lips. Then, he quickly realized that he was rubbing against her wet entrance and that he was already hard. The realization sent a wave of pleasure through his whole body and a throaty moan escaped his mouth.

He pulled back to look her in the eyes and a mischievous smirk stretched his lips. He instantly moved to the south of her body, lips sliding on her breast, her belly, her pubis before closing on her clit, mouth sucking it and tip of his tongue arousing a sensitive spot that made her scream with pleasure.

She could feel him grinning and breathing against her when he began to tease her.

"I told you that my mouth could make you meow harder than my stick, m'Lady!" He couldn't help but tease her about the fantasy he learned the day before.

"It depends which stick," she answered him back carelessly, before mewling louder as he was sucking again.

A noise not coming from them suddenly echoed somewhere near the bed.
On the bed?

"Uh, Hello there? I shouldn't hear this, I guess..."

"Phone!" they both exclaimed in a single voice, eagerly parting from each other.

Marinette quickly covered herself with the blanket while Adrien searched for the troublemaker that interrupted his libido.

"Found it! It was under your *purr-etty* backside" he purred, giggling when he grabbed the phone to turn the call off, whoever and whatever it was for, it would wait. "Eep!" he squealed, discovering that a video call was on with Alya, and that it was too late to avoid a conversation now.

Adrien saw his sweaty face on the phone and felt his cheeks burning, his hair was wild and disheveled, and his lips were glistening from his previous activities. On the other side of the screen Alya was looking at him with a smirk and a spark of mischief in her eyes.

"Wow, you look like the cat that got the cream, Sunshine," she teased him, letting out a little chuckle.

Marinette facepalmed before she buried her head in her hands, hiding her redness and her shame. "It's a mess, I'm screwed, she won't ever let me live this down," she murmured.

Adrien couldn't help but give Alya a big, massive smirk. Oh yes, he'd had the cream indeed, and it was *purr-fect*.

"Now I understand why we were left alone at the restaurant," declared Alya nonchalantly, still smiling at Adrien with her lips pursed in amusement.

"Damn, I totally forgot about that! Sorry..." apologized Adrien.

"No problem, It's nice to know that my girl finally got some!"

"ALYA!!!" shouted Marinette, feeling the blood rushing to her cheeks.

"Okay Ladies, I'm gonna let you talk about this," Adrien handed Marinette her phone, and got up from the bed to put some clothes on.

Marinette raised the cover on her bare body a little more and then turned the screen to her flushed face. "Hi, Alya,"

"Good morning, or maybe I should say, good moaning, Mari," said Alya, raising a teasing eyebrow to mock her best friend.

Adrien put on his shirt and couldn't help but burst into laughter, hearing his friend's pun.

Marinette glared at him and threw a pillow straight to his face. The blond continued to chuckle, moving towards her and leaning in to give her a quick peck on the lips.

"Be right back, I'll get breakfast from the kitchen," he said and then, he turned his face to the screen and continued in between chuckles, "Alya, don't make her combust on the spot, please!"

Marinette pouted, watching her boyfriend leaving the room with a satisfied grin on his stupidly handsome face; then she heard Alya clearing her throat.

"So... Adrien is Chat Noir, huh." It wasn't a question, but a statement.

"Oh dear... You heard that?" Marinette asked, eyes-widened.

"Meow... stick... m'Lady... Yes, I heard everything!"

"Oh my god!" she mumble-moaned, her face now on fire. Adrien was right, she *was* going to combust on the spot.

"Hey! It's okay! That's good news! I'm really glad for you two, you deserved to be happy together without any more secrets between each other. Besides, you couldn't have asked for a better birthday gift."

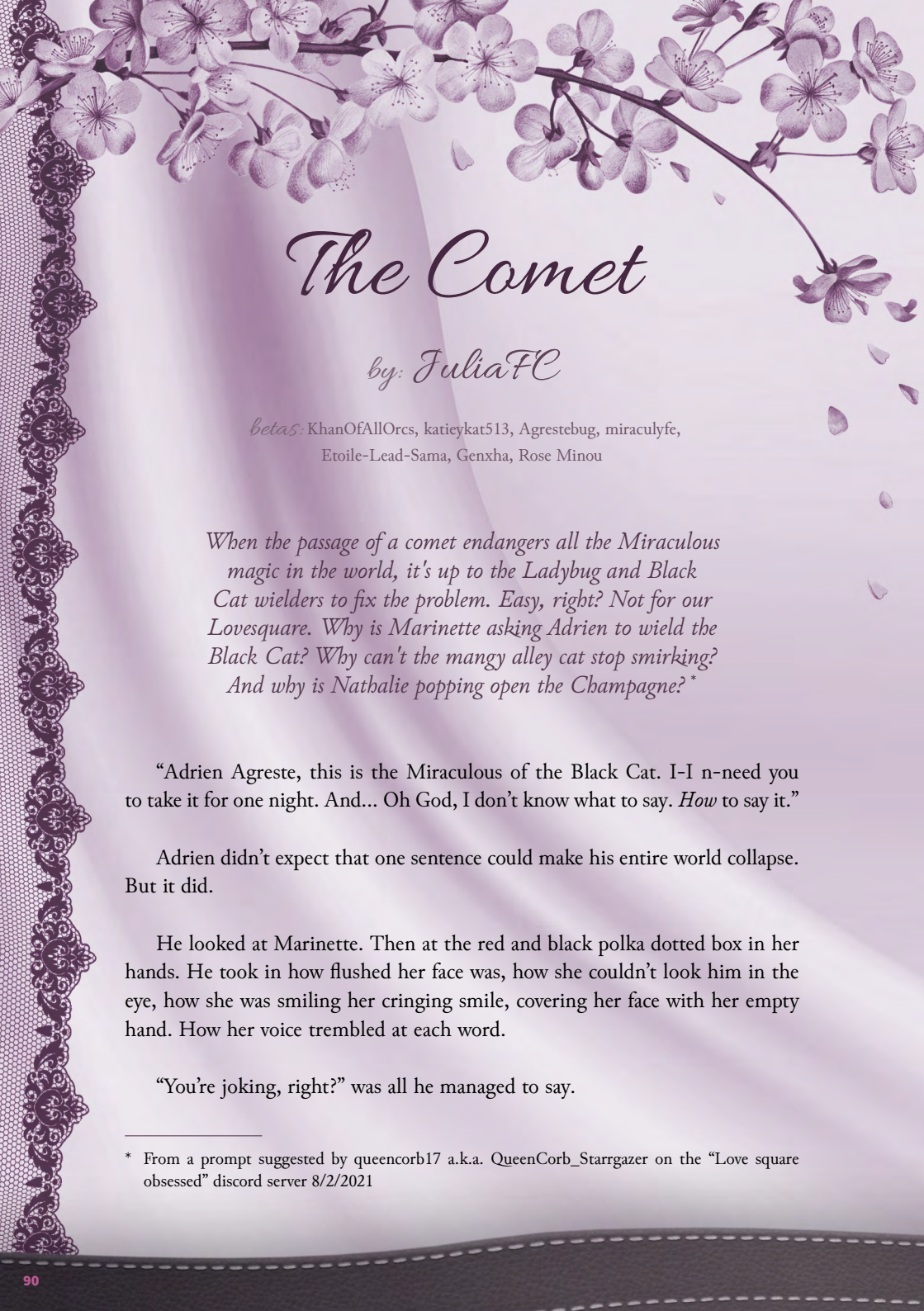
Marinette smiled and nodded. Alya was right. It *was* the best birthday gift ever. It was *perfect*.

The End





Reward after work ♥ GkittyArt



The Comet

by: JuliaFC

betas: KhanOfAllOrcs, katieykat513, Agrestebug, miraculyfe,
Etoile-Lead-Sama, Genxha, Rose Minou

*When the passage of a comet endangers all the Miraculous
magic in the world, it's up to the Ladybug and Black
Cat wielders to fix the problem. Easy, right? Not for our
Lovesquare. Why is Marinette asking Adrien to wield the
Black Cat? Why can't the mangy alley cat stop smirking?
And why is Nathalie popping open the Champagne?**

“Adrien Agreste, this is the Miraculous of the Black Cat. I-I n-need you
to take it for one night. And... Oh God, I don’t know what to say. *How* to say it.”

Adrien didn’t expect that one sentence could make his entire world collapse.
But it did.

He looked at Marinette. Then at the red and black polka dotted box in her
hands. He took in how flushed her face was, how she couldn’t look him in the
eye, how she was smiling her cringing smile, covering her face with her empty
hand. How her voice trembled at each word.

“You’re joking, right?” was all he managed to say.

* From a prompt suggested by queencorb17 a.k.a. QueenCorb_Starrgazer on the “Love square
obsessed” discord server 8/2/2021

Marinette blushed redder as she closed her eyes shut and shook her head.

“What about Chat Noir?” He knew, but he *had* to hear it. From *her*.

“He... gave me his Miraculous and told me it was okay to ask you. I... need you for a, ah, *particular* mission.”

“He gave *you* his Miraculous? Shouldn’t he give it to Ladybug?”

Marinette looked at him sheepishly. He knew he’d cornered her; there was no way she could get out of it without telling him the truth. Not now that he understood the truth, because of her decision to give the Miraculous he had grudgingly trusted into her hands for the week... back to *him* of all people.

Oh, the irony!

“I... oh God!”

She braced herself and started rocking back and forth as she finally said it, as low as a choked whisper; the two words that he had wanted to hear countless times in the last four years. The two words that would change everything. But also nothing, because he was perfectly aware of how his heart fluttered and his breath sped up, especially recently, every time he crossed gazes with Marinette.

“I’m Ladybug.”

Adrien’s heart stopped. Marinette was his Lady. He, *Adrien* he, was... *the other boy*. And, more importantly, she had just reached out for him to, well, have *sex* with her. The weight of his discovery made him feel dizzy.

He had to sit down. Now.

It had all started a few days before, during a rare night patrol. He loved any type of encounter with his Lady; but during a daily patrol, it was easier for someone to need their help, to ask for a selfie or a quick chat. Night patrols

were his favourite; he had a chance to spend *quality* time with his Lady, as it was only him, her and the moonlit sky.

He sat at the edge of the rooftop they usually met on, kicking the air underneath him and wondering whether Ladybug would be on time, for once, when he heard the familiar zipping sound of the yoyo and the soft thump announcing the arrival of his Lady.

He made to get up to greet Ladybug properly, but he felt her hand on his shoulder pushing him down, so he stayed sitting. She sat next to him and folded her legs, hugging them with her arms and resting her chin on her knees.

“Bonsoir, ma *Bugnette*, how are you *feline* this evening?” he purred, but when he had a chance to look her in the eye, his flirting died in his throat. She looked worried, and almost scared. “What’s wrong?”

“Have you ever felt as if you were told how to live your life and you didn’t have any say in the matter?” she asked, looking down.

Chat Noir sighed. “Every single day of my life, LB.” This caused his partner to gasp and give him a worried look. “Why do you ask?”

She stared at him. “What do you mean, Chaton? You’ve dropped hints here and there that your life at home isn’t great, but what the hell...?”

He waited for her to finish her sentence, but when nothing else came out for a while, he could only sigh. “My civilian life isn’t the best, *Bugnette*. I wasn’t kidding when I told you that my happiest moments are when I’m with you. My life is organised for me from dawn to dusk. So, yes, I know *exactly* what it means to have someone tell you how to live and have no say in the matter.”

“I had no idea,” she whispered, her eyebrows joining up in concern.

“I’m used to it,” he said, shrugging it off. “Why did you ask?”

Ladybug gasped and her expression changed from concern to worry. “Uh, ah, you see, that’s the reason why I organised this meeting.” Her voice was trembling and that didn’t seem right to Chat Noir. His Lady was confident and strong. What could be scaring her so much?

“What happened?”

She looked at him and then looked down, her cheeks dusting a deep shade of red almost as dark as her suit. “Did you notice how difficult it was to fight the last few akumas?”

He hummed. “Yes, I saw that you seemed a bit out of focus.”

“It wasn’t me,” she admitted, “it was Tikki. There’s this... comet due to pass near the Earth soon.” She looked at him and when he didn’t say anything, she sighed and continued, “it happens every 500 years.”

“Oh yes, I read about it in the paper. It will be visible next week, right?”

Ladybug nodded. “Y-yes, that one.”

“What about it?” he pressed.

She sighed a deep, heavy sigh, her hands clenching to the spandex on her thighs. “How do you feel about revealing our identities?”

Chat Noir blinked. He flashed his eyebrows and blinked again. “Excuse me. *What?*”

She must have noticed his confusion and this must have brought her into panic mode, because her breathing became heavy and she paled. “How do you feel about revealing to each other?” she asked again in a choked whisper.

He tried to grab her hand, but she jerked it away and looked at him like a cornered prey. He scratched his head and put a hand to his chin. “You know that I’ve always wanted to know who you are, LB, I would be thrilled to reveal, but... if you don’t mind me asking, why? I thought that until Hawkmoth was defeated, we couldn’t...?”

“Hawkmoth is taking a backseat for once, Chaton. I’m not going to *give myself* to a man whose face I haven’t even seen,” she blurted out.

Chat Noir.exe crashed.

"G-give... *what?*" His voice raised a good full octave. Maybe two. "W-what d-do you m-mean?"

She grabbed him by the bell and looked him straight in the eye, tears streaming down her cheeks. "We need to recharge the power of Creation," she said shakingly. "Tikki said that if we don't, all the Miraculouses in the Box won't work anymore!"

"We n-need to do *what?* Explain b-better, LB, I don't think I understood you."

She lowered her head and leaned on him, pushing her forehead on the chest of his suit. "We need to have *sex*. I'm not doing it with a man whose face I haven't seen."

Chat Noir.exe stopped functioning altogether, the echo of his, "WHAT?" resounding in the emptiness of the rooftops.

He grabbed Ladybug by the shoulders and pushed her away from his chest to flip her head up by the chin and force eye contact. When he crossed her gaze, his heart stopped. She was terrified. She looked so small, so fragile; she, the greatest heroine that Paris had ever seen, looked like a little girl who had lost her teddy, sniffing and sobbing and crying all her tears.

"*Bugnette...* sleeping with you would be a dream come true," he started, but saw her dropping her shoulders and bracing herself, "but I won't do it if you don't want to. I don't give a fuck about the Miraculouses. You're more important to me."

Her tears multiplied. "Are you crazy? If the Miracle Box becomes imbalanced and the Miraculouses won't work anymore, we won't be able to transform. Neither will Hawkmoth, but there will be new villains in the future. We can't leave the world in danger!"

He looked at his ring and winced. He knew she was right, but it felt so wrong he was getting sick in the stomach. "What about the boy you like? You told me a couple of weeks ago that you still love him."

"I still do," she admitted, dropping her shoulders. "But I do like you too, *Chaton*, it's not that I've never considered the option, especially as the years went by. And, well, your suit doesn't really leave room to the imagination, and

I could very well see how toned your muscles are underneath it, and that it filled all in the right places..." As she said that, she passed a featherlight finger all over his pectoral muscles, collarbone and shoulders, causing him to shiver. The detail didn't go unnoticed by the girl, who popped a shy smile on her lips as she continued, "It's been four years that I've tried to talk to the boy I like, but I can never do it. So, and I'm being completely honest with you here... If I can't have it with him, I'd much rather it be with *you*."

A deep blush dusted Ladybug's cheeks as she said that, and based on the warmth of his own face, he was sure he too was as bright as a lightbulb. He couldn't say anything for a long time, so long that when he finally spoke, Ladybug jumped.

"Turn around and detransform. I need to talk to Plagg, and to Tikki."

As they both joined backs and uttered the detransformation phrase, two very sheepish looking kwamis appeared out of their Miraculouses. Plagg didn't even go for his cheese, but just looked at Adrien, almost guiltily.

"Is there anything you have forgotten to mention, Plagg?" Adrien quizzed him. As he said that, Tikki appeared from behind him and started floating next to Plagg.

"I'm sorry, Chat Noir. We never expected the fight against Hawkmoth to take this long," said the Ladybug kwami. "We hoped that, by now, you would be a couple. In that case, this wouldn't have been that bad: you would have just needed to do it once in your costumes."

"We were so sure you'd be together by now," reiterated Plagg. "But there's nothing we can do; you have to do it or the magic of the Miraculouses will be compromised."

"But she loves someone else! I don't feel right doing it with her if she doesn't want to!"

"This is bigger than you two, don't you understand?" snapped Plagg. "By following the whims of your stupid human ethics and unbalancing the Miraculous magic, you could forever compromise the Mother Box. It's never happened in history. Who knows what consequences it could have; not even *we* know!"

“Excuse me? Who gives a royal fuck? There *must* be another way!” Adrien snapped back. “I’m not doing it, and that’s final!”

Tikki sighed and looked at him defeated. “Actually... there is something that can be done, but I don’t know if it would work.” She sighed at Adrien’s expecting expression and at the tensing in the shoulders of her holder. “Ladybug needs to have full intercourse with *a* wielder of the Black Cat.” She crossed her small paws on her tiny chest. “Not necessarily with *you*.”

Adrien gasped. “Do you mean... she could ask the boy she likes to wear the ring?” Tikki nodded, but Ladybug behind him groaned.

“That’s out of the question!” she roared. “I haven’t been able to ask him out for four years; there’s no way I can approach him and ask him to *sleep* with me, just like that!”

“Plagg, claws out!” said Adrien, changing again into the hero in black, immediately imitated by his partner. He turned around and looked her in the eye. “I’m serious, *Bugnette*. I’ll go home now to drop my transformation and give my ring back to Plagg. You take it and talk to the boy you like and...”

“No!” she snapped. He looked at her puzzled. “I’ll never have the courage...”

“My Lady, there’s nothing in this world that you can’t do. And there’s no man on this planet who would be stupid enough to say no to you, trust me. You’re the most wonderful and amazing woman I’ve ever met. That guy is so lucky to hold your heart, I’m really jealous!”

“But—” she started, but he put a finger on her mouth.

“No buts. You take my ring and talk to him. I give you until Friday; *four days*. If he says no, then *I* will do it. But I want you to give it a good go, *Bugnette*. I want you to *try*. Talk to him, don’t waste this opportunity.” He gave her a kiss on the cheek that made her blush to the root of her hair and stood up, picking his baton from the small of his back. “I love you, *Bugnette*. See you soon!”

And that said, he extended his baton and jumped out into the darkness.

That's how he ended up in the changing room of his latest photoshoot, during his break, to get the reveal of a lifetime. As his head started spinning and he shakily took a seat, he kept staring at the ladybug-shaped box in his trembling hands.

"Oh my God," he muttered, trying desperately to take in everything that had just been thrown at him. He saw the apprehension in the bluebell eyes of the girl in front of him.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

He couldn't help himself — he opened the box and in a twirl of light, Plagg appeared, positioning himself in front of his nose, a sly smirk curling his lips.

"Well, well, what's going on here?" asked Plagg. "Have you decided to replace my *gamin*?"

Marinette gasped. "Don't you dare say it again, Plagg. I'm *not* replacing Chat Noir." Her eyes got the softest of looks and Adrien thanked God that he was sitting, because otherwise his knees would have failed him completely. "He's irreplaceable."

"That's what you *say*," stated the little black cat. Adrien glared at him, but Plagg raised an eyebrow and stuck his tongue out as he continued, "But not what you *do*. What exactly is *this*?" He feigned disgust as he pointed at Adrien, who blinked in surprise.

"That's Adrien Agreste, Plagg," said Marinette, who sounded even more confused than him.

"I *know well* who this is, Pigtails, but why has he got my ring?"

Marinette folded her arms on her chest. "I need him to be the Black Cat for a night. You know why."

Plagg smirked a shit eating smirk. "Riiiiight, do I, now? And does *he*?" He gave Marinette a sidelong look and the girl blushed to the roots of her hair and covered her face.

"I haven't had a chance to explain yet. But I don't want to replace Chat Noir."

Plagg exchanged a look with him. Adrien's eyes were sending daggers at the black kwami, but the small creature seemed to be enjoying the situation and ignored him. "What do you call this, then, Pigtales? If you can't trust him with something like this, how can you trust him at all? If you prefer this man to him, you should admit it and give him my Miraculous permanently. The Black Cat and the Ladybug are supposed to be a pair. A *couple*. By asking this fella today, you're breaking my holder's trust and I'm not happy."

Adrien wanted to keep looking murderously at Plagg: Marinette was on the verge of tears, and it hurt his heart to see his Lady in such distress. But as he heard the kwami talking, he also felt a surge of overwhelming gratitude. Had it not revealed his identity, he would have hugged Plagg. He didn't think the black cat had it in him, but... Adrien's eyes were now stinging with the tears he was trying to hold back. He would order Plagg the best of Camemberts, later that night.

"But he *told me to*," started Marinette before her voice broke and she started crying. And breathing heavily. Adrien could recognise it—a panic attack. He had had many of them during his childhood, mostly because he felt claustrophobic. But before he could try to help, Plagg spoke again.

"Yes, he did. Because he has a heart as pure as gold. Do you know how long my *gamin* has been in love with you? He's loved you since he laid eyes on you on your first day. You don't know the torture I had to endure daily with him sighing and sobbing and wondering what—" Plagg turned towards Adrien and winked, unseen by Marinette "—this other guy had that he didn't have. Why you loved this guy and not him. Every night, especially recently, he's been there in bed moanin—"

"Plagg, that's enough," muttered Adrien, but the kwami sniggered and continued,

"Oh, what was I saying... yes, every night he's been moaning your name in bed while..."

"Plagg, I don't want to hear that," shouted Marinette covering her ears, to which Plagg sniggered more and continued,

“Well, I think you got the picture. Anyways, he now had the perfect opportunity at paw to force you into being with him but—nope. Not my *gamin*. He respects you and loves you more than that. He’s totally selfless. And how do you repay him? You go and try to replace him for real. The cheek of you!”

Marinette closed her eyes and clenched her fists. She groaned, then opened one eye halfway and gave one embarrassed look to Adrien. Then she moved her gaze to look at Plagg and the black kwami gave her a sly look back, and an impertinent smirk.

“You know what? Leave it,” she proclaimed at the end. “I’m sorry, Adrien, I should never have asked you this. It’s not fair on Chat Noir. I... Plagg’s right. I’ll do it with him. Yes. He deserves it. Sorry if I disturbed you, I know you don’t have a clue about what’s going on but—” She made to take the box back, but Adrien’s firm hold on it didn’t falter. She looked up to meet his gaze and her eyes widened, a bright red colour lighting up her face.

In response, Adrien picked up the ring from the box and put it on his right ring finger. The ring took back its camouflaged form and Marinette’s eyes grew wide because, Adrien thought, *surely*, she’d recognised it now.

“Oh no, Adrien, please. Give it back. I-I made a mistake.”

Okay. She *badn’t* recognised it.

“What d’you need me to do?” he asked, feigning innocence.

He knew that he was asking for trouble later, but he wanted to hear it from *her*. It felt almost... intoxicating to be in a position of dominance. For once, he knew more than she did. For once, *he* was the one in control. He wasn’t going to let her get away with just taking the ring back.

She looked at him as if the world was going to end, as if someone was torturing a hamster in front of her very eyes. He felt a little guilty for putting her through this unnecessary ordeal, and was about to say something, maybe crack a joke so she would recognise him and hit him in the head, but Marinette was faster. She leaned forward, grabbed his shirt with both hands and rested her head on his chest.



"I... I l-love you, Adrien," she muttered into his top. He had understood that he was the boy she loved, but hearing it spelled out was still surprising, and he gasped. Marinette's hands tightened the hold on his shirt. "I've loved you from the day I met you, when you gave me your umbrella. I... I'm sorry I've never been able to tell you before."

She raised her head and her flushed face emerged from his shirt, her eyes gleaming in... fear? Was she scared of *him*? Why?

"Marinette," he started but she didn't let him talk, submerging him with an avalanche of trembling words.

"I know it's sudden and unexpected; I know I'm only a friend to you. I also know that there's no way you would agree to do this with me, because I know you, you don't just do things like this without the sentiment; but I had to tell you and ask you because," she said, her voice shaking, her eyes looking down, "B-because it's been four years I've wanted to tell you and before I went off and gave myself to another boy I wanted you to know. I'm so screwed, I'm su—"

"*Give yourself* to another boy?"

Marinette nodded onto his shirt. "Yes. Chat Noir. I, uh, there's this comet that is due to pass near the Earth next week and," her voice cracked, "imbalances the p-power of our Miraculous, and I n-need to..." She gulped. "...have s-sex with a boy wielding the B-black Cat to recharge the p-power of Creation."

A million flirty and suave Chat Noir-esque comments crossed Adrien's mind; he kept his mouth shut, but the whole situation was so silly that he was having a hard time holding his tongue. Had it been in any other way, he would've felt hurt; but he was sure she hadn't realised how it sounded like she wanted to use him and abuse him and then dump him. He knew it *wasn't* the case, that what she meant was that she loved him and wanted to have a relationship with him, not only have sex with him once, but it certainly *sounded* like it.

It didn't matter though, because *he was Chat Noir too*, and that's what made the situation hilarious.

"I see," he eventually said. "So, you want to..." He gulped. Although he knew about it already, he couldn't help getting an awkward dryness to his throat as he spelled it out, "...*m-make love with me?* And then return the Miraculous to *Chat Noir?*" He used a different expression on purpose, trying to not put it across as bad as it sounded in his mind. He hoped he wasn't going too far when he added, "Was he okay with it?"

Marinette nodded and pulled out of his hold, her head and full gaze looking down. "I don't deserve him, he's such a wonderful guy." The tip of Adrien's ears started burning at the praise; his face must have reached the colour of Ladybug's suit. "Plagg's right. I *should* do it with him. Forget about my weakness, Adrien, sorry if I disturbed you during your photoshoot. I'll go as soon as you give me back the ring." She grabbed his right hand, but he took it away and she looked at him in confusion.

Adrien started playing with the ring on his fingers for some time, so long that Marinette was about to repeat that she wanted the ring back. But when he saw her open her mouth, he spoke again.

"You're not weak," he said. "Chat Noir *is* a great guy, but it doesn't mean that you need to do it with him, if you don't want to. He gave you the ring because he felt that it was more right for you to do something like this with the one you really wanted." He looked at her and felt his own face getting warmer as Marinette flushed deep red. "You may think he's a wonderful guy, but do you *love* him?"

If possible, Marinette blushed darker. She started fidgeting with her fingers and tapping her foot in circles. "I d-do."

That was the last thing he expected her to say. His eyes widened in shock and a loud gasp escaped his lips. "*What?*"

"I love you, Adrien," She embraced herself again, but this time she looked up and straight in his eyes. "But I also love *him*." She lowered her gaze again, hiding her face behind her hands. "God, you must think that I'm such a horrible person, being in love with two boys at the same time but... I can't help it. I love you; I melt in a puddle every time I attempt even talking to you, but each and



every time Chat Noir dies for me, I lose a small part of my soul. I'm so confused; my heart doesn't know who to choose and I feel like such a monster!"

"I won't give you back the ring," said Adrien resolutely as Marinette gave him a look full of amazement. "You're no monster, Marinette. You're the most amazing girl I know." He sighed. "I just didn't know the exact extent of your amazingness until now. It's been years that you haven't been just a friend to me, and recently I was getting really bad, since we finished school and I couldn't see you daily anymore."

Marinette gasped at the words and her magnificent bluebell eyes grew wide.

"It's such a relief to find out..." He couldn't get himself to say the last words and panicked, so instead, he grabbed her hand and kissed her knuckles, which caused the girl's face to turn even redder. "I can't give you the ring back, because it's where it belongs, and it should be. You're not in love with two boys." And then he said it on the skin of her hand, his gaze glued into hers, his lips brushing her knuckles, "*M'lady*."

"Wha—" said Marinette in a muffled gasp. She tried jerking her hand away from his, but his strong hold prevented her from doing it.

"Claws out, Plagg," said Adrien, his eyes glued to hers as the Miraculous magic wrapped him. Then he straightened himself up, smiled softly and winked. "*Meaow, ma Buginette, pawsome evening for a reveal, huh?*"

Marinette stared, and paled, her eyes as big as saucers, her mouth open in a small o, her chest still.

"This cat heard that someone's in love with him." He looked with great interest at his claws. "And that he's going to get laid next week." He looked again at Marinette and wagged his eyebrows, a shit eating smirk curling his lips.

Marinette paled even further, her eyes nearly popping out of her head, her hands clenched on top of her mouth. She walked backwards a couple of steps and then gasped when her back met the cold metal of the prefabricated structure of the changing room. She was terrified.

He immediately regretted such a grand entrance, realising that, had she screamed, it would have taken no time for his bodyguard, Nathalie or anybody else involved with the photoshoot to burst in.

“Claws in,” he muttered, just in case. When the green energy revealed Adrien again, he realised his mistake. As soon as she saw his untransformed face, Marinette looked as if she was a steaming pot ready to explode. She sucked all her breath in; he put his hands in a praying gesture. “Please, Marinette, don—” he started, but she screamed anyway and the only thing he could do was to cover her mouth with his hand.

“Uh, you’re in so much trouble,” drawled Plagg. He zoomed to his shirt’s pocket, took his cheese and dashed away.

“What’s going on? Adrien are you okay?” he heard Nathalie saying from behind the door of the changing room. He was going to say something, but as he did that, he felt Marinette’s hand grab his jaw while her other hand pushed away the hand he was holding on her mouth. He heard Nathalie bursting in, but suddenly, that became the least of his worries because Marinette pressed her lips on his and hugged him tight.

Adrien’s eyes widened for a second, his heart drumming in his chest. Nathalie gasped — he knew that the implications of this were huge, but to be honest, he didn’t give a goddamn shit. After his first second of surprise, he followed, as always, his Lady’s lead and kissed her senseless, as he drove his hands underneath her shirt, trying to take as much advantage of the situation as he could. After all, it was his Lady’s doing, and if he was going to get into trouble, he may as well enjoy it!

He heard Nathalie’s heels backtracking. “Oh, I beg your pardon. Y-you still have ten minutes for your lunch. I will just... go.” He’d never heard Nathalie sound more embarrassed in his life. He couldn’t stop himself and he chuckled in Marinette’s mouth as the door closed. He moved slightly, his forehead pressed on hers, their noses nearly touching, his gaze fixed into hers. They exchanged a look and then, they both burst into laughter.

“Marinette, you’re terrible! Kissing me like that,” he said in between giggles.



She wiped a couple of tears from her eyes. "I was saving you, not kissing you!" After she said that, she let out a little moan because Adrien's hands had started roaming over her breasts through her bra. "Besides, it's just what you deserve for your little trick earlier. Great actor you are!" She glared at him and huffed at his guilty look, but a treacherous smirk curled the corner of her lips. "And based on the way you reacted to it, you don't seem very *bothered* about Nathalie finding out, so..."

His sheepish look turned into a laugh. "Bothered? I think Nathalie seriously feared I was erotophobic. I'm nearly 19, Marinette, and she never caught me doing anything like this. Ever. She must be out there popping open a bottle of champagne to celebrate!"

Marinette laughed, but Adrien's hands sneaked inside her bra, pulled it down, and were now touching her breasts, his fingers rubbing her sensitive nipples. She sucked in her breath and choked a gasp in between giggles.

"Is it okay? I've always wanted to do it," he said as she nodded and instinctively leaned in closer to him, her eyes closed in contentment. A burning sensation spread all over her gut when her thigh went into contact with his crotch, and she realised just how much their closeness was affecting him.

He started kissing her jaw and neck, sucked on her pulse and then lifted up her shirt and took her right nipple in his mouth, and then the left, showering her bosom with kisses, his hand sneaking underneath her skirt and popping inside her panties, causing her to utter a whimpering squeal as a tingling sensation started burning in her core and resonating all over her body.

"You're so wet," he whispered into her ear, causing her to shiver from tip to toe. His voice was hoarse and sensual... she had never heard him like that. He looked into her eyes and she nearly melted on the spot from the intensity in his look. He was practically devouring her with his gaze, and it didn't take long for Marinette to reach her peak.

"Oh God, Adr—" she moaned, but he shut her up with a kiss, deepening it almost immediately and starting to explore her mouth as her breathing fastened. The little bud of pleasure he was playing with inside her panties got more and more turgid, until he felt her shaking all over and wrapping herself around him,

the wetness of her release damping her underwear and his fingers. Her extremely content sigh of fulfilment was the most beautiful sound he'd ever heard.

He kept playing with her clit for a moment, but Marinette started jerking and giggled. "Please stop, it's very sensitive," she whispered. He took his hand out of her panties, brought his hand to his mouth, looked at her playfully and licked each and every finger up.

Marinette winced. "Ugh, you're disgusting..."

He laughed. "Come on, *Purr*-incess, this cat waited too long to get the cream. Let him enjoy the *taste* of it!"

She pulled him by the shirt and looked him straight in the eye. "Just wait until next week and we'll see who will enjoy what," she threatened, but his wide smirk betrayed that he didn't feel scared at all.

"Looking forward to it," he said before somebody knocked at the door.

"Adrien? I know things are getting steamy over there, but your ten minutes are up, you should get back to work!"

He gave Marinette a look full of lust and mischief. "I think that's my cue," he said, straightening his clothes and passing his hands through his hair to regain some composure.

"That's not doing much, loverboy. The makeup artist will have their work cut out for them when you get out." Marinette laughed and stroked his cheek tenderly before starting to fix her own clothes and hair.

He smirked. "Look who's talking. You don't seem the image of 'Suitable for Work' yourself, you know."

"I'm not the one who's working." She winked and started walking outside, but not before sending him a last flirty look that managed to leave him all hot and bothered without even touching him. "See you next week, *Chaton*!"

She could feel his lovesick gaze burning a hole in her back, as he blew her a kiss and said, "See you next week, *mon amour*."

Marinette couldn't sleep. She couldn't think, she couldn't do anything.

Every time her brain touched base on her senses, all she could think of was the sensation of Adrien's fingers inside of her, the sweetness of his kisses, the firmness of his abs against her tummy and breasts and the hardness of his erection against her thigh. It was pure torture, especially considering the number of pictures of the boy that were pinned to the wall of her room, the number of times his perfume (and recent underwear) ad was showing on TV even while she was working at the boulangerie and the countless billboards spread all over Paris displaying pictures of those ads, including his face, and his very abs, in *full* display.

And it wasn't only Adrien. The second she managed to tear her gaze from those juicy abs, her eyes were meeting the magnetic green ones of her partner, showing on even MORE billboards all over Paris, this time together with her; it was an ad they had agreed to take part in, to encourage Parisians to keep positive and stay safe.

Marinette was going INSANE.

Honestly, a couple of times her parents told her to go upstairs, because once she had been caught giving back to a customer the banknote he had just given to her, to buy an assortment of croissants (it wasn't Marinette's fault: Adrien's underwear ad was showing on TV at that very moment. She got distracted...). The second time they caught her falling asleep at the till, while waiting for an elder lady to rummage into her bag, looking for change.

"Are you sure you're alright, *ma baguette*?" asked Tom worryingly, but Marinette just nodded and, slumping her shoulders, she walked upstairs to her room, leaving the till to her mother. As she entered the room, she glanced at the calendar and groaned. It was Saturday. The comet passed by on Tuesday. That meant another—she counted them on her fingers—*three days* of torture. She couldn't bear it any longer! She was going nuts!

As she flopped on her chaise groaning, she felt a light knock on her trapdoor and when she looked towards it, she saw Alya's concerned eyes staring back.

"What's going on, girl? Your mom and dad told me you fell asleep at the till downstairs. We haven't had many akumas recently, what is keeping my Ladybug awake?" The brunette came into the room, closed the latch and walked to her, sitting down on the chaise next to her. She put a hand on her back and gave it a firm rub.

Marinette groaned through the fabric of the chaise. "I'm so screwed, Alya!" She looked up and saw only concern in her friend's brown eyes. Alya had been with her through everything in the last four years, ever since she had chosen to share her identity with her. She was the person she trusted most in the whole world, after her *Chaton*.

"There's nothing we can't overcome together, come on. Tell me, I'm here to help!" Alya softly patted the surface of the chaise-longue and smiled.

"That's *not* something we can overcome together, Alya. How on Earth do *you* do it?" Marinette groaned again.

"Do what?" said Alya, blinking in surprise.

"Manage to sleep, or think, or do anything while you're not with Nino after you slept with him." Marinette covered her head with her arms, especially when she heard Alya sucking her breath in, figuring out how wide her friend's eyes must have gone at her words.

"M-marinette?" Alya didn't stutter easily. Marinette looked up in surprise and crossed her very stupefied brown eyes. "Have you *slept* with someone?"

"NO!" snapped Marinette, her face disappearing again under her arms on the chaise. "B-but you're n-not far from the t-truth."

Alya's position on the chaise changed. Marinette could see her with her mind's eye straightening up, folding her arms on her chest and looking at her pointedly. "Okay. Why don't you start from the beginning? You're not getting away with not telling me. Nope, Marinette, no way. You sit down here and start talking. *Now*."

She sighed against the fabric of the chaise. Then she sighed again. Eventually, she stood up and sat down next to her friend, slouching her shoulders. She had



shared everything with Alya up to now, she could share this too, right? The only thing she had to be careful about was not to share the identity of her *Chaton* because... well, that was *his* secret to tell, not hers.

So, she started to talk. She explained about the comet, about the unbalancing of the Miraculouses, about her having to recharge the power of Creation.

“Hang on a second, stop the film here, ‘kay.” Alya’s excited tone wasn’t a nice sound to Marinette’s ears. “You’re telling me that you need to *sleep* with *Chat Noir*?” Marinette nodded. “And you actually agreed to it? You revealed to each other? Of course, you must have, I don’t think you’d be the girl to make love with a man whose face you’ve never seen. Oh my God, Marinette! Does this mean that my ship is finally sailing after four years? Is LadyNoir an item? You finally came to your senses?”

Hundreds of catastrophic scenarios including Alya carrying on down this train of thought passed through Marinette’s mind; most of them included Alya discovering Chat Noir’s identity in a millisecond the moment she would see her and Adrien dating in civilian clothes. No, it wasn’t worth it. It would put Alya in extreme danger, even more than she was now, because she would know *both* their identities and become an even more tempting target for Hawkmoth. Besides, yet again, Adrien’s identity wasn’t *her* secret to disclose. No, there was only one way to get out of this pickle.

“Whoa, whoa, Alya, no, you got it all wrong,” she started, grabbing her attention.

“What? You need to recharge the power of Creation by sleeping with Chat Noir, right?”

Marinette nodded. “I need to have sex with someone wielding the Black Cat Miraculous. It doesn’t have to be Chat Noir.”

“Excuse me?” Alya looked at her in confusion. “Please explain, I’m not following.”

Marinette sighed and looked down. She hoped she was going to hold it well enough for Alya to believe her and not inquire further. “Chat Noir said that he didn’t want to do it if my heart belonged to someone else. He gave me his Miraculous temporarily. Yesterday, I went to the location of Adrien’s photoshoot, and spoke to him during his break. I...”

Alya grabbed her shoulders and shook her, her eyes as big as saucers as she squealed, "YOU TOLD HIM!"

"I d-did," she admitted with a shy smile, lowering her head further. "I had to tell him that I'm Ladybug, too."

Alya chuckled. "Well, that means you must have broken Sunshine. Nino told me on many occasions that he thought Adrien had a thing for Ladybug. So, you are together?" She barely waited for Marinette to nod before squealing again. "FINALLY, IF IT'S NOT ONE SHIP, IT'S THE OTHER. THANK YOU, COMET!" Alya squeezed her in a massive hug. "I can't believe you've told him!" Then her brows furrowed, and she looked at her again. "Hang on a second. Did you tell him only that you had to sleep with him to recharge the Miraculous, or did you tell him of your feelings for him?"

Marinette blushed purple. "B-both." She looked at Alya raising her arms in triumph.

"Wow, Marinette, I can't believe that after four years..."

"I *had* to do it," said Marinette, her hands on her heart, her gaze staring into nothing. "I didn't want to disappoint *mon Chaton*." She sighed.

"That cat-boy has a heart of gold," concluded Alya and Marinette nodded with another sigh. Alya blinked. And blinked again. "What's with the googly eyes, Marinette? It almost sounds like you love Chat Noir."

Marinette blinked. "Uh, no, I didn't mean..." she started, but Alya laughed.

"Don't worry, girl, I'm only teasing."

Marinette sighed in relief.

"However..." Alya rubbed her hands and Marinette gulped awkwardly. When Alya looked at someone rubbing her hands like that it meant nothing good. "This comet passes on Tuesday you said?" Marinette nodded. "Good! It's time for shopping girl! We're going to get you some sexy lingerie, some

top notches make up and some shampoo and bubble bath that smells gorgeous. Maybe even a body cream... then we need the wax, and the straightener. No, what am I saying, the *tong* to curl your hair and... Oh, God! I'll make sure you'll be the most beautiful you've ever been. Don't worry girl, I've got your back!"

"Alya!" shouted Marinette out of exasperation. "It's meant to be *Ladybug* having intercourse with the Black Cat, not Marinette. I'll have my suit on, the lingerie will disappear!"

Alya blinked. Then she blinked again. "I have a question, girl." When Marinette looked at her with curiosity, Alya continued, "How are you going to have sex with your suits on? You know, sex implies at least a certain degree of *nudity*..."

"Uh, I don't know," said Marinette. She hadn't thought about it, but Alya had a point. She opened her bag and looked at Tikki inside. "Could you answer for us, Tikki?"

"Eh," huffed Tikki. "Your suit will be... different. It's due to the imbalance, to the fact that the powers are geared towards destruction. I assure you it won't be a problem."

Alya shrugged. "Okay then... list of stuff to buy. Condoms," she jotted down, but Tikki winced.

"Uh... Marinette, you won't be able to use that during the ritual," she muttered, causing both Alya and Marinette to gasp.

"What do you mean I can't use a condom, Tikki? I know I want three kids with Adrien, but I'm not ready to start having them now!"

Tikki could see the growing panic in her holder and flew to her face, pushing on her nose with her small paws. "Don't worry, Marinette. What you will do in the ritual won't cause you to create a new life. All the, uh, *substance*, for lack of better words," she said with a little cough, "will go towards recharging the Miraculous magic."

Marinette looked at Tikki with her eyes as wide as saucers. "Are you one million percent sure of this Tikki?"

"Yes, Marinette. That's the *one* time you don't need to worry. Guaranteed."

Marinette breathed better.

"Okay. So... we *still* buy the condoms." Two sets of eyes blinked at Alya. "Well, you're not going to do it only once for the ritual, right?" Alya smirked when Marinette became the colour of a tomato. "You didn't think about that, huh?" Marinette hid her face behind her hands and Alya sniggered. "Alright, so... condoms, tong for your hair, makeup, smellies for the bathtub and, most importantly, sexy lingerie."

"I told you I'll wear what will be left of my suit," repeated Marinette.

Alya looked at her cunningly. "Aha! Okay, you may not *see* it during the ritual, but... you *will* see it when you'll do it after the ritual. Besides, even without seeing it, you'll *know* you're wearing it, girl. Trust me. It gives plenty of confidence to feel gorgeous. Leave it to me!" She pumped a fist high in the air and grabbed her hand, forcing her to follow.

"Duusu, is this a joke?" hissed Gabriel as he looked at himself. For some reason, his usual disguise as Hawkmoth had disappeared and instead, he felt naked, and his body was surrounded by what looked like a purple cloud. All that was left of his usual disguise was his cane. "And why are you not unifying with Nooroo?"

"Oh... it must be Comet time," said Duusu. "You won't be able to create an akuma tonight, Gabriel."

"What? Why?" Gabriel's voice sounded even more exasperated. As he shouted, a kaleidoscope of butterflies rose from the floor and flew towards the butterfly shaped decoration on the lair's only window.

"Every 500 years, a comet comes close to the Earth and its magnetic field imbalances the powers of the Miraculouses towards destruction for a night. But worry not, when morning comes, everything will be back to normal," said the little peacock kwami. Then he added in a lower tone of voice, "at least, I hope so."

“Why has nobody told me about this?” With an angry growl, Gabriel released his transformation and gave Nooroo some grapes to eat. Nooroo took the food and stayed silent, eyeing Duusu wearily.

“Comet time?” he asked his companion. Duusu nodded. “Oh dear...”

“Let’s go back, it’s pointless to stay here.” Gabriel marched towards the lift that led to the downstairs lair and the two kwamis followed quietly.

Adrien - 15:21

Hi Princess! I spoke to Nathalie about the incident in the changing room and was surprised to find out that she’s happy for us. Apparently, she’s been rooting for you for the last 4 years and was thrilled. She told me that if you want to sneak in the Manor, you just need to give me a buzz, she will let you in from the side gate and, let’s say, “pretend” she forgot that she owns a passepartout, if I lock the door of my room.

Adrien - 17:49

Princess, you may need to take up Nathalie’s offer. I know you were planning to come here via yoyo, but I wouldn’t recommend it. Nope.

Marinette had spent a long time explaining to Alya what exactly Adrien meant with the ‘changing room incident’ when she happened to ask her to read Adrien’s message on her behalf. She had been just getting out of the bath and hadn’t thought Adrien’s messages would be so incriminating. Now his new message left her a little baffled.

“What do you think he means when he says that it’s better if I don’t go there via yoyo?” she asked, scratching her head. They had spent the last two hours working on her hair and make-up and Marinette was now displaying a head full of jet black boucles that bounced on her shoulders every time she moved her head.

“There’s only one way to know, girl. Transform and let’s see what we’ve to work with.”

Marinette called her transformation. And after a quick glance in the mirror, she nervously called her *de*-transformation.

“O-kay. Now I understand.”

“Yes,” deadpanned Alya. “I understand too. I also understand why Tikki said you can have full intercourse in your suit.”

“Aha,” said Marinette absent-mindedly, still trying to recover from the image she had seen in the mirror. “This is a disaster, Alya! What if Hawkmoth sends an akuma? I looked like a red version of my naked self!”

Tikki saw the way her holder was panicking, her hands cupped both sides of her head and her eyes nearly popping out of her sockets and flew up, her mouth busy consuming a pink macaron. “That won’t happen tonight, Marinette. All Miraculous holders around the globe are in the exact same situation. Nobody can use their powers until the power of Creation is recharged. That’s why Plagg said it was bigger than you two.”

“Okay,” whispered Alya. “Then we better start moving. You can’t transform, that’s for sure, so we’ll get to the Mansion the old-fashioned way.” She slapped her legs. “A.k.a. by *foot*.”

A short walk, a pat on the back and a ‘high five’ later, Marinette was standing in front of the gates of the Agreste Mansion, feeling very small and scared. To be fair to Nathalie, when Marinette texted Adrien that she had arrived, the woman opened the side gate very unceremoniously and allowed her in, trying her best to not make her feel out of place. She complimented her hair and makeup and even smiled reassuringly at her before knocking at Adrien’s door. However, her heartfelt “good luck” just before the door opened didn’t have the desired effect and left her even more nervous.

All nervousness melted away, though, the second her gaze crossed Adrien’s forest green eyes. The boy was literally gawking at her and the way he looked at her made her blush to the roots of her hair — it was as if he was undressing her with every glance. He thanked Nathalie, let her in and closed the door behind him, making sure that he locked it (he also double checked, for extra security).



“You’re beautiful, Marinette,” said Adrien, placing a soft kiss on her neck that made her shiver, as she muttered a shy ‘thanks’ in reply.

She wanted to say something back, but when she walked in the room, feeling a hole burning at the back of her head due to the way he was still looking at her, she opened her eyes wide. His furniture had been moved against the walls, and the floor had been drawn on with what looked like red chalk, making a shape similar to that on the old Miracle Box. A large mattress was on the floor at the centre of the Miraculous symbol and the lights had been dimmed down. At each corner of the mattress, making a diamond shape, were lit candles.

“What...?” she said in a choked whisper. Tikki came out of her purse and looked around, seeming satisfied with what she saw.

“Good work, Plagg,” said the red kwami, but Marinette’s shock didn’t decrease.

“What’s going on?” she asked.

Adrien rubbed the back of his neck. “I had serious problems keeping it hidden today, but Plagg said we need this for the ritual. He gave me very precise instructions for what to do, but I’m not great at drawing, so I had to redraw those decorations at least forty times until Plagg was satisfied. Hope it’s okay for you, Tikki.”

“It’s perfect,” commented the little kwami of Creation and Adrien beamed at the praise. She floated around and checked the position of every line and every light, but thankfully, she only moved one of the candles an inch to the right.

Adrien coughed, catching Tikki’s attention. “So... Now what do we do?”

“Uh, don’t ask me, *gamin*. Kwamis don’t mate, didn’t you know?” said Plagg suavely.

Tikki was a little more helpful. “Just transform and be yourselves. There’s no right or wrong way of doing it, Adrien. There’s nothing that you *have* to do, except, well, have a full sexual intercourse and lay in the centre of the red Miraculous symbol you drew on the floor. No rules, no boundaries, just you and Marinette.”

"And us," added Plagg, earning himself a glare from Tikki.

"Plagg!" blasted out the little goddess of Creation.

Plagg smirked. "Yes, Sugarcube? Shouldn't you remind them that they have an audience? We can't do much about it, we're forced to watch." He pretended to gag.

Tikki sighed. "Yes, he's right. We *will* be conscious, but you won't see us, you will be transformed after all. And when the ritual is finished, you can detransform and do whatever you want. We will just hide." She looked at Marinette, who had clenched her hand on something inside her bag. "Yes, at that point you will be able to use protection, Marinette. But please don't do it during the ritual."

Adrien gasped. "What do you mean no protection?"

Tikki sighed. "You can't use one of those latex things during the ritual, or it won't work. Don't worry, nothing will happen. The magic of the ritual is the best contraceptive in the world." She then closed her eyes and froze on the spot briefly, before opening them again and saying, "You can start now."

Marinette paled. "Uh, how will we know if the ritual is finished? I mean if we don't have a structure..."

Plagg flew to her face. "Pigtails, I thought you were the brains of the duo. Did you hear what Sugarcube said? *Full* sexual intercourse. That's when you'll know the ritual is finished. Do you want it spelled out, with drawings?"

"No, Plagg, sorry. You're right." Marinette sighed, a deep shade of pink dusting her cheeks. But her cheeks became even more warm when Adrien encircled her waist with his arm and drew her closer.

"Tikki said that we can start, M'lady. We shouldn't waste precious time." He brushed his lips against her neck and smirked when she shivered from tip to toe. "Plagg, claws out!"

"Spots on, Tikki!" said Marinette immediately after and when the green and pink magic passed through their bodies, they both perceived just how naked



they were. Adrien knew, based on his previous transformation in front of the mirror, that his eyes still showed the green sclera, although lighter, and were still cat-like; he also knew that he had softer claws in place of his fingernails and what appeared to be a lighter version of his faux ears still popping out of his hair, but beside that, everything else was gone. Ladybug looked like a blushing, cherry draped version of a naked Marinette, although he couldn't precisely make out her curves behind her transformation. The magic that used to be their suit was a sort of cloud wrapping around them in the colour of red and dark green, like the blob of magic that wrapped around akumas when they changed. They could feel everything, as if they wore nothing at all.

Adrien passed a clawed hand all over Marinette's bust, taking hold of her right breast and squeezing it while with the other hand he was reaching for the folds of her sex. She moaned instantly and shivered under his touch. He loved the sensation of her soft skin under his palms and fingers. He could feel her skin, but couldn't see it clearly, and the see/not see effect was the most arousing thing he'd ever experienced. He just needed to be careful with the claws; they felt softer, so maybe they wouldn't hurt her—but he couldn't take the risk. His ears felt also much lighter than they usually were on his head and he wondered whether they would be as sensitive to the touch as they always were. But he had just thought that, when Marinette's hands started roaming through his hair and reached the very ears in question, starting to rub a soft spot behind them. Oh yes, they were *very* sensitive to the touch. His purr came out loud and clear, and Marinette just giggled and carried on with her scratching.

"Do you like it when I purr?" he asked with that husky voice Marinette had now started to associate with him being aroused.

She nodded. "Oh yes," she admitted, but immediately after she moaned because Adrien's lips had found her nipples and the boy was sucking on one voraciously, getting lost in the see-through experience.

"Nice?" he asked and looked her in the eye. Marinette crossed his electric green orbs and realised that Adrien looked worried.

"Are you okay, *Chaton*?" she asked, furrowing her brows into a frown.

"Yes," he said, "just a bit scared of things going wrong. I've, ah, never d-done this before." As he admitted it, he looked away and blushed and for the first time, Marinette saw through the mask of confidence he wore as Chat Noir.

"Oh, *Chaton*... relax. I've got no clue either. Remember what Tikki said? We need to be ourselves!" She smooched him on the lips after she said that and Adrien took the chance and deepened the kiss, although he left her lips straight after to start roaming his own lips down her body. He picked her up bridal style and marched to the mattress in the centre of the room, placing her carefully on it and laying down next to her. He captured her lips again, briefly, to then starting to drop kisses all through his way, on her jaws, neck, bosom, breasts (he paid particular attention to both breasts and nipples), and then going even lower and tracing circles on her tummy until his tongue reached the mound of her sex.

He cupped his hands on the sensitive skin, causing Marinette to arch her back and moan. He smirked at the reaction and looked up, admiring her beautiful body that was lightly seeping through the cloud of magic. One of his hands started caressing her folds tenderly, causing one moan after another. Suddenly, Marinette jerked up and passed her fingers down his abs, until she found what she was looking for—his throbbing erection. Unable to see it, she passed her hands on it softly and picked it up with one hand, starting to pump up and down with firm, solid strokes.

"Fuck, Marinette, where did you learn how to do that?" he moaned into her ear, sending deep shivers running through her core.

Marinette smirked. "Alya. She made me practice for the last three days with a dildo."

"Are you serious?" Adrien chuckled, but his lips soon lost their amused grin, because Marinette's hand was working its magic way too fast. "Okay, okay, go slower Marinette, or I won't last." He smiled when he felt her slowing her pace immediately.

He leaned in and kept doing what he had been doing before (although Marinette's deep and firm strokes on his dick were driving him insane), caressing her labias with his fingers and then dipping in, to look for her nodule



of pleasure. When he found it, Marinette lost hold of his dick and arched her back with a moan. So, he kept rubbing it and then, he spread her folds and went there with his mouth, starting to lick and nibble on it playfully.

“God, Adrien, this is amazing!” she squealed as a spasm made her hips and legs jerk. Her hands, which couldn’t reach his dick anymore due to his position between her legs, grabbed hold of his hair and clenched on it. He grunted in surprise, but the sensation wasn’t bad, so he didn’t complain. He just kept lapping at her clit, noticing with fascination how it started feeling always more turgid under his tongue. As he increased his pace, causing Marinette to squirm and squeal again, he tentatively stuck a finger into her sleek entrance and started pumping it in her vagina, and Marinette arched her back again.

“What are you doing to me, *minou*?” she moaned in between heavy pants.

“Do you like it?” he asked with a hint of self-doubt, but when she roared a ‘yes’ in reply, he smirked again. He tried to stick a second finger in and then a third, encouraged by her eager response, and then kept pumping up and down, while his pace on her clit kept increasing. Marinette’s eyes were closed, her lips curled in an ecstatic grin of pleasure. She rummaged around with her hands and finally, she found his body again and his dick, which she tried to keep on pumping, causing Adrien to gasp loudly for air.

Soon, however, Marinette lost even that last brain cell and ended up curling on top of his head, clenching on his hair and moaning loudly between heavy pants, until she groaned, and he felt something wet and creamy come to his lips while her walls started pulsing around his fingers. He smirked on her clit and pounced upwards, claiming again her lips with his, his tongue sliding inside her mouth instantly, hungrily sucking and nibbling at her lower lip. Marinette seemed in a world of her own, her eyes still closed to savour the sensations he was giving her. Tentatively, he placed the tip of his penis at her entrance and was surprised when it slid right in. God she was so wet. And tight. The sensation of her walls rubbing against his dick was so overwhelming he knew he was soon going to explode.

However, after the accidental slide in, he was careful to fill her slowly, because he had read that she needed to get used to his size. When he was fully in, he whispered into her ear, asking again if she was okay.



"Oh, it's so good," moaned Marinette, and he smiled softly, knowing that the worst part was out of the way. He pulled out slowly and pumped back in a couple of times at a snail's pace, and when he saw that she didn't seem to have any discomfort, he started increasing his pace. His hand reached again the little bud of pleasure he was playing with earlier, and Marinette uttered another loud moan. When he wrapped his lips around one of her nipples and started sucking on it, he felt Marinette squealing underneath him and her walls clenching more strongly around his dick. He increased his pace again, looking for his release, and eventually, he came strong and hard, deep inside of her, shivers running through his body, sending electric shocks down his gut. As the wave of his orgasm washed through his senses, he hugged Marinette tightly and screamed her name, lost in an overwhelming high of sensations he would never be able to describe with words.

Unseen by them, the more they were getting close to their peak, the more the cloud of magic around them had spread, until it had wrapped around the whole length of the Miraculous symbol drawn on the floor, up to the candles, like a little bubble of energy. The moment that Adrien finally reached his release, the Miraculous symbol on the floor started to pulse and the magic ran around it, and through them, like a spinning blurry mini galaxy of green and red. As the wave of sensations started to fade, they felt a buzz of electricity and, in a flash of green and pink, his and her suit were back on, looking exactly like they always had.

"Seems that we were successful, *Chaton*," whispered Marinette between heavy pants.

He smiled against her lips. "Yes, it does," he said, and then uttered his detransformation phrase, immediately copied by Marinette. As the pink sparkle of magic disappeared and the fully unmasked version of the girl came in full view, Adrien held his breath.

"Marinette, you're... you're *beautiful*!" Adrien's throat went dry as he allowed his senses to take Marinette completely in. When he had seen her earlier, he'd been too worried about the ritual to pay full attention to her, but now, with the scary part out of the way, he could focus on his Lady in full and *really* take every detail in.

Her beautifully styled hair, the stunning makeup that was making her magnificent bluebell eyes stand out, the pretty pink dress she was wearing, made out of what looked like silk with lace decoration on her breast, showing off her exquisite curves. He passed a hand over the lace, and down her body, tenderly caressing her tummy, the line of her buttocks, her soft legs until he reached her feet. He felt her moaning and squirming at the gesture, and that was enough for his libido to take over again. So, his hand went rummaging behind her back, looking for a zipper to pull down, and her dress was soon on the floor, immediately followed by the push up bra and lace garter panties she was wearing.

"Alya was adamant I put those on," she muttered softly.

He chuckled. "She was right. They're quite endearing when they're on... but even more so when they come off!"

Marinette giggled in his ear. "Yes, she mentioned the fact they probably wouldn't stay in place for long!"

"Enough talking about Alya, Marinette," moaned Adrien as his nose and mouth roamed through her neck and shoulder, and then moved down, taking hold of her breasts and nipples. "I'll thank her later... God you smell amazing!" Being able to finally use all his senses to explore her was intoxicating and felt like a completely new first experience.

"Now that I can see and unwrap my wonderful gifts, I don't want anything, including friends, to interfere."

As Marinette got lost in the amazing sensations Adrien's lips gave her as they sucked, nibbled and bit on her skin, she knew that he was right. Alya, the kwamis, the Miraculouses... nothing mattered at that moment. Just her and him. Marinette and Adrien. Two halves of a whole that had finally come together and would never, ever come apart again.

The End



Meet the Artist!

**Rose
Minou**

Welcome to the Artist Interview!

This is where we get to know some of our fandom artists better.

We thank the artist for taking time out of their day to answer the questions.

Although Adrienette is the focus of this zine, this artist creates all kinds of Miraculous art to make us blush and fan ourselves... without further ado, let's get to know Rose Minou a little better...

What is your pen name or pseudonym?

I have always been known as Rosehealer02, for over a decade. Recently I acquired a new pen name in addition to one I already have. Rose Minou.

How long have you been creating art?

Since I was a toddler, I did not practice as frequently until recently.

Who inspires you?

Nobody, just simply my own personal love to create something comes to life from my imagination. Especially when the story turns into a comic.

How did you come to draw explicit art?

I will have to blame my friends of Evil Bunnies' Landmark. More specifically, JuliaFC, as it began with her when she challenged me to do a commission for her story cover. 'The Naked Truth'. Since then, I started to have a desire to bring explicit imagination to life.

Out of the Adrienette art you've drawn, which is the one you are the happiest about?

Oh dear me, I am happy with all my pieces of artwork. It is difficult to choose, but I must say I am pleased with 'The Comet' art cover the most.

Which of your Adrienette pieces would you like to see turned into a story?

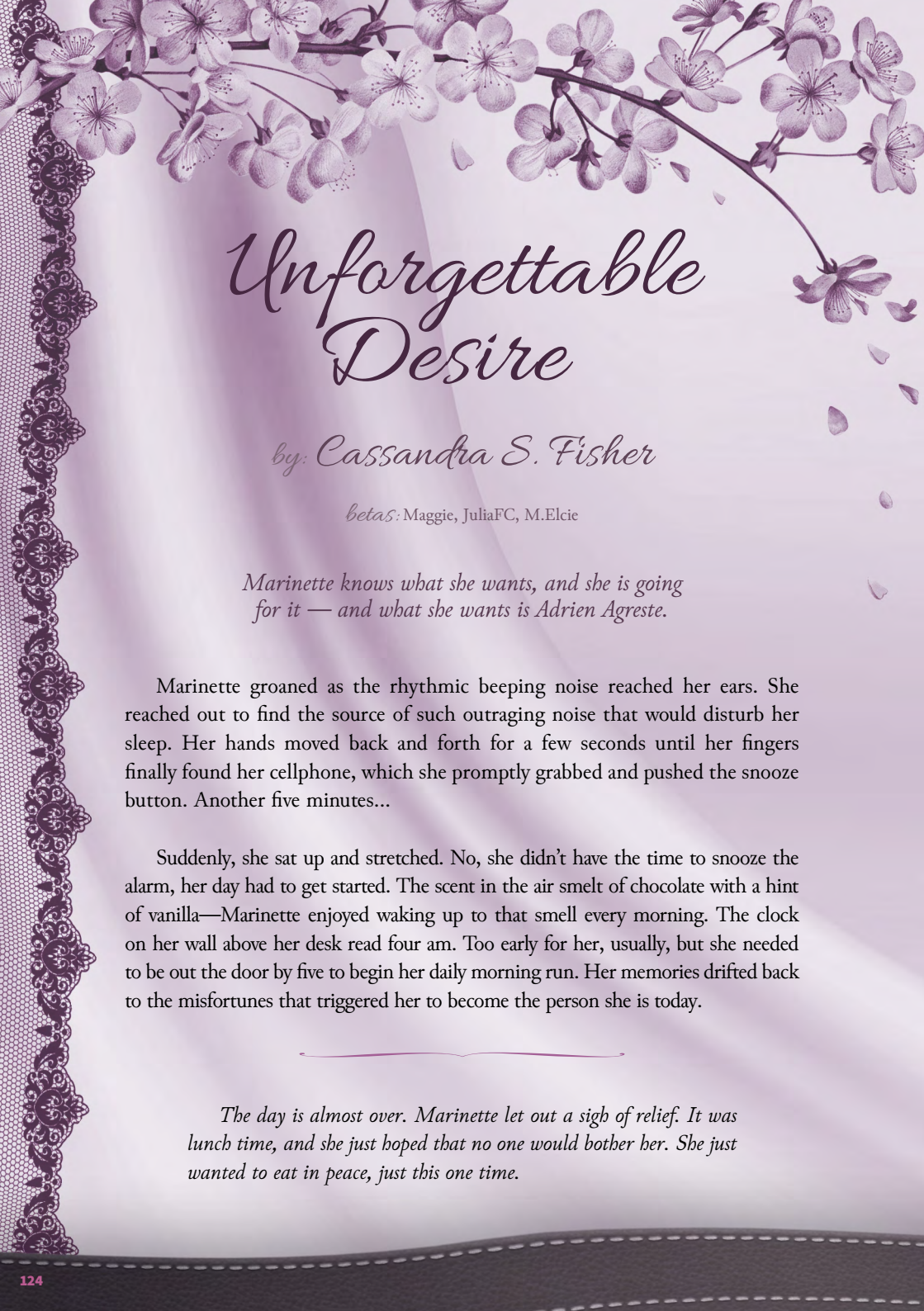
I can't say I have a piece that I desire to turn into a story yet. It is more of the reverse, I always turn the existing stories into art. However I do have several pieces planned in my mind, and few of them I would wish to turn into a story someday.



What is some interesting fact you would like others to know about you?

I am deaf, and a self taught artist. I love to read, play games, and draw.

Well, that is all the time we have now. I do hope you enjoy getting to know our artist. Please check out their work at: patreon.com/rose_minou and deviantart.com/rosehealer02.



Unforgettable Desire

by: Cassandra S. Fisher

betas: Maggie, JuliaFC, M.Elcie

*Marinette knows what she wants, and she is going
for it — and what she wants is Adrien Agreste.*

Marinette groaned as the rhythmic beeping noise reached her ears. She reached out to find the source of such outraging noise that would disturb her sleep. Her hands moved back and forth for a few seconds until her fingers finally found her cellphone, which she promptly grabbed and pushed the snooze button. Another five minutes...

Suddenly, she sat up and stretched. No, she didn't have the time to snooze the alarm, her day had to get started. The scent in the air smelt of chocolate with a hint of vanilla—Marinette enjoyed waking up to that smell every morning. The clock on her wall above her desk read four am. Too early for her, usually, but she needed to be out the door by five to begin her daily morning run. Her memories drifted back to the misfortunes that triggered her to become the person she is today.

The day is almost over. Marinette let out a sigh of relief. It was lunch time, and she just hoped that no one would bother her. She just wanted to eat in peace, just this one time.

"You don't belong here, this is our table," the girl's voice said from behind Marinette. Marinette turned around to see three girls standing there.

"What do you want, Lila?" Marinette snapped.

"This is our table," Lila said, as she put a hand on Marinette's shoulder, but Marinette shook the bully's hand off. Lila bent down close to Marinette's ear. "I suggest you move... or you may end up eating your lunch somewhere cramped."

"Lila, leave me alone," Marinette's hesitant voice replied.

The thing was that Lila was the bully of the school, and if you didn't do what she said, you would end up in some... precarious places.

"Marinette," Lila started, as the other two girls took each of her arms and forced her to stand. "One way or another, you will do as I say. Just remember that I did tell you nicely to move, so what happens next is your own fault."

Lila's lackeys dragged the bluebell to a locker. Marinette struggled, but one of the girls slapped her thigh so hard, it made tears come to her eyes. Marinette knew if she fought back, she would end up more hurt than she already was. So she just let the girls do what they wanted without giving them any more trouble. When the locker door was open, Marinette glanced in both directions of the empty hallway, and she saw a chance to escape.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you. You'll make the next time even harder on yourself," Evelyn told her. Marinette knew the girl was right. She had no idea why, but Lila had zeroed in on her and decided to make her life a living hell. Marinette moved into the locker and her head hung down. Once she was in the locker, the door slammed shut. After a few moments, tears fell from her eyes.

Marinette shook her head as the memory faded. She needed to get going if she wanted to get back in time for the study session at the library with Alya, Nino, and Adrien. Her grades were good, though they could be better, as she had complained about them with Alya a few times. Of course, the brunette had used those complaints to organise a study group.

It didn't take long for Marinette to finish getting ready for her run. When she was done stretching, she headed out to her normal route.

Marinette was glad her parents knew what was going on. After they talked to her and assured her this wasn't her fault, she felt comfortable enough to tell them exactly what was going on at school. Her parents were very upset once they found out about the bullying and had marched into the school. They had given the principal a stern talking to, which led to the school being under review by the school board.

Her parents transferred her to a school near home, and Marinette was relieved that she didn't have to deal with Lila anymore. Of course, she knew there were bullies at every school, there was no escaping that. The only way to overcome bullying was to work within herself and come out stronger. Her mother and father had arranged for her to get some counselling.

Marinette knew it was going to be a long road ahead if she wanted to be comfortable in her own body, but she vowed that she was going to do it. She was going to become strong and confident and teach those bullies she was better than them.

Marinette was brought back to the present as a car horn sounded in the distance. She saw that the path in front of her split into two directions. Usually, she always went right, but this time she paused for a moment before heading left.

She kept running, and while her body was busy with physical activity, her thoughts went to the young man she was in love with. *Adrien*. Just thinking his name made her mind wander to the day they first met.

Marinette looked outside at the pouring rain. She sighed, realising she had forgotten her umbrella. Maybe, though, if she ran, she could make it home before the rain got heavier. Marinette stepped outside, but a small pout formed on her face as she noticed that it wasn't her lucky day—the rain had just started to fall harder. She sighed and braved it out, hoping to not get too soaked by the time she got home. She had walked only a couple of steps down the school's staircase when the prickly feeling of the raindrops worming their way down the back of her head and neck stopped.

Marinette looked around in surprise and her gaze met with a piercing set of emerald green eyes.

"Here you go, you can use my umbrella, if you want," the boy said gently, as he held out the umbrella for her to take. Marinette started to raise her hand to take the handle, but hesitated a couple of times.

"Thank you," she replied softly.

They held each other's gaze for a moment, Marinette holding her breath as the sound of thunder echoed on the empty road. It took her some time to just be able to take the umbrella from his hand.

"My name is Adrien," she heard his voice saying, as if coming from a distant land. Oh, yes, the new boy. He had started a couple of weeks before in her class, but she still hadn't been able to talk to him directly. Not that she had really tried—he was a rich kid, and in Marinette's experience, rich kids were usually bullies. So Marinette had just assumed he was and didn't bother to get to know him.

"My name is M-marinette," she managed to say back.

"I'm happy to finally talk to you, Marinette. It's nice to meet you."

"I'm glad to meet you too," she said, her gaze glued to his mesmerizing green eyes.



“Well, I’ll see you around,” Adrien said, as he gave her a smile and then ran down the stairs and got into the waiting car at the curb. Marinette just looked after him until the car turned the corner at the end of the street, a smile on her face.

The pain from her legs brought her back to her current labor. Marinette noticed she was going uphill—when it came to thinking about the man she loved, it seemed like she could do any task without any dread.

When she reached the top of the hill and saw that it was all downhill for the last leg of her run, she felt relieved there wasn’t going to be any more strain on her body. She knew in a few hours she was going to be sore, and she knew it would hurt to move, but it was worth it to stay in shape and clear her mind from negative thoughts. Marinette started the downhill run and her mind wandered to the past again, now remembering a much more distant memory.

“Marinette, it’s okay, whatever is said here won’t leave this room. What is it that you want to get from our time together?” her therapist said.

The teenage girl just nodded her head and thought for a few minutes in silence before giving her therapist a determined look.

“I want to become more confident, more able to stand up for myself and for others, so that what happened won’t happen again, to me or to anyone else,” she rushed out.

The therapist paused and seemed to be considering her request carefully before talking again, “It’s good that you have such clear ideas about the outcome of our sessions, Marinette. An excellent start,” the therapist said. Marinette gave her a small smile, and the woman smiled back before continuing, “I know talking about things which have made your life difficult is going to be hard, so if you need a break, just ask for one. We’re going to work at your pace, and at your pace only.”

A bell chimed, meaning that the session time was up.

The therapist looked over at her.

"We can start at our next appointment, I am glad you have taken the first step towards your recovery. I shall see you next week."

"Thank you," Marinette said, as she got up and headed out the door.

"It's a good thing we're going to the library early to study, but couldn't it have been a little later?" Nino asked as he yawned.

"No, if we didn't go now, then we wouldn't have gone at all today," Marinette protested.

"It's not that hard to wake me up," Nino, as he looked over at Alya.

"No, that's not true," Alya started, as she looked over at Nino with a knowing look.

"Yeah," Nino said, as he looked over at his best friend Adrien, who just shrugged his shoulders.

"She's right, you know." Adrien rubbed the sleep out of his eyes. Then he looked over at the raven hair girl.

"Hey, Marinette, how are you doing? You look a bit tired!"

"I'm good, thank you. I've been running for years, but today I took a different route, which means that I'm a bit more sore than usual. I can't wait to sit down in the library and relax. Oh, by the way, how's your architecture class going?" Marinette asked.

Adrien gave her a dazzling smile. "Very well, thank you for asking. I'm glad you invited me to this. I've been so focused on my studies lately and have

completely missed out on the social dimension of being a student. It's great to take a break and have a nice study session with friends."

Alya opened the library door as they all filed in, and headed up to the second floor. It was the best place for them to study without any interruptions. Alya and Nino grabbed the two cubicles that had the back to the door, which meant Adrien and Marinette took the ones facing the door. The cubicles were their individual workspaces. Since the library was funded by a wealthy businessman obsessed with privacy, it could afford individual cubicles.

There was enough room to put books, laptop, whatever else needed for work. The tall privacy screens between cubicles isolated each one on the sides and front, so that users couldn't see other workstations unless they stood up. Even the undersides of the tables were perfectly isolated. Once they got set up, they started to work. Nino and Alya put on their headphones while learning, while Adrien and Marinette worked in silence.

A little while had passed when Adrien got up to go search for a book he needed, unaware that Marinette watched him closely. After waiting for him to come back for some time, the girl checked on Alya and Nino before she took off after Adrien.

It didn't take her long to find him, and as soon as she did, her expression changed. Her lips curled in a sly smile, her bluebell eyes took the astute gleam of a predator ready to capture its prey. She unbuttoned her shirt at the top, letting her bosom show through more. Then, she made a knot with the fabric of her shirt underneath her breasts, letting her toned pierced tummy show with pride. She undid the pigtails she kept her hair in, fixed the strands into a messy bun, and started walking towards Adrien, making sure that the boy had noticed her, as she swayed her hips confidently. He was kneeling down looking for something on the bottom shelf. What a great opportunity she really couldn't miss!

"Marinette," Adrien whispered, faking surprise, but Marinette knew perfectly well that, in reality, he was flustered and was trying his best to hide it. Her sly smile widened when he stiffened a little and put the book he had in his hand back on the shelf.

“Adrien,” she said sensually.

“What’s happening?” Adrien asked, his Adam’s apple moving awkwardly as he dry swallowed.

“I wanted to see if you need any company while you look for the book you need,” Marinette’s silky voice replied. As she said that, she stretched, pretending to look on the top shelf but actually moving her middle right on Adrien’s face, making sure that he was able to peek under her skirt and realise that she wasn’t wearing any panties.

Adrien’s Adam apple bobbed up and down once more.

“S-sure, if you want to keep me company—I wouldn’t mind the help.”

“So, what book are you looking for?” Marinette’s curious voice asked, as she put a hand on his shoulders, slowly tracing his strong back and the top of his biceps.

“Architecture Throughout The Ages,” Adrien told her in a choked whisper. Marinette put her feet on top of the bottom part of the bookcase, pretending to now look at the top shelf and smirking when she noticed that now Adrien could have an even better view of her undergarments—or better yet, the *lack* of them. She heard him quietly whimpering, and her sly smile turned into a smirk.

“Maybe you will be able to redesign my *bakery* after you *graduate*.” As she said the word ‘bakery’, she moved her fingers in a circle around her belly button piercing on her lower tummy—then, she slid her index finger through her lips.

“Maybe... I would love to help you out,” Adrien said, as he finally managed to get up. The move didn’t seem to help him, though, because when he stood, his eyes landed immediately on her cleavage. Adrien swore that her breasts would pop out of her bra if it was any tighter than it was now. He could feel his cock getting harder, the closer and longer Marinette stood by him.

“Good, so we can *discuss* it more when you graduate,” Marinette said, her finger coming out of her mouth to linger up and down his arm, before a noise caught their attention. She quickly stepped back and turned around to check



the reason for the noise and as she did that, her gaze literally fell on the book Adrien was looking for, a bit out of place on the next shelf. She picked it up and handed it to him, eyeing with desire the bulge in his pants. Alya just passed the row they were in, so Marinette called to her to get her attention and followed, leaving an extremely flustered Adrien behind.

The boy covered himself with the book, as he headed to the bathroom at the end of the row. He needed to relieve himself before he went back to studying. He walked into the bathroom and made sure there was no one there, which thankfully, it was empty, so he locked himself in one of the stalls, unzipped his pants, and let them drop to his feet. He looked at his half hard cock, which sprung to life when he thought of Marinette without any underwear on. He still couldn't believe she had flashed herself to him so deliberately, but just the thought of her cleanly shaved pussy, all dripping wet and ready for him to fuck her, was driving him insane.

He took his dick in his hand and started to rub in a back-and-forth motion, quickly increasing the pace until he could feel his orgasm coming, and he put his other fist in his mouth to muffle the noise of his climax hitting. He couldn't avoid thinking of how much more fulfilling his orgasm would have felt if that tight pussy was wrapped around his cock. God, what had she done to him? If he didn't stop thinking about her, he would need to relieve himself once again. His breathing was heavy for a minute or two, and when it slowed, he had to pull his underwear and pants back up, but winced when he noticed the wet patch on his boxers.

Fucking hell, Marinette had made him come there and then in that aisle. He couldn't wear those boxers any more, so he took his pants off, slid his underwear off and into his pocket, and went commando under his jeans before washing his hands and heading out of the toilet.

Marinette was engrossed in reading a book when he returned to their study cubicles. The boy sat down and started to read again, scooting his chair a little closer to her. The look he got told him she had noticed.

"You're evil, you know that?" Adrien whispered.

They studied for a little while before Adrien decided to try his luck. After all, *she* had been the one who had made the first move, so she surely wouldn't complain

if he showed her what her little trick in the aisle had done to him. He carefully placed a hand on Marinette's shoulder, waiting briefly to see if she had any reaction. She just continued to work, which encouraged him to get more adventurous.

He moved his hand across the length of her back, and that's when he noticed she wasn't wearing a bra. What the heck? Had she undressed herself in a public library? *Fuck*, just the thought of her taking her bra off in secret made his cock get harder again. Which wasn't a very nice sensation, he discovered, when you don't wear any underwear and your cock brushes against the seams of your jeans.

He wondered if she would allow him to venture towards her breasts... from the moment he'd seen her cleavage nearly popping out earlier, he had craved to squeeze those boobs and massage them until she screamed for him to do more.

Slowly, yet deliberately, he moved his hand to her side, noticing with distinctive pleasure that she had developed goosebumps. With a little smirk, he moved his fingers on her toned tummy and loosened up the knot she had done under her breasts to slide his hand behind the material. Before proceeding though, he looked at Marinette to check her reaction. When forest green met bluebell, she gave him a slight nod as consent to continue what he was doing. His smirk widened into a bright smile.

His hand slowly moved over her smooth skin until he reached just underneath her breast. He heard a small gasp coming from her mouth, so he froze to see if there was any sign of motion from the other side of the cubicle, and there wasn't. Adrien gathered her breast in his hand and started to massage it softly. God, it was even more delicious than he had ever imagined. Full, and marvellously soft under his touch. When he was going to pinch her nipple, he was surprised to find a piercing on it in the form of a bar right through it. The electric charge that went through his core at his discovery left him breathless.

He couldn't avoid picturing what it would feel like to suck on that nipple, the sensation the cold metal would give to his tongue and mouth. He continued to squeeze her nipples and was pleased to hear Marinette stifle a moan. Good, she seemed to be sensitive to his touch. Adrien smiled to himself, but suddenly, he heard some movement from the other side of the cubicle and pulled his hand away as he saw Alya making her way towards them. Marinette straightened her blouse. Without a word or glance her way, he turned his attention back to his book.

“Hey, you two wanna go grab something to eat?” Alya asked, with Nino standing beside her.

Marinette looked up.

“Sure. I am a bit hungry. How about you, Adrien?” Marinette asked.

“Sure, a break would do us all some good,” the boy said.

After Adrien stretched, they all headed out.

It took them only a couple of minutes to walk to the café next door. The guys grabbed a seat while Alya and Marinette made a stop in the bathroom.

“So, girl, how’s it going?” Alya asked.

“It would be nice if this semester was over - with midterms coming up, I’m getting more stressed,” Marinette admitted as she watched Alya, who unconsciously played with the necklace around her neck.

“I know it’s a pain, but it’ll be over before you know it,” Alya said as she headed to one of the stalls to use the toilet. Marinette took the time to do the same.

Once done, they washed their hands and headed back to the outdoors table where the guys sat. It was a lovely day, and the fresh air would do them good.

“Ladies,” Adrien said.

Marinette’s cheeks got a little bit rosy as they all took their seats.

“Dude, the midterms are killing me. I’ve studied all this time, but I feel like I know nothing,” Nino complained.

“Nino calm down - we can verbally go over the information when we get back to our place. That way, you will know you have learned something,” Adrien explained.

Nino was quiet for a moment. Then he looked over at Adrien. “Okay, if you say so, Dude.”

Marinette thought the lunch went well - it was nice and relaxing to hang out with her friends when they weren't studying. They headed back to the library after they ate.

Alya, Marinette, Nino, and Adrien settled back into their groove. Marinette's mind was on her study as well as the young man who sat next to her. After studying for half an hour, Marinette went to the bathroom, but when she came back, she realized Adrien was nowhere to be found. Her glance went around the library to see if he had gotten up to get a book or two. She didn't see any movement though, so she sat down, and a second later, a hand was on her leg. She gasped in surprise and looked underneath the table, only to meet emerald eyes. Adrien put a finger over his mouth and Marinette smiled - she had a feeling this was going to be fun.

Adrien ducked back down, and Marinette hurried up to hide him better as he slowly massaged her legs. She did need the massage. After all, she had run five kilometers earlier this morning before coming to the library, and her legs were a little sore. When Adrien's hand started to massage her inner thighs though, she forgot completely about her soreness—he wanted more, she knew it—and she was only too happy to give it to him.

Marinette moved to spread her legs as far as they could go. Adrien ducked under her skirt and nibbled on her inner thighs, her heart racing as his fingers traced closer and closer to her core. She had to suppress a moan coming from her lips. Heat rose throughout her body, as her eyes glazed over. Her hands grasped the end of the desk, her knuckles turning white with how hard she was squeezing its edge. Adrien kissed Marinette's pussy before he noticed her clit piercing. He smiled to himself. He took her clit piercing into his mouth and sucked at it. The bulge in his pants got tighter as he heard a soft moan come from Marinette's mouth. He then proceeded to explore with his tongue every inch of her pussy, nibbling and sucking where he got more reactions from her, until he felt her thighs closing slightly around his head.

Marinette hoped she didn't squeeze Adrien's face too hard. He gave her pleasure, just with his tongue. She felt light as a feather, if someone came over and pushed her gently she would fall without much force. Marinette felt him lick her slit, and his breath became heavier as she breathed.

“Marinette, are you okay?” Alya’s voice said from behind her.

“*Shit!*” Marinette thought. She didn’t want to get caught by her best friend while the man she loved ate her out. She had to figure out how to get Alya to leave without seeing Adrien underneath the table.

The quickening of her heart for the fear of them being caught was exhilarating though, and what made it even worse was Adrien’s breath on her cunt—he wasn’t helping at all.

“I’m good, Alya, is there anything you need?”

“No, I just wanted to see how you were doing? We haven’t talked since lunch a few hours ago,” Alya said.

Marinette felt Adrien using his finger to mark a circle around her entrance, then he stuck it in her vagina and started to pump it slowly in and out.

“I know. Do you think we can talk more after we finish here?” she asked. Alya raised an eyebrow and gave her a funny look as Marinette felt her cheeks get warmer.

“You look a little flush, are you sure you’re okay?” Alya asked, as she looked at her more intently.

“Yes, I’m fine, Alya. Can we talk when we get back home please?” Marinette said, as she schooled her reaction to Adrien putting a second finger into her.

“Okay, we can talk about it at home,” Alya said as she headed to the bathroom.

Adrien then stuck a third finger in, while still continuing to lick at her small bud of pleasure, faster and faster, until Marinette stifled a moan as her orgasm hit. It took her a few moments before she was able to stop shaking, and move. Her skirt felt wet—no doubt from her orgasm, she thought, grateful that it hadn’t been more intense, or she would have had problems cleaning herself up.

“I need the restroom,” she declared as she got up and headed to the bathroom slowly.

It wasn't long before she headed back to her cubicle. She was able to study for a little while, although she kept a constant eye on Adrien, too—you never know, after what he had just done with no warnings, he could decide to do something rash again, and they would never finish their school work. Some time had passed when she saw him getting up and walking towards the bookshelves. She didn't know if he needed to find a book or if he was taking a break. Marinette checked on Nino and Alya and saw they were still studying before she followed Adrien, then headed towards him as he held a book in his hand. She walked up to him and stopped beside him.

"Marinette, what are you doing right now?" Adrien asked her, as he watched her walking slowly towards him. Her hips sway from side to side sexily. The smile on her face told him she was up to something... and it was not anything for kids' eyes to see. His pants started to feel a bit tight.

"I'm going to do something I've wanted to do for a long time," Marinette started to say, as she ran a finger along his face. Adrien just watched her, not knowing what to expect. "I'm sure you've wanted this too."

Marinette grabbed Adrien by the collar and, with a swift movement, she pushed him inside an empty aisle. Then she put her hand on the boy's neck, pulled his head down and kissed him straight on the lips. It took Adrien a good few moments before he recovered from the shock and started to kiss her back.

Marinette's hand reached for Adrien's pants and unzipped them. She felt a strong tingle to her core when he pressed his erection against her. Just by the feel of his cock, Marinette could tell his size was significant, and thick as well. She was surprised to see he was commando under his pants.

Adrien trailed his hand up her skirt, hiking it up to her waist. Her shaven pussy was bare and dripping wet. He wondered if she did this all the time or if this was a special occasion.

"Are you sure you want to do this? I must confess I hadn't planned to entertain myself in such a way today, so I've got no condom," Adrien's gruff voice asked between kisses.



“Yes,” Marinette whispered in reply, her voice getting husky and heated. “Fuck the condom. I’m due to start my period in the next few days anyway, we’re safe,”

“Face the bookshelf,” commanded the boy suddenly.

Marinette turned around in Adrien’s arms to grab hold of the bookshelf in front of her. He raised her skirt over her ass to get better access to her slit, and put his cock at the entry of her pussy, but she shifted, and he realized he was going to put it in her ass.

“Don’t want to miss the mark,” Marinette said, stifling a moan.

She felt Adrien’s mouth on her neck, and he alternated between kissing and sucking. Marinette held on to the shelf as she enjoyed the pleasure she received from each nip. Adrien slowly entered and stopped to let Marinette adjust to him.

Once he was fully inside, he started to thrust slowly, picking up speed as he went. Marinette let out a slightly louder moan. They froze for a second, waiting to see if anyone noticed them. When they heard no sound, Adrien continued driving into her.

The boy reached around to massage her clit; he noticed she bent over more to be closer to him, giving him better access to go deeper. He pushed into her faster, a few more times, before his body tensed; he moaned into her neck as he came. He gave her clit one last pinch as she stifled a moan on her arm and came as well.

Adrien rested his head against Marinette’s shoulder. They were both breathing hard for a couple of minutes.

“That was amazing.” Marinette said dreamily, looking back at him.

“It was indeed,” Adrien replied, placing a soft peck on the base of her neck before pulling out of her, tucking himself back into his pants, and zipping them up. “You should head back, so people won’t suspect anything.”

“Okay, I’ll see you back there,” Marinette said. She kissed him and headed to the restroom to clean herself up before getting back to the table, looking down to hide the dreamy look on her face.



Quickie at the Library ♥ Sukiisdungeon



Marinette sat back down and started to read the book in front of her, but she couldn't concentrate. In fact, she wouldn't have minded if they had ended their study session and headed home right now. She felt so relaxed after having had sex with Adrien and...whatever she didn't finish at the library, she would get done back at home.

Adrien made his way back to his seat and started to study again. Just the feeling of his presence next to her was making her feel hot on the neck and making her pussy wet again. God, what had he done to her? She felt almost ready to start all over again. She forced herself to concentrate on her work though, and when she lifted her head from her book again, she noticed that the place around had gone darker, and Adrien was again nowhere to be found. That boy had the habit of moving around too much.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the library will be closing in an hour," declared an elderly woman's voice over the speaker.

Marinette looked down to see she had indeed got a lot done, even with the well-deserved break she had. It looked like she would have to return Adrien's favor another day; it was okay with her.

"So... we spent the whole day at the library. You sat by Adrien the whole time," Alya said as soon as the boys left and they too were heading home.

"Alya, it wasn't the whole time. We each got to search for books we needed at one point or another," Marinette pointed out.

"I know, but how was it? I know you're still in love with him. Did you finally get to confess?" Alya wiggled an eyebrow suggestively.

"Umm...no. I was studying, just like you and Nino," Marinette lied, as her cheeks burned hotter, but there was no way she was going to tell Alya. The time she spent with Adrien was just for the two of them, and no one else needed to know.

"Girl, if you don't tell him how you feel, someone else will take him, and then you'll be crying," Alya said, her arms folded on her chest.

"Alya, it's fine. You know it'll never work between us."

"You need to *Carpe Diem*," Alya practically yelled.

"Alya, right now, I need to focus on getting the midterms finished. Then, and only then, I will try to *Carpe Diem*."

"I'm going to keep you to that promise," teased Alya, giving her best friend a sly look.

Marinette inwardly sighed in relief as Alya and her headed to the kitchen to start dinner. She had a month to figure out what to do about the situation with Adrien and herself.

As Nino and Adrien headed back to their place, they were both lost in their thoughts, and didn't talk much.

When they got back to their place and had got themselves sorted, Adrien asked his best friend, "Nino, do you want to go over the material now or later?"

Nino looked over at him. "How about a round of Mecha Strike 3?"

"You're on," Adrien said playfully, as they set up the game. He smiled to himself. His life was good.

"Hey, just wondering, do you guys want to take a day off to have fun? It doesn't help if we end up getting too stressed, because we would end up doing badly in our midterms," Marinette suggested.

All of them studied hard, especially Adrien, who also worked a part-time job. Of course, he had a trust fund his parents left him. Still, he didn't want to use the money until he graduated from college. Just another two years of hard work and he would have a bachelor's degree in architecture.



The buildings he drew were impressive in Marinette's eyes. She did wonder if she could commission him to design her place of business. It was a dream of hers to start her own business, with an impressive flagship store!

Adrien looked at Alya and Nino; they nodded their heads, which meant they were going. Adrien wanted to go, but he had to finish reviewing for his classes, so he said sadly, "Sorry guys, but I am going to stay and study."

"Okay, man. Call us if you need anything."

Nino and Alya headed to the car, and Marinette looked at Adrien.

"Are you sure there isn't any way I can convince you to come with us?" she asked in a sultry tone of voice as she walked to stand right in front of him.

He swallowed. Marinette's finger ran from his chest downward. She stopped and looked at the front of his pants. A slight movement caught her eyes for a moment. "Seems like *someone* is agreeing with me."

Adrien gulped.

Marinette looked straight at him. "It's your loss," she said and headed for the door.

A few moments passed.

"Wait."

Marinette stopped and turned around. "Yes?"

"You won. I'm coming too," he said, faking disappointment as he admitted defeat, but smiling at her immediately after and reaching out to kiss her. She was about to kiss him back when he pulled away.

"We've got to go," Adrien said as he headed out the door, and Marinette could only follow.

After much deliberation, they decided that Alya would drive; Nino sat in the passenger seat and was in charge of the music; Marinette sat behind Alya and looked out the window, enjoying the scenery deeply.

“So where to?” Alya asked.

“How about we go and play laser tag?” Adrien suggested as he looked over at Marinette with a knowing smile.

“I’m up for it,” Marinette said.

Alya looked in the rearview mirror and didn’t fail to notice the look shared between Adrien and Marinette. She wondered what it was about, but she’ll get her answer later, she thought. In the meantime, Alya and Nino nodded their heads.

Adrien gave directions to Alya on how to reach their favorite laser tag place, so they arrived in no time and took them even less to walk straight into the building.

“Well, well, if it isn’t the King and Queen of laser tag,” a voice called out. They all looked towards the direction of the voice to see a dark-skinned guy with green eyes, who looked not much older than them.

“Hey, Plagg. Sorry for not making it here more often. College got us by our necks,” Adrien admitted.

“It’s all right, kid. I know you got a life outside of laser tag, but it would be nice to get a call from you two every once in a while.”

“Plagg... behave!” called out a woman’s voice.

“Yes, Tikki, my sweet sugar cube,” Plagg said, as a young woman stepped out of a room near them and walked up to give Marinette and Adrien a hug.

“So, are these friends of yours?” the woman called Tikki asked.

“Yes, there are,” Marinette said.



While at the same time Adrien said, “We’re here to play, is there a game about to start?”

He looked past Plagg and Tikki and noticed that there was a group of people getting set up to play.

“Yes, that group’s about to start now. We can put two of you guys on separate teams,” Plagg said.

“Adrien and I will go on one team, and Nino and Alya can go on the other team,” agreed Marinette.

“Sounds good to me,” Nino said.

“I am good with that,” agreed Alya at the same time.

Soon the game started. The teams were the same for the first few minutes; after about five minutes, Adrien and Marinette began to tag other players many times. Playing the game brought memories to them and it didn’t take long before they got back into the groove, like they did when they were playing regularly a few years before. Marinette smiled thinking at how much she missed it.

They used to play so much that Tikki and Plagg had also created nicknames for them. They were Ladybug and Chat Noir, the superheroes of Laser Tag. Ah, how many memories! They were playing so smoothly that they ended up participating in two games before the other group decided to leave.

“Hey Adrien, can I ask you something?” Marinette said as she looked around the corner to make sure no one was trying to sneak up on them.

“Sure, what is it?” the boy said.

Marinette gave him a worried look as she faked confidence, but in reality her palms were quite sweaty. “How do you feel about kids?”

Adrien looked over at her. “Do you mean kids in general or my own kids?”

"Both," Marinette said.

"Well, I like kids in general. They are nice to be around. As for my own kids... sure, I want kids, but not right now; I'm just getting on my feet and, well, I think I'll need to learn to stand before I can attempt to walk,"

"That's good to know," Marinette said as they heard the buzzer to indicate the game was over.

"That was a great game," Adrien said as he sat down in one of the chairs in the waiting area.

"I didn't realize the two of you guys were pros at this game, or I would never have agreed to play against you. Dude, honestly... you whipped us big time," Nino whined.

"Bro, did you think Plagg called us 'king and queen' for sport? Marinette and I've been doing this since we met in high school. It's the one thing we liked back then," Adrien admitted.

Nino nodded his head. "Remind me never to get on your bad side." As he said that, Alya sat by him, leaned against him and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Babe, let's do this again sometime," she whispered into his ear.

"Sure!" Nino took off the gear and placed it where the equipment was going to be cleaned before being used again.

"How about this: we get together once a month to play laser tag. If one of us can not make it, then we can rearrange it to a time that works for all of us," Marinette suggested, looking at each of her friends to gauge their reaction.

"Sure, I don't see a problem with that," Alya said.

"This was fun. I wouldn't mind doing this again," Nino said.

"How about you, Adrien?" Marinette asked.

"I'm game if you are," Adrien placed his gear on top of Nino's equipment and smiled playfully at her.

"Good, it's settled then," concluded Marinette.

"So, when should we meet?" Alya asked.

"How about we meet on a Saturday?" Adrien suggested

Alya smiled. "My Saturdays are free unless something comes up!"

"Same here," added Nino.

Marinette put a finger on the top of her mouth and tapped her own lips thoughtfully. "Well, it would depend on which Saturday it is. You guys know that on Saturday I help at my parent's bakery sometimes."

"Yes, that is right. We can do it on a Saturday when you're not working there."

Marinette beamed. "I'll let you guys know when I will be helping out there then, so those Saturdays I will not be available."

"Okay, we will meet on Saturdays when our schedule allows us to...there's no way we all don't have a Saturday off at least once a month," concluded Adrien.

"So it's settled, we can all make it unless something comes up," Marinette said.

Everyone nodded their heads in agreement.

Marinette knew that the closer the midterms got, the more stressed out they would be. The thing was, she knew any time she could spend with Adrien would relieve her stress. She had loved Adrien since they had met in grade school and she was the one who befriended him when he first came to her class.

"Marinette, are you listening?" Alya's voice seemed to come from a different world.

Marinette blinked a couple of times. "Sorry, I was distracted."

"I asked if you wanted to go and get some pizza with the guys right now?"

Marinette stretched her legs. "Sure, let me grab my jacket."

Adrien and Nino sat at their table with books scattered all over. They had notebooks with pens ready to write down anything they thought would be on the midterms.

Nino let out a sigh as he heard Adrien's stomach letting out a loud growl.

"What? I haven't eaten all day!" the blonde said with a shrug.

Nino shot him a disapproving look. "Adrien, you know that's not good for you, you need to eat." He stood up and moved to Adrien's side, closed the book in front of him and picked up his own phone to check messages. When he scrolled down, his lips curled in a knowing smile. "Dude, we are getting something to eat and that's an order!"

Adrien knew his best friend wasn't going to take no for an answer. He sighed and accepted defeat. "Okay, fine, where are we going?"

"What about pizza? I just got a message from the girls, they're waiting for us at Johnnie's."

They both grabbed their jackets and wallets and left the apartment.

Alya and Marinette sat at a booth at Johnnie's Pizzeria. They hadn't ordered yet, they were waiting for their friends to get there, so they could decide together, and it wasn't too long before Adrien and Nino walked through the door; Alya waved them over. Adrien sat next to Marinette, only a few inches between them. Nino sat beside Alya, on the other side of the booth.

"So, how's the studying going?" Nino asked.



“Good, I’m confident that I’m not going to fluke any of my classes,” Alya said confidently.

“I’m happy for you; I’m not so sure about mine,” Nino admitted.

“Hey, how about we do another study group?” Marinette suggested.

“I think that would be a great idea,” Adrien agreed, his hand nearly brushing Marinette’s hand on her leg.

“Okay, let’s do it,” Nino said enthusiastically.

“Do you want to do it today?” Marinette asked.

Adrien beamed at her. “Sure, why not?”

“What about when we finish eating and get home to collect our stuff and meet the guys at their apartment? It may be better to study at their place this time. For convenience mainly!”

“Sounds good, Babe, we’ll head back to get ready and wait for you,” Nino concluded. They made small conversation while waiting for their food, and it didn’t take long for them to eat. Once they had paid, they separated, the boys heading to their apartment and the girls to their shared place.

Adrien got his laptop and books out and placed them on the coffee table by the couch. Nino had taken the table in the kitchen for where he and Alya would be studying. They both let out a sigh of relief when they realized they had cleaned up before the girls arrived, and that’s when there was a knock on the door. Wow, great timing! Nino let the girls in and the two boys stood, a bit nervous, waiting for the girls to judge their cleaning skills.

“This looks cozy,” Alya reassured as she looked around the room.

Nino smiled at her. “Thank you!” he said as he followed them into the living room.

“Hey, Adrien,” Marinette said. She sat down beside him and got out her laptop and the books she would need to study.

“I’m so glad you could make it,” Adrien said softly, causing her heart to flutter.

“Let’s get studying,” Marinette said and opened one of her books. Alya and Nino headed over to the kitchen table and sat down.

Marinette opened her eyes. It was dark and she was a bit unsure as to where she was, the place was a little unfamiliar. The last thing she remembered was studying at Nino and Adrien’s place. Where was she? She looked around and realized that she was in a bed, but the bed wasn’t hers. She started getting a little worried, but suddenly, the smell of fresh pine hit her nose along with a hint of chocolate. It was the smell she had learned to associate with Adrien.

Marinette admitted to herself that she enjoyed the smell, and just laid there for a minute to soak up in it. Regrettably, after a couple of minutes, she sat up to check her surroundings and let her eyes adjust to the room. There was a couch in close proximity, and she could see someone laying on the couch, who was most likely Adrien. Marinette guessed she had fallen asleep, and he didn’t want to wake her, so he just let her sleep in his bed. Ever the gentleman. Admittedly, that was one of the reasons why she loved him.

The desk lamp light illuminated Adrien’s face, and Marinette found herself staring at the beautiful boy for some time. He looked so handsome laying there. The girl looked for a blanket and found one hung over the back of the couch, so she settled herself next to Adrien on the couch and placed the blanket over them. He wrapped his arm around Marinette’s waist and pulled her closer.

“Pregnant,” Marinette whispered as she looked at the stick in her hand.

“Marinette, is everything alright?” Alya asked from the other side of the doorway.



“Yes. No... I’m actually not sure,” Marinette muttered in panic. She got up, opened the door and held out the test to Alya.

“You’re *pregnant*? WHAT? Who’s the father?”

“Adrien,” Marinette whispered.

“Oh... Wow, how did I *not* know you were in a relationship with Adrien?”

Marinette blushed. “I think your focus was on the midterms and Nino,” she tried to lie, but Alya raised an eyebrow, so Marinette slouched her shoulders and admitted defeat. “Okay, okay, I didn’t tell you. I hid the truth from my best friend. Please forgive me!”

She put her hands in front of her face in a prayer gesture and opened one eye to check Alya’s face. Her friend had folded her arms on her chest, but was giving Marinette a cunning smile. Marinette sighed in relief, before looking at the test and panicking again.

“What am I going to do, Alya?”

“What do you mean? You are going to tell Adrien the news, of course,” Alya said excitedly. “You’re going to be a happy couple, get married and have the two kids and the naked mole rat you were dreaming about when we were in grade school. Happily ever after. The end.” She smirked.

“I can’t!”

“Why not?”

Marinette sighed, then she put both her hands to the side of her face and took on a cringe expression, as if someone was dying in front of her. “He told me having kids right now would be a bad move in his life.”

“He said what?” Alya practically screamed.

“Alya, calm down,”

“Why should I?”

Tears sprang to her eyes as Marinette said with a trembling tone of voice, “I love him! I’m not going to get in the way of his dreams.” Then she cupped both hands to the sides of her face and started breathing harder, her eyes widening in panic. “Gosh, I’m going to have to drop out of college and move away! I can’t let him find out I am pregnant... if he does, he will abandon his ambitions and resent me forever. I’d rather move on than have him hate me!!”.

Alya maneuvered her to the bed, had her sit down, and then rubbed a small circle on her lower back, as Marinette cried.

Adrien waited outside of Marinette’s classroom. The midterms were over, and a few weeks had passed. The thing was, he hadn’t seen or talked to Marinette since the girls were over to study for the midterm. Adrien didn’t know what was going on: he’d gone back in his mind to see if he did something wrong, and came up with nothing, which gave him a sense of pressure in the pit of his stomach. He missed Marinette immensely, and not only for the sex. Although he did miss that too...when he couldn’t have the real thing he would just let his imagination fuel his sex drive, but recently, it only ended up with him being more frustrated and unable to get a good orgasm.

The bell had rung, and the students filled out. He didn’t see Marinette, but he did see Alya, who hadn’t seen him yet.

“Hey, Alya,” Adrien said, as he saw her look up at him wearily.

Okay he did have to admit it was a reaction he wasn’t expecting from a person like Alya, so there was indeed something going on, and now he was more determined to find out Whatever it took, he was going to fight to be with her.

‘Hey Adrien, what’s up?’ asked Alya warily.

He decided he should be blunt and straight to the point if he wanted to have answers. “What’s going on with Marinette?”

“Nothing!”

“Alya, I know that’s not true. I haven’t seen or talked to her since we all studied for the midterm at our place,” Adrien scolded.

“I can’t tell you what’s going on, Adrien. Sorry. Please don’t make it more difficult, because I won’t say anything!” Alya walked away and Adrien watched her speeding up until she was out of his sight. Adrien just stood there in shock.

Adrien had two other classes for the day, but his mind was distracted with trying to figure out what had gone wrong with himself and Marinette. He wasn’t going to give up on her. He was in love with her and couldn’t see himself being apart from her. After his classes were over, he headed back home to plan how he would get Marinette to talk to him.

“Dude, are you okay?” Nino asked.

“Yes, I am fine.” Adrien looked up at Nino, who sat on the couch with his textbook open on the coffee table in front of him. There were a few new books on the coffee table, and one in particular caught his curiosity: a book called “What to Expect When You’re Expecting?”

“Umm... Nino... is there something you want to tell me?” Adrien said as he eyed the book. Nino noticed where his eyes had ended up and blushed.

“Dude, that’s not for me, I’m just reading up on it, I need to be ready to help in any way I can if this does come up.” He noticed how Adrien had raised an eyebrow at him and was giving him a disbelieving look, so he added defensively, “Well... one of my cousins is pregnant, and I’d like to learn more about it, so I can help her out.”

Adrien smiled softly. “Did anyone ever tell you that you are a great friend?”

“Yes, you have, dude,” Nino said, as he went back to reading the textbooks in front of him.

Adrien headed to his room and sat down on the chair at his desk. He looked up and then ran his hands over his face and let out a groan. He knew this wasn't going to be easy, but Marinette was worth it.

The boy got out some line paper and a pen, then started to write a letter to Marinette. He wanted to pour his heart out to her on paper, since she didn't want to see him or talk to him in person, and it was hurting him deeply. His text and voicemail messages went unread and unheard. This was the only other way he could think of to talk to her without feeling the sting of being avoided like the plague.

Three hours passed before he finished writing and was happy with what he'd jotted down. After rereading it for the umpteenth time, he finally picked up an envelope, put the letter in it and wrote her name on the front, in his calligraphy handwriting. Then, he grabbed his keys and headed out the door. He made his way to Marinette and Alya's dorm room. The lights were off, so he knew no one was there, but he didn't need anyone to be there; he slipped the letter under their door and headed off.

Marinette rushed to the bathroom, then hunched over the toilet and threw up. Ugh. Morning sickness wasn't fun at all! The only thing she seemed to be able to keep down was saltine crackers and ginger ale. She couldn't wait for the morning sickness to pass.

Alya came and stood by the bathroom door, looking at Marinette and rubbing the sleep from her eyes. "Sweetie, do you need me to get you some ginger ale?"

"Yes, please," Marinette said. Alya left for a few moments and came back with a cup of ginger ale in one hand and an envelope in the other. She handed her the cup and watched her sip from the cup slowly.

Marinette let out a sigh of relief as her stomach settled down. When she noticed the letter in Alya's hand, she could see Adrien's unmistakable handwriting. "Can I have the letter, please?" she asked her in a soft voice.

Alya handed the letter to her, then turned and left, so Marinette could read it in private.

The girl gently opened the envelope, so as not to ruin the letter inside. She took the letter and began to read it.

My Sweet Marinette,

The moments we spent together were the best times in my life. I'm not sure what I have done to make you avoid me. I understand you need time on your own and I will give you the time that you need.

The first time we met was when it was raining, and you forgot to bring an umbrella. I gave you mine, so you could get home. Please keep it, it's a gift from me to you.

I can see spending the rest of my life with you; there isn't a day which goes by where I don't think about you. You are the air I breathe, the warmth from the sun I desperately crave. I will wait as long as it takes until you are ready to talk to me, but please, don't leave me alone.

I love you, Marinette Dupain-Cheng!

-Adrien Agreste

Tears formed in Marinette's eyes and she let them flow freely on her cheeks.

Marinette waited outside Adrien's classroom; After reading the letter, she had thought a lot about what was the best thing to do and had decided that she owed it to him to be truthful. She was going to tell him she was pregnant, she was going to let the chips fall as they may. The bell rang, and the students filed out of the classroom. Adrien was the last one to get out, looking surprised to find her standing there.

"Hey," Marinette said shyly.

"Hey," Adrien replied.

"Adrien, I've got something to tell you."

Adrien's brow furrowed, he moved over to her side and placed a hand on her arm. "What is it?" he inquired.

Marinette took out the ultrasound she got from the doctor the previous day, and handed it to Adrien, who took it and had a good look. His eyes widened as he realized what it was. His mind went back to what Marinette had asked him when they were playing Laser Tag and suddenly it all clicked.

"Oh..." he said, his gaze searching for hers and locking into the beautiful sapphires she had in place of her eyes. "Is that why you've been avoiding me?"

Marinette just nodded her head, so Adrien looked down at the ultrasound.

"How far along are you?"

"It's six weeks and one day today," Marinette said.

"I'm going to be a dad," Adrien beamed, as he picked her up and whirled her around and put her back down on the ground. Marinette squealed.

"So you're not mad at me?" she asked, a concerned frown furrowing her eyebrows.

"No, why should I be? We're going to have a baby!" Adrien said, as he took her hands. "I know this isn't the ideal time to have a kid, but we *will* make it work,"

"I'm so happy to hear that! I was so worried you were going to hate me for this after what you said the other day." She hugged him tight. "We have so many things to discuss, it's so exciting! Do you have time to talk now?"



“Yes, I do. This was my last class. We can head back to my place. Nino isn’t going to be home tonight, so we will have the place to ourselves.”

“That’s good,” she whispered into his ear.

“I’m glad we got to talk, and figure things out,” Marinette said.

Adrien kissed her lightly on her forehead and then moved slowly to kiss her neck. One of his hands caressed through her top and massaged her breast through her bra. His hand crept closer to the bottom of her blouse, then disappeared underneath, as it moved under her bra and cupped her breast, starting to play with her sensitive nipples. Marinette let out a moan of pleasure.

Her hand lay on Adrien’s inner thigh, then she started to move it closer to his crotch. His cock twitched when he felt her hand move. In turn, he slid his other hand towards her pussy. Once there, he slipped his hand into her skirt and was surprised to feel that, again, there was no underwear. His cock was now fully erect, knowing well that she was ready for him.

Marinette moved quickly to pull off her blouse and her bra. Adrien’s eyes widened as he realized what she was doing, but quickly took off the t-shirt he was wearing and threw it across the room. His hands explored Marinette’s undressed body.

She kissed Adrien’s neck, then she paused to suck and nibble his skin, making him let out a moan. Marinette’s hand then rubbed his erect dick through his pants, but not happy about the barrier she had encountered, she reached inside of them and pulled it out.

Adrien’s hands stopped roaming her body when she pulled away; the boy looked at her with hunger in his eyes, and Marinette kneeled in between his legs and moved her head to his cock. She took Adrien’s balls into one hand and gently massaged them, while with the other, she took Adrien’s dick at the base and started to move her hand up and down, spitting on his dick to lube

it up. Marinette then took him into her mouth and hit the back of her throat; but this didn't stop her—in fact, she went deeper and sucked his cock until it was pulsating in her mouth.

Adrien put his hand on Marinette's head and pushed her closer toward his stomach; he could feel his orgasm getting close.

"Oooh, I'm going to cu—"Adrien started, as the pressure reached its peak. "Fuck, Marinette!"

His orgasm ripped through his body. His head settled back against the couch as Marinette swallowed every drop of cum, and then pulled back to look at him.

"I hope you enjoyed that," Marinette said, with a cunning smile on her face.

"Oh yes, that was great," he admitted between heavy pants. "Now I'm going to return the favor." He moved off the couch and motioned her to lay down on it and take off her skirt.

The boy took a moment to look over Marinette's beautiful naked figure. Then he started to kiss every inch of her body, starting with the head and making his way towards her feet. He spent a little more attention on the sensitive spots where her piercings were located, and on her tummy, which he seemed to almost worship in awe.

He gently put both hands on it and kissed every inch of her skin, before putting his ear to it. "There's my baby in there." Marinette felt his lips curling in a soft smile as he hugged her middle, and felt tears starting to prick down her eyes. How could she think that he would have rejected his own child? After the youth that he had...he deserved to have his own family to love and cherish. Marinette's heart swelled for the boy and how much she loved him. He was going to be a great dad! But her thoughts were interrupted as the boy resumed his previous activity.

He kissed and sucked all over her inner thighs, leaving his mark on her. When he kissed her pussy, he felt her squirm a bit, so he paused and gave her enough time to settle down. Once she stopped squirming, he rubbed her clit, which made her moan with pleasure.



Adrien slid a finger into her pussy and moved it in and out slowly at first and then faster, adding another finger after a minute or two. Every time Marinette was close to an orgasm, he stopped before she came. When he had four fingers inside her, he felt she was on the verge of her climax.

“Adrien, fuck, please let me cum,” she begged, and Adrien looked at her; she was gorgeous. He liked it when she begged. Yet, he increased the pace, so she could have her orgasm.

“Cum for me, baby.”

It was a few moments later that Marinette’s orgasm hit. She arched her back as she yelled out Adrien’s name. When it was over, she laid back on the couch for a couple of minutes, before she sat up so that Adrien could sit next to her. She leaned against Adrien’s arm and looked over at him.

“That was great, daddy,” she said in a whisper, causing butterflies to form into his stomach.

He kissed her temple softly, his hand reaching for her tummy and resting on top of it, in a protective gesture. “Yes it was. Mommy.”

The End





Meet the Author!

**Saij
Spellhart**

Welcome to the Author Interview!

Here we get to know more about a Miraculous smut writer! Thanks to the author for taking the time to talk to us.

When Saij Spellhart writes a story, one thing is guaranteed: it will be original, hot, and beautifully written. It will also make us come back to reread it over and over again, just for the pure pleasure of reading.

We hope you enjoy reading this interview... Now let's meet the author!

What is your pen name or pseudonym?

Saij Spellhart

How long have you been writing — or when did you start?

I've been writing fanfiction for 12 years? I think. Maybe longer.

What do you think is the best way to improve one's writing skills?

Practice. Lots of practice. And read a lot too. You learn from other people when you read, and you can apply the things you learn when you write. Writing short stories and one shots is a great way to feel accomplished and practice without overwhelming yourself with a huge project you might never finish.

What is the most difficult part of your writing process?

Finding the motivation to write. Motivation usually strikes me in the car, or at work. Places I cannot write. And then I'm too tired or unmotivated when I get home.

How did you come to write explicit stories?

I dunno. Read some explicit fanfics, got intrigued to try it out myself. Sucked at writing it and took that as a challenge to improve.

Out of the Adrienette stories you've written, which is the one you are the happiest about?

Well, while I've written Lovesquare fics. I actually mostly write Marichat and MariBlanc. It's the same characters, but I know people get picky about that kind of thing.

Marinette leaned over him, bracing above him as his hands gripped her sides. His thumbs pressed against her ribs, fingers digging into her back until her spine arched and put her breasts in reach of his lips. Leaning up, he grasped one rosy nipple, laving it with his tongue and sucking strongly as she whined.

Her hips bucked against him a little faster, restrained by his hands holding her still as the bell at her neck swung. Gasping, his lips released her breast and Marinette changed the angle, tilting her hips to rub more fully against him, increasing the pleasurable friction. Beneath her, Chat's head tilted back, eyes screwing shut as she rode him.

"Fuck!" He gasped, fingers spasming as his hips flexed against her helplessly. "Fuck, don't stop... Mari... Mari, Mari."

— in *Once a Thief Always a Thief*

The fic I'm most pleased with is *Once a Thief Always a Thief*.

It was the first fic I started writing for the fandom, and I wrote it for friends and family. Even my mother was reading it before she passed away. So it's incredibly precious to me. It's mostly Marichat with a little Adrienette sprinkled throughout and at the end.

Which Adrienette story would you like to hear as an audiobook?

One of my favorite authors, Yilena, wrote a delightful horror fanfic called Cauchemar. I'm a huge horror fan and the whole fic experience was chilling and delightful. I would love to listen to it on audio.

What is some interesting fact you would like others to know about you?

Uhhh... I like magical creatures and monsters. I don't know if that's terribly interesting though. Anything particularly interesting about me is too personal to share with the general public. And I can't really think of anything I want people to know.

He may as well have been pudding beneath her hand. The simple massaging was enough to render him boneless.

I'm an akuma, I shouldn't be this easy.

Her delicious nails scratched his scalp, and he couldn't suppress the shudder that rolled down his body.

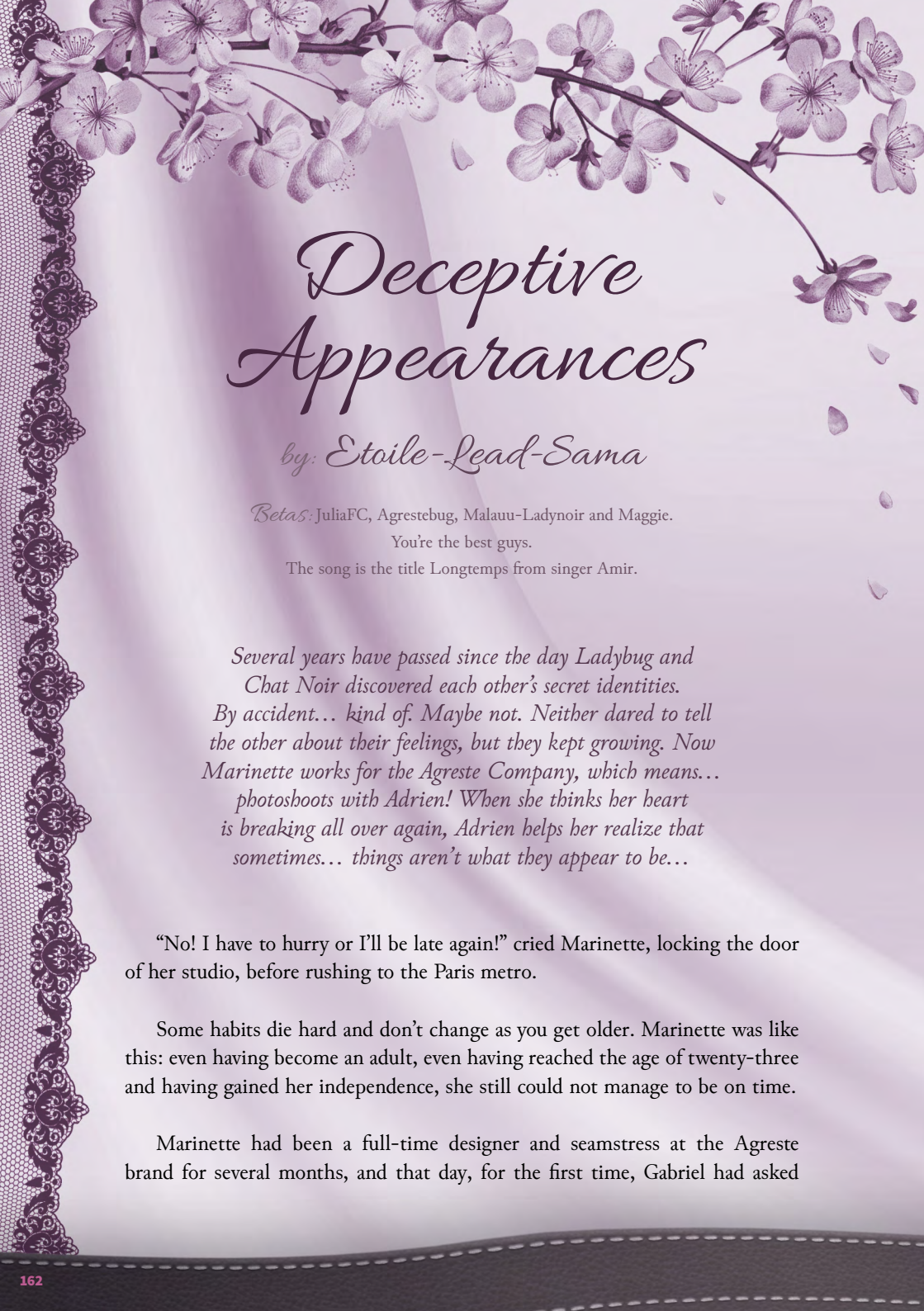
For her. I make an exception only for her.

God, he needed her. Needed her like the air in his lungs, hot as the blood in his veins. He needed to feel her pulse beneath his touch, and taste the sweat on her skin. To savor her, embrace her. Bathe in her presence, until he forgot the rest of the world existed.

— in *Kitty Cuddles*

Well, that is all the time we have now.

I do hope you enjoy getting to know our author. Please check out her work at: saijspellhart.tumblr.com, archiveofourown.org/users/SaijSpellhart, [instagram.com/saijspellhart](https://www.instagram.com/saijspellhart).



Deceptive Appearances

by: Etoile-Lead-Sama

Betas: JuliaFC, Agrestebug, Malauu-Ladynoir and Maggie.

You're the best guys.

The song is the title Longtemps from singer Amir.

Several years have passed since the day Ladybug and Chat Noir discovered each other's secret identities. By accident... kind of. Maybe not. Neither dared to tell the other about their feelings, but they kept growing. Now Marinette works for the Agreste Company, which means... photoshoots with Adrien! When she thinks her heart is breaking all over again, Adrien helps her realize that sometimes... things aren't what they appear to be...

"No! I have to hurry or I'll be late again!" cried Marinette, locking the door of her studio, before rushing to the Paris metro.

Some habits die hard and don't change as you get older. Marinette was like this: even having become an adult, even having reached the age of twenty-three and having gained her independence, she still could not manage to be on time.

Marinette had been a full-time designer and seamstress at the Agreste brand for several months, and that day, for the first time, Gabriel had asked

her to supervise one of the photoshoots for the next collection. It was a test, Marinette knew very well, and she couldn't afford to be late, not today.

The young woman sighed when the metro doors closed behind her: she had arrived just in time. Probably again thanks to her Ladybug luck... Yes, she was still the heroine of Paris. The years had passed, but she and Chat Noir still hadn't managed to get the Miraculous of the Butterfly and of the Peacock back.

Shadow Moth no longer attacked as often as when she was in high school, which allowed her to have an almost normal life. However, he had grown stronger and every time the Akuma Alert sounded in Paris, she knew the fight would be tough. She had lost count of the times they had won, but she never stopped believing in their victory—and in her partner. She knew that, one day, they would defeat Shadow Moth for real, even if she didn't know when, or how.

Marinette sighed and looked at her reflection in the window of the metro door. Her long, jet-black hair was tied back in a messy bun, with a few crazy little locks sticking out to conceal her ears. Her face had become slimmer, losing the baby fat of childhood. But what had changed the most about her was her figure. She had one last growth spurt before she was sixteen and was now of average height. Her Ladybug activities gave her a slim and slender figure without being too muscular. Moreover, that day, she wore a fitted dress in emerald green color that highlighted her curves, topped with a simple denim jacket.

The metro doors opened again and she stepped out. She then walked briskly towards her destination, avoiding looking at the posters that adorned the billboards.

By some miracle, or by magic, she arrived at her meeting place exactly on time, as the photographer opened the room to bring in the two models of the day. One of them then turned to her and smiled softly at her, causing her heartbeat to speed up into a crazy dance.

"Hi Marinette," greeted Adrien.

"Hi Adrien," she replied calmly.



Adrien Agreste. With time, she thought she had overcome her feelings for him, to have moved on...until one day, by mere coincidence, she discovered that he was none other than her wonderful feline partner. All the feelings she had felt for him then came to the surface, to mingle with those she had started to feel for the feline. She had, therefore, fallen again head over heels in love with him. Unfortunately, just like when she was a coll ge student, she'd never found the courage to declare herself to him.

She'd rejected Chat Noir so many times, telling him that she loved another man. She'd hurt him so much that she didn't feel she had the right to tell him how she felt. Neither of them had ever spoken of this revelation, and Marinette didn't know how Chat Noir felt knowing that she was his Lady, after all this time. Was he disappointed? Things hadn't really changed between them, but she knew his heart and knew he was a good man. He would never intentionally hurt her. She loved him even more and suffered each and every time she saw him, as if kept prisoner inside this infernal spiral.

She followed Adrien into the room where they were going to take the photos, then watched him walk away towards his dressing room, a pang in her heart.

Adrien had grown a lot in recent years and was several inches taller than her. It had hardly surprised her, given how tall his father was. He had cut his hair to give himself a more manly and grown-up look, a cut that also suited him particularly well when he wore his Chat Noir ears. His body had also been shaped over the years by his activities, both as a civilian and as a superhero. He was lean and muscular, but not over the top— just right. His t-shirt also gave a glimpse of his sculpted pecs and abdominals, which didn't help the young woman to keep a clear mind when standing at his side. She had to admit that she almost preferred to see him in his tight leather-like suit, although she would rather be tortured than admit it in front of him...

The photoshoot focused on the upcoming summer collection. Adrien was therefore usually shirtless and in shorts, with a simple unbuttoned white shirt, leaving no room for the imagination. Marinette was glad she had nothing to do most of the time, as her heart was racing and she wasn't sure she could hold a needle properly if her help was needed.

The young woman almost fainted when the blond showed up in tight swimming trunks and had to leave the room for a few minutes, to get some fresh air and try to calm down the mad beating of her heart. My god, he was so handsome and sexy. Pure torture!

When Marinette finally had the courage to return to the room again, her heart sank once again but, this time, not from happiness or Adrien's sex appeal: the couple shots had started and Marinette didn't like what she saw...

The female model was beautiful—busty, tall, brown with eyes of embers... in short, all that could satisfy a man... However, what destroyed Marinette even further was that she seemed to match Adrien perfectly.

As soon as the photographer stopped taking photos of them, Adrien started talking to the female model. They joked together and he even smiled at her. The same smile Marinette had fallen in love with. She even heard the young woman chuckle. It hurt so much. It felt like her heart was breaking into thousands of tiny pieces and her lungs were filled with shards of glass every time she breathed.

Like a zombie, she looked at them—two sparkling suns, while she...was in the shadows. She stood there, without a word, staring at them. She had to hold on, for her job...for her dream...which had suddenly turned into a nightmare.

Her eyes filled with tears when the photographer asked Adrien and Luciana, the female model, to play lovers. She recognized that tender gaze he looked at Luciana with. She recognized that sweet smile that stretched his lips. That was how he looked at *her before*...before it had happened...

It was too much for her heart. She wasn't that strong. She couldn't see the love of her life flirting with another woman like that without feeling broken. She couldn't. She chose then to run away, tears rolling down her cheeks, not knowing where she was going. Now nothing mattered: it was too late.

In her haste to get away, Marinette didn't notice his emerald green eyes widening in surprise. She also didn't see the stupid, happy smile that stretched his lips when he understood what her running away meant—she *loved* him. Marinette didn't hear his voice calling her. Neither did she see that he was chasing her, his features almost terrified of losing her, now that he'd finally understood that she loved him...



Adrien was having trouble concentrating on the photoshoot that day. Marinette's presence made things much more complicated than usual, especially when Luciana had arrived.

When he had discovered several months ago that Marinette and his Lady were the same person, he had been *overjoyed*. Indeed, even if their studies had ended up separating them, each moment that he had spent with her had brought them closer and, finally, he had come to understand that he had fallen in love with her. He had never dared to tell her for fear that she would reject him and lose her friendship. He thought it was better to suffer for his love, even if it wasn't mutual, than to never be able to see her again.

Adrien was overjoyed to discover the identity of his Lady...until he remembered that she loved another, and didn't have feelings for Chat Noir. He had therefore decided to silence the outbursts of his heart and stay by her side forever, even if he could only be her friend and faithful partner.

Over time, many women had used their charms to try to win him over, but his heart was irretrievably trapped by that beautiful girl with the gorgeous bluebell eyes. Even his father, who still held so much power over him, had never been able to force him to date the girls of his choice. It was one of the only things he could give her, no matter the cost. His willpower was like iron, and as strong as his love for her.

It didn't make the times they were together any easier though, and he only managed to hold on because he was terrified of losing her forever.

During the whole period of his solo shots, he kept glancing in the direction of his heart's chosen one. When he saw her come out, a pretty red shade coloring her cheeks, he couldn't help it but grin cheerfully: it looked like she wasn't as unimpressed with him as he thought.

Adrien thought that his stomach was turning to lead when the photographer announced the couple's shoot. He knew what it meant, and he didn't like the idea of having to play the role of the man in love, even if only for pictures, right in front of the woman he would love to spend the rest of his life with.

Luciana was someone he appreciated and she seemed to immediately grasp his stressful state when she arrived on set. She teased him and managed to relax him enough for him to regain his professionalism. He avoided looking towards Marinette but, when the photographer asked them to imitate a couple in love, he couldn't help imagining Marinette instead of Luciana: it was the only way to make his photos credible.

Adrien heard the shock of a chair falling to the ground and turned his head sharply in Marinette's direction. It was then that he saw that she was running away. A ray of sunlight broke through the door as she made her exit, revealing a shine on her face. His heart dropped when he realized that she was crying.

An intense joy overwhelmed him at first: Marinette had reacted like this when he had pretended to be in love with Luciana, which meant that she was *jealous*. It could mean that maybe... she loved him too!

"Marinette, wait!" he cried, but the door closed behind her, making her disappear from sight.

His worst nightmare finally seemed to come true and, unable to leave her heartbroken, Adrien ran after her—forgetting everything else. Luciana. The photographer. His father and his collection. Papillon and his akumas. There was only one thing that mattered to him: Marinette.

What a fool he was to be afraid to reveal his feelings to her! It was all his fault! He hoped more than anything that he could still get things right.

Marinette ran without looking where she went, blind and deaf to her surroundings. She didn't stop until a hand grabbed her arm, forcing her to freeze. She had barely seen a glimpse of a blond mane, and she found herself held tightly by two strong arms.

"I'm sorry, Marinette," Adrien whispered tenderly in her ear. "This cat is slow to relax at times."



Marinette sniffed and put her hands on his bare chest to push him away, but to no avail: his hold was too tight.

"I hate you, Adrien!" she said in the most spiteful tone she could, tears rolling down her cheeks. "I hate you!"

She saw a flash of pain gleaming through Adrien's gaze, but she was so wounded that she didn't want to be the only to suffer so much. She tried to pull away again, but he didn't move an inch, so she started pounding her fists on his chest.

"I hate you!" she shouted once more. "Why did it have to be you? Why am I so stupid to have fallen in love with you three times? Why—?"

But she didn't have time to finish her sentence, because she was cut off by the most implacable and fiery of kisses. Adrien kissed her like a conqueror, leaving her no chance to escape. He destroyed all of her resistance before it even came out. His kiss was passionate, *desperate*; it cried out the love that he felt for her. The love that united them.

Marinette was so shocked that she didn't move, not knowing what to do. Adrien ended the kiss, before she could do anything, and rested his forehead against hers.

"I love you, Marinette", he declared in a hoarse voice, knotted with emotion. "I'm crazy about you. Even in my wildest dreams, I didn't dare to think that you would really love me back. If you knew how much I..."

This time, it was Adrien who couldn't finish his sentence because Marinette had, in turn, taken possession of his mouth. The kiss of the young woman was softer and more tender than the one she had just received, but by no means less demanding. She felt the exact moment when the blond boy understood what was going on. She felt his arms wrap even more tightly around her waist, pulling her even closer to him, before he returned her kiss a hundredfold. She sighed happily against his lips, her heart bursting with joy, and she slipped her arms around his neck, tangling her hand through his hair.

Sometimes, whispers of *I love you* escaped their lips in between kisses. Eventually, they broke their embrace reluctantly, their lungs screaming for

oxygen. Forgetting where they were, Marinette felt Adrien continue to kiss her gently; on the corner of her lips, before kissing each of her eyes. Then, she perceived that he was nibbling her ear tenderly before breathing in a tender *I love you*. Adrien's mouth then drifted towards her neck, on which he placed thousands of little kisses, more and more passionate.

Marinette was in heaven and, because of the delicious torture he was inflicting on her, she couldn't prevent a moan from crossing her lips. Adrien raised his head and plunged his emerald gaze into her eyes, the green of his eyes darkened by the intensity of his desire. A desire that made Marinette shudder down to her toes. The next moment, he plunged on her lips again, as if they were the only source of life in the world, holding onto her for dear life.

She felt his hands slide down her back to catch her thighs, before he pressed her against the nearest wall. She could feel the effect she had on him, and she suddenly felt more powerful than she had ever been. Adrien let go of her lips again and felt them move down her neck, before he sucked a piece of skin between his lips, leaving his mark so that the whole world would know that she was *his*.

Marinette and Adrien were drowned in their world of passion and she knew that if he continued like that, he would end up taking her right there, right now, against that wall...

"Hmm hmm."

Marinette ignored the sound that came to spoil her pleasure: it wasn't part of their world...

"Hmmm."

Hearing the sound again, they both pulled away reluctantly from each other to check the source of the noise. That's how they saw that the photographer was looking at them with a half-amused, half-annoyed look.

"I beg your pardon for the annoying interruption of your activities," he said, causing all arousal to wash off Marinette, like when taking a cold shower.



The young woman had never felt so embarrassed in her life. Adrien released her thighs and put her back on the ground, apologizing to the photographer and rubbing the back of his neck.

“I’ll give you five minutes,” he said before leaving.

Marinette and Adrien exchanged a long, embarrassed but knowing look before bursting into laughter.

The photo shoot was over quickly, as there were only a few shots left to take. But the day wasn’t over yet: Adrien and Marinette had to separate to complete their respective activities for the day, not before having exchanged a languid kiss full of promises.

Never had a day seemed so long to Adrien. The hours passed in slow motion, as if someone had decided to torture him by playing with time. He would’ve transformed and left the mansion as soon as he arrived home. Unfortunately, he knew that his father had gone into the habit of calling him without warning recently, to discuss the magazine and the creation process of the brand’s Spring-Summer collection. He didn’t want the Gorilla to be in trouble if they found out that he was no longer there.

The fair-haired boy eagerly champed at the bit as he watched the sun sink behind the horizon and day give way to night. Finally! He couldn’t hold it any longer and decided to run the risk, using his old-fashioned shower trick.

The next moment, Chat Noir slipped out the bathroom window.

He jumped from roof to roof towards Marinette’s apartment, faster than he had ever been. He landed smoothly on her small balcony and knocked softly on her window, after looking around to ensure that nobody had seen him.

“Come in, it’s open,” he heard Marinette’s voice say from inside.

The feline didn’t have to be told twice and entered the apartment. He immediately let go of his transformation, to allow Plagg to join Tikki, and approached the large armchair, above which he could see the top of Marinette’s head.

The apartment was plunged into semi-darkness and barely lit by a few scented candles. There was soft music in the room, giving a sensual and soft atmosphere to the place. An atmosphere that immediately relaxed Adrien.

He finally arrived behind the chair and took advantage of its large size to lean over it to place a soft kiss on the neck of his sweetheart.

Before Adrien deposited his kiss, he noticed that Marinette was wearing a simple black nightie that left no room for the imagination because it was so transparent. He swallowed, already feeling his cock taking a little more room in his pants. Marinette had also left her long raven hair loose and the candlelight danced on her alabaster skin, making her look almost like a goddess.

"You took your sweet time," she whispered, not to ruin the atmosphere she had created.

Adrien placed soft kisses along the entire curve of her neck, making her shiver, before reaching her ear to whisper his response.

"I'm sorry, Marinette: I didn't want to take any risks."

He nibbled on her earlobe, making her moan softly. When he released her, she turned her head towards him and he finally captured her lips in a delicate kiss. He wanted to take his time, but as soon as his lips brushed Marinette's, all his resolutions melted like chocolate on fire.

Her lips were too tempting and sweet, so desirable, and they molded so well to his own. What had started as a tender kiss soon turned into a much more ardent and passionate exchange, leaving them both breathless. Adrien began to kiss her neck again, but this time, instead of going up, his mouth slowly descended to the young woman's chest.

He could see her nipples sticking out through the fabric, proof of her arousal, and he felt even more cramped in his pants. His mouth finally reached her right nipple and he began to suck through the fabric. Marinette let out another low moan that made him want more. Much more. Always more.



His leaning position was starting to hurt, so Adrien let go of Marinette's breast, which earned him a slight moan of protest. Adrien chuckled softly, straightened up, then flipped the chair around to kneel in front of her.

He met her gaze, like tumultuous waves of passion, his eyes full with desire and lust. A smile worthy of his feline alter-ego then stretched his lips and he leaned towards her other breast to suck it in turn. Using one of his hands, he massaged the other breast, while, with the other, he nonchalantly brushed her thigh. He was doing all of this while his eyes were glued to hers, his gaze taking in every single detail, from her half-open mouth, her sweet moans, her shining eyes that framed the hair falling to either side of her face; all this ensemble gave him another push in his groin.

Marinette was divine.

His hand gradually moved up to her core and he touched her folds once, feeling clearly how wet she was.

"Adrien," moaned Marinette.

Her husky voice of desire drove him insane. He released her nipple and continued to kiss her skin through the fabric of her nightie, descending ever lower. He stopped at her belly button and whispered to her, his own voice huskier than usual with desire,

"Open your legs for me, please, Marinette."

He saw the slight gleam of hesitation in her eyes, but almost immediately the girl parted her legs, giving him access to the most intimate part of herself. A satisfied little smirk popped on his lips as he resumed his descent, slowly, while continuing his slow caresses on her thighs. He finally arrived where he wanted and stopped, raising his head to meet her eyes to silently ask for permission.

Her own eyes were almost closed, and she looked back at him with such intensity that he almost took her right there and then, and made her his. But he clenched his teeth and restrained himself: he wanted above all to give her pleasure. When she understood what he was asking, she nodded. Adrien then

blew on her clit, causing shivers that ran through Marinette's entire body, then he finally put his mouth there, on the little red button.

"Adrien," moaned Marinette, even louder than before.

He began to lick her clit, while teasing her breasts with his hands. He imitated with his tongue what he was dying to do to her with his cock and, very quickly, Marinette grabbed his hair in a wave of pleasure.

"Yes, Adrien. More, I need more. Please...."

Adrien felt his cock throb in his pants, as if having a life of its own and craving to get in the open and nestle in the heat he touched with his mouth. He released her breasts and inserted a finger into her, causing Marinette to squeal with pleasure.

"Yes, Adrien! It's so good."

He pumped back and forth with his finger, while continuing to suck her clit with his tongue, always faster. He felt Marinette tremble against him, and he knew that she would soon reach her peak.

He inserted a second finger in her entrance and felt her wet a little more, as she now moaned uninterruptedly. He inserted a third finger and further increased the pace of his pumping inside her, as well as how fast his tongue was teasing on her clit.

Suddenly, Marinette pulled a little more on his hair, a long moan escaping from his mouth and he felt his fingers being squeezed: the orgasm was finally hitting her.

Adrien carried Marinette to her bed and removed the nightie which still prevented him from fully seeing the beauty of the woman he loved. Marinette helped him take off his T-shirt and quickly unbuttoned his jeans. She slid it down his hips, along with his underwear, to his knees, finally revealing his throbbing erection. She shyly put her hand on it and stroked it, causing Adrien



to moan. He wanted her so much that the slightest touch made him super sensitive. She started performing small back and forth movements on his cock, but he quickly put his hand on it to stop her.

“I want you so much that I might not hold it, Marinette,” he declared, his voice deep and hoarse.

She nodded with a small smile, pushed him to lie on her bed and grabbed a condom from her nightstand. She hesitated for a few seconds, but then plunged her determined gaze into Adrien’s and tore the small package off. She took the condom out and placed it on the tip of his penis, glistening with precum. She unrolled it slowly, causing Adrien to moan; then, when he was fully protected, she sat astride him. He could feel the warmth of her pussy against his cock and he swallowed dryly. He only needed one move and he would nestle into her... only one move...

Marinette rubbed herself slowly against him, moaning at the gentle friction, until Adrien put his hands on her hips to stop her.

“Marinette”, he begged. It was too much teasing—he wanted her. Now.

She leaned down to kiss him and, slowly, she slipped his cock inside of her. They both moaned at the sensation, and Adrien had to force himself not to move immediately. After a few seconds, Marinette moved, pushing his cock out and back inside her. Her slow pace was torture, so Adrien started tickling her breasts with his fingers again. Marinette moaned louder and finally picked up the pace of her hips.

She maintained her pace for a few moments then stopped, making Adrien moan in frustration. She then surprised him by rolling over, which meant that he ended up on top of her.

“Take me, Adrien. Take me as you crave.”

“Are you sure ?” asked the fair-haired boy, hesitating one last time.



She just nodded and Adrien lost control. He gave her a powerful hip kick that made her scream with pleasure and picked up a fast, intense pace.

“Yes, Adrien. Like that,” she yelled. “Take me hard. It’s so good.”

Adrien picked up the pace again, feeling that he too was approaching his orgasm. He didn’t want to reach it without Marinette, so he massaged her clit in pace with his thrusts. Suddenly, he felt Marinette’s walls tighten around his cock and a wave of intense pleasure engulfed him, destroying and removing everything that wasn’t Marinette from his reality.

Adrien tenderly stroked Marinette’s hair. After making love, they had discussed at length. About everything and about nothing but, above all, about them.

“What about Luciana?” asked Marinette, straightening up to meet his gaze.

Adrien chuckled softly. “She’s a friend and you don’t need to worry about her: she’s a lesbian.”

Marinette’s eyes widened in surprise and a smirk curled Adrien’s lips.

“That’s why I work with her. You are the only one I love, and the only one I will love forever, you, the queen of my heart.” He backed up his words with a kiss.

There is a saying that one should be wary of appearances because they are deceptive, but sometimes, like in this case, they are only an instrument of Destiny to bring two souls together.

The End





The Package

by: Maggie

betas: JuliaC, Word_Devourer

*Marinette is a young and ambitious police officer. In her first high-profile case, Gabriel Agreste is arrested, with the cooperation of his son, Adrien Agreste. Now that he's the star witness and a target, the best officers are assigned to protect him. Can Marinette guard Adrien and her heart at the same time? Can Adrien survive endless weeks of isolation? Is Kim a goof? Read on to find out! **

Le Matin Parisien

GABRIEL AGRESTE BEHIND BARS

- ♦ Famous designer and businessman taken into custody last night.
- ♦ Accusations include tax evasion, corruption, money laundering and child labour exploitation.
- ♦ Supermodel son denies involvement in alleged crimes, will testify in court.



* Trigger warnings: mentions of guns, shootings, blood, wounds, pain (unrelated to sex).

Sabrina Raincomprix balled up the newspaper and threw it into the bin.

“Alright people!” She looked furiously at her officers, “This was supposed to be a top-secret operation! I don’t know who leaked these details to the press, but I *will* find out!”

The people around the meeting table gulped in unison and exchanged worried looks. Their boss might be short, but that was easy to forget when she was this mad.

The special operation “*Aiguille Noire*” was a high profile investigation, and the first assignment since Subdirector Raincomprix’s promotion to the Major Crimes Division. She had selected her best, most trusted officers for the task force, even after her director’s warning about the team’s inexperience. She’d guaranteed they were up to it, and it seemed like they had been. Then there had been the arrest, and all hell broke loose.

“The Mayor is furious! Apparently the Agreste kid is her friend or something.”

“Damn rich people,” one of the young officers grumbled.

“Did you say something, officer Lahiffe?” Sabrina said, glaring at him.

Officer Lahiffe froze, and then slowly shook his head.

“Good. Does anyone else have any witty comments they want to share?”

Again, there was a collective grumble and head shake. She turned to another young man, who had been quietly glancing between a pair of laptops he’d brought in with him.

“Officer Kanté!” He looked up. “Do we have enough hard evidence for the prosecution?”

“We gathered enough documentation down at the digital forensics team,” he replied, adjusting his glasses. “Unfortunately, it may be hard to prove criminal intent with the documents alone.”

“And that’s why we need the witnesses to cooperate.”

Officer Kanté tapped once at his computer, and on the whiteboard, the projector was now showing three photos.

“These are the witnesses we need to protect.” He pulled out a laser pointer and circled the whole screen. “Number one:” he circled a grim woman in a suit. “Nathalie Sancœur, Agreste’s secretary and right-hand woman. Number two:” a bald man with a thick grey moustache. “Bob Roth, his CFO. These two made a deal and are going to testify under the special whistleblower statute.”

A tall, athletic agent jumped in, elbowing officer Lahiffe.

“And the third one’s our buddy, the supermodel.”

Visibly annoyed, Sabrina removed her glasses and pinched the bridge of her nose.

“Yes, yes, officer Lê Chiến. I don’t think he needs an introduction.”

“Thank you, Kim,” officer Kanté continued, suppressing a chuckle. “Adrien Agreste is a different story. For those who weren’t part of last night’s operation, he was the key to our success. He’s repeatedly claimed innocence and ignorance of his father’s crimes, so he volunteered to wear a wire to help catch his father.”

“I was the one who wired him,” Kim boasted, grinning. “Dude’s got *abs!*”

“And since it looks like we have a leak *somewhere...*” Sabrina looked at every team member in the eyes as she spoke, “it’s a question of time before that detail is all over the tabloids.”

A man in an expensive business suit stood up from behind Sabrina. Somewhere in the yelling, and the man’s mild, unobtrusive demeanour, he’d gone almost entirely unnoticed.

“Hence my suggestion that we assign a special protection team for M. Adrien Agreste.”

Sabrina introduced the man to her team.

“This is M. Xavier Ramier, the leading prosecutor in our case.”

“Ah, yes, I suppose some of you don’t know me yet. Anyway, we need to keep M. Agreste out of harm’s way until the trial, which could be anywhere from a few weeks to several months. Given his high profile, fans and, well, *connections*, Subdirector Raincomprix and I decided to assign a special team to protect the man 24/7.”

A young officer awkwardly raised her hand.

“Excuse me, M. Ramier, no disrespect, but we’re a criminal investigation team. Shouldn’t this be handled by the *Brigade de Protection des Repentis*, just like the other whistleblowers?”

“Thank you, officer Dupain-Cheng,” said Sabrina, “that’s exactly our next point. Since he didn’t commit any crimes to our knowledge, or his admission, he isn’t eligible for that programme. His security team will be comprised by officers Lahiffé, Lê Chiến and *you*, Dupain-Cheng.”

“Why me? Tell me, Alya! *Why me?*” Marinette banged her head on the break room table.

“How am *I* supposed to know?” Her best friend shook her head while stirring her bad vending machine *café au lait*. “Our boss works in mysterious ways.”

“She could have put Ivan on the job. He’s big, and strong, and... intimidating...”

“Never had a crush on the witness...” Alya added, nodding wisely.

“Shut up!” She looked around, making sure nobody had heard. “Ugh, why did I ever tell you that?”

“You’re lucky I don’t follow the old gossipy secretary cliché.” Alya locked her lips with an imaginary key. “Your secret teen crush is safe with me.”



She threw the empty sugar packet at Alya in mock outrage. Their coffee breaks always made her feel better. They'd only met when Marinette had joined the Brigade a few months ago, but it felt like they'd known each other for years.

"No matter who *he* is, I didn't come to the PJ to play *babysitter*. Not after I worked so hard to get here!"

'Worked hard' was an understatement. Marinette Dupain-Cheng, age 25, had graduated at the top of her National Police School class (although she barely met the height requirements), then attended night classes to become a Bachelor in Criminal Law Studies.

A decade ago, she'd dreamed of becoming a fashion designer: she made clothes and accessories for herself and her friends and even sold them online.

But everything had changed one evening, when she was 17.

Marinette had been working at her parents' bakery, giving them a well deserved night out. The evening was calm; there was a France-Portugal soccer match, so the streets were mostly empty, and she only served two or three clients.

Around 7:45 pm, almost closing time, a man wearing a mask came in while she was wiping the counters.

He had a gun.

Marinette put her hands up. Her parents had always taught her she should comply during a robbery, but she couldn't even do that. She just stood there.

"Give me the cash!" the man said. He was visibly nervous, waving the gun at her.

The world went blurry. Marinette could feel her body shaking, but she couldn't force herself to move.

"The money," he repeated, "open the fucking till!"

The voice was like an echo in her head, the words themselves indistinct.

He grabbed hold of her shoulder, shoved her towards the register. "Did you hear me!? Are you deaf or just stupid!?"

Marinette jolted into motion, the world suddenly snapping back into focus. She was shaking uncontrollably, but she managed to get the drawer unlocked, and started pulling out bills.

"I-I-I only have this," she managed, offering a handful of small notes. "It-it w-was a-a s-slow day. A-and people ph-phay with their pones—p-pay with phones!"

The man snatched the cash from her hands, thumbed through the bills, and-

"That's not enough."

He stared around him, seeming to slowly realize that whatever money he needed, he wasn't getting it here.

"Fuck. Fuck! Fucking fucking—"

The gun was swinging wildly now, as the man started to panic.

One twitch on that trigger...

Marinette stepped slowly back; the man was hardly paying attention to her anymore, but surely it was only a matter of time.

And... *Yes.* Leaned up against the counter was an enormous wooden baker's peel.

"Shit, fuck, hang on, the safe, right," said the man, seemingly to himself, "there's gotta be a safe, and there's gotta be a key, and-

Marinette had never taken self-defence lessons, but as the man's attention swung back to her, followed by the gun, the peel slammed into his hand.

The gun seemed to hang in the air far longer than it should have before clattering to the ground, and Marinette—

If he picked it up...

She swung again, and this time aimed for his head.

He staggered back, shocked, dazed, and then, he'd run, still clutching the money.

After a few seconds, Marinette forced herself to the door, and locked it.

She leaned back against the door and, finally allowing herself to cry, swore she would never be that afraid again.

Marinette snapped out of her thoughts when officers Nino Lahiffe and Kim Lê Chiến barged into the break room.

"Get up, Dupain-Cheng!" Lê Chiến rattled her chair in a weird show of urgency. "Operation *Passionfruit* is go! *Chat Noir* is waiting."

"What the hell, Kim? I thought we still had a few days! We *just* got briefed!"
And who the hell came up with these ridiculous names?

"There was a break-in at the mansion," Lahiffe explained, as he sneaked a peck in Alya's lips. "We need to secure the *package* ASAP."

"When will I see you, Nino?" She sighed as she looked up at him.

"You know the job, babe. I'll try to come by soon, okay?"

The three officers ran out of the room, leaving Alya to finish her coffee alone.

Adrien Agreste, famous model and reluctant socialite, arrived at the Grand Paris through the garage, to avoid the journalists. The police had used unmarked cars and several blonde decoys to lose the many paparazzi that swarmed the streets around the Agreste Mansion, while the car he really was in only turned around for the hotel when no one was following them.

“That was easier than I expected,” Adrien said, stepping out of the car.

“My driving skills are unbeatable,” officer Lê Chiến bragged. “I know every street in Paris, down to the smallest alley!”

They took the lift to the fourth floor, where Mayor Chloé Bourgeois was waiting impatiently.

Chloé had been in Adrien’s life as far back as he could remember. Their parents, being close friends, often planned playdates for them, and growing up they were each other’s only friends. When the time came to enrol them in school, the Agrestes decided to homeschool their son, whereas the then Mayor Bourgeois opted for a public school for appearances’ sake. Even then, they would often hang out together at public functions or movie nights at the hotel.

There had been an awkward period when they were teenagers, when Chloé had assumed they were more than friends and acted accordingly, leading to a number of tabloid headlines. Gabriel had issued a public statement denying any relationship, while Adrien had to explain to her that as far as he was concerned, she was basically his sister. That had driven a wedge between them for a long time, Chloé refusing to speak to Adrien, but, after several years, and with a great deal of help, she had matured into a responsible, level-headed adult.

Mostly, anyway.

“Adrikins!” She tried to hug him, but officer Lahiffe stopped her.

“Sorry, Madame Mayor, all personal contact is strictly forbidden.”

The Mayor made some indignant noises, but stepped back anyway, painfully aware of the gravity of Adrien’s situation; using the hotel as a safehouse

had been her idea, after all. As her trusted head butler opened the door to the junior suite, Chloé excused herself.

"I'm so sorry, Adrien. I offered the presidential suite, but they didn't allow it."

"It's alright, Chloé," Adrien replied, somewhat relieved he wasn't going to be in the room right next to her. "This will be just fine."

He and the officers entered the room. It was a typical luxury hotel suite, spacious enough for him. It had a large, open space living area with a kitchenette. There were two doors which, Adrien guessed, led to the service bathroom and the master bedroom with its private bath.

The only surprising thing about the room was that it wasn't empty. Subdirector Raincomprix and Xavier Ramier were sitting in high stools at the kitchenette counter, and a woman in a suit was standing near them, her back to the main door.

"Ah, M. Agreste." The prosecutor walked towards him to shake his hand. The woman he didn't know stepped between Adrien and M. Ramier, stopping him. He stepped back apologetically. "Oh, of course. Sorry."

"You can stand down, officer, M. Ramier also has security clearance," Subdirector Raincomprix ordered, then turned to Adrien. "I believe you've met everyone else except officer Dupain-Cheng here. She'll be in charge of your protection, along with officers Lahiffe and Lê Chiến."

Adrien let an amused "*really?*" escape his lips. How could this petite woman be his bodyguard? He must have made a strange face, too, because now the officer was looking at him, and she didn't look pleased. She stepped away from the counter and stood to attention on the other side of the suite's living area. The other two officers stood by the main door.

Adrien's eyes kept straying back to officer Dupain-Cheng, even while the others talked to him about the upcoming enquiry. She was... pretty, to say the least. She had bright blue eyes and black hair tied up in a professional bun. The cinched blazer and fitted trousers, while sober, made it extremely apparent that there was a toned and well-proportioned body underneath. The high heels

seemed impractical, but... there was no denying she looked good in them... Hell, she made *the whole outfit* look good!

M. Ramier concluded the meeting.

“We will leave you now. I’ll stop by to prep you for your testimony when we have a date for the trial. Meanwhile, I’m sure these fine officers will take good care of you.”

“I chose my best agents for the job,” Sabrina continued, before addressing said officers. “I expect daily briefings in my inbox at the end of each shift. Remember: no visitors, no calls, cleaning will only be done under strict supervision and all the meals will be supplied by the hotel kitchen. Mayor Bourgeois has assigned her most trusted personnel to these tasks. Any questions?”

“No, subdirector,” the three officers replied in unison.

Raincomprix and Ramier left, leaving Adrien with his assigned officers.

“Finally!” Kim plopped down on the sofa, switching the TV on. “Do they have streaming here?”

At last able to relax, Adrien joined him.

“They should be bringing my bags up soon,” said Adrien, “I packed my consoles and... well... most of my game collection.”

“Sweet!” Kim high-fived him, the other hand still working the remote. “Score! Netflix, HBO, Amazon... they have everything!”

“Alright, you gotta be honest with me,” said Nino, leaning over the back of the couch. “When you say ‘most of your game collection’ what did you *actually* bring?”

Officer Dupain-Cheng, who’d crossed her arms as Kim laid down, scowled at officer Lahiffe.

“Lahiffe... a word?”

“Sure, Marinette— I mean, Dupain-Cheng.”

They stepped into the kitchen area, but Adrien could still hear them.

“What the hell, Nino? What is this? When did you all get so... *chummy*?”

“Mm,” said Nino, nodding, “I forgot this is your first personal protection assignment. It’s easier if you create rapport with your protégé.”

“Rapport is one thing, but this is downright unprofessional!”

Adrien stood up, and slowly walked past them.

“I’m sorry, officer Dupain-Cheng,” he said, seeming a bit nervous as he pulled open the fridge. “I guess this is kind of my fault. Nino and Kim watched me back when... When my father was arrested, and these two were really supportive. We got very close and now we’re friends. I hope *we* can be, too.”

He smiled and handed her a water bottle as a peace offering. The first time her eyes met his, something *melted* within his heart. His fingers brushed hers as she took the bottle, at the same time as a thunderbolt shook the room.

“I—” she cleared her throat, “I’d better shut the clutters— I mean, close the shutters.”

Marinette crossed the room back towards the windows. Even inside the closed, air-conditioned room, she could feel the stifling, muggy heat that preceded a summer thunderstorm. The drops of rain were actually a welcome break from the clammy feeling. And also that *other feeling*.

What was that?

She verified all the window locks and pressed the button to lower the electrical blinds. Her heart was still racing from before. Why did this guy have to be so nice? And *hot*? She’d been a fan way back when she bought

all the fashion magazines, and he was the most coveted teen model in Paris. She blushed as she remembered the posters and clippings that once adorned her room. After... *the incident*, she had gradually replaced her fashion clippings with posters from crime shows like *Candice Renoir*, *Lupin* and *Criminal Minds*.

"I think they're closed now," Adrien said from behind her.

Marinette realised that she was still pressing the button long after the blinds were shut. She turned around with an awkward attempt at a professional demeanour.

"You can never be too careful."

Adrien was now leaning against the sofa, arms crossed and a cheeky grin playing on his lips. *I can't believe this man is posing at a time like this.*

"I guess you're here to be the *bad cop* to these two *good cops*, right, officer Dupain-Cheng?"

"We're all good cops here, M. Agreste," she replied, a little offended. "Don't mistake my colleagues' good nature for lack of professionalism."

Kim stood up from the sofa and walked towards her.

"Want to show Mr. Model why you're here?"

Marinette rolled her eyes and shrugged, stepping over to the more spacious part of the suite. She turned around, removed her blazer and put it away, then rolled up her sleeves and made a 'come here' gesture.

"Hit me, big shot."

With a huge smile, Kim ran towards her, aiming for a closed-fist tackle. Marinette used his speed to her advantage, ducked the attack and grabbed the belt of his trousers, lifted him up and smashed his back to the ground with a loud thud, then pinned him down with an elbow to his neck.

Kim tapped the floor in defeat, and Marinette released him instantly, springing to her feet and making a show of wiping her hands off.

Adrien's model pose was gone, eyes fixed on her and lips parted in amazement. Nino elbowed him with an amused smirk.

"She's the best fighter in our squad. Don't underestimate her, dude."

After a few days of protection duty, the team had settled into a nice routine. The day was divided into three eight-hour shifts, with at least two of the officers on duty. They were allowed to sleep a little at night, as long as the room was secure, and their charge was asleep. They had access to TV, great Wi-Fi, and all the room service they wanted (except for alcohol for the officers, of course). Adrien had even requested some equipment from the gym so he could keep his model shape.

All they needed to do was keep an eye on him and monitor the personnel who had access to the room. Adrien thought this was probably the easiest assignment any police officer could ask for.

Still, as the days slipped by, things began to feel more... *tedious*. Games, movies and exercise were a limited source of entertainment.

Eventually, even Marinette started bringing her books and laptop to kill time studying.

Adrien's appreciation for Marinette grew every day. He'd been physically attracted to her from day one, and though she tried to keep up the professional attitude, it was obvious that there was chemistry between them. As he tried to include her more in the conversations with the other men, she seemed to open up a little more, and he even caught her snickering at his bad jokes a few times.

One night, after a gaming marathon that left Kim passed out on the sofa, Adrien stretched and walked the few steps to the kitchenette counter.

“International law, huh?”

Marinette looked up. Adrien nodded at the book, and she shrugged. He sat down next to her, flipping through the pages.

“Did you know,” he asked playfully, “that it’s illegal to dress in camouflage clothing in Barbados?”

Marinette lifted one eyebrow at him, unamused.

“It’s true! I got in trouble at a photoshoot there, a few years ago.”

“I’ll... try to keep it in mind for the future,” she replied dryly as she put her pen down and stretched her arms above her head. Her necktie was loose, and the top three buttons of her shirt were undone, meaning Adrien could see actual skin as her chest slowly rose and fell with her breathing. He tried not to be obvious, but couldn’t take his eyes off of her. Her pale, freckled skin looked so soft, he wondered what it would feel like to touch it. Instead, he cleared his throat and tried to continue their conversation.

“So, what are you studying so hard for?”

Marinette looked puzzled by the question, but smiled all the same.

“Well... I’m doing a Master’s degree in International Law,” she replied, ever-so-slightly lifting her chin in a (*cute!*) show of pride. “Since I’m unable to attend classes, they give me extra assignments and online seminars.”

“Oh shit,” said Adrien, “that’s... actually even more impressive than I was expecting.”

Adrien had worked as a model while being homeschooled, and *that* had been *exhausting*. What Marinette was doing now — studying a difficult subject, while working a stressful, often physical job? It was nothing short of heroic. And yet, she was so modest about it.

“Is it?”

“Well...” he blushed. “I figured you just wanted... I don’t know, a broader understanding of the laws you uphold, as a hobby or something. *I* had to take a sabbatical from work just to make it through my Licence in Business, and you’re out here doing... Well. *That.*”

“Th-thank you, M. Agreste.”

“Adrien. *Please.* I told you, I hate being called that. That’s what people call *him.*”

“Okay, A-Adrien, I’ll try,” she said and looked down, clearly abashed.

Maybe it was that she was tired, or maybe he was finally able to pierce her protective shell... that night, Marinette and Adrien talked for hours. She told him about the night that had changed her future, when she decided to join the police, and the dreams of a career in fashion she dropped. They shared their plans for the future, past adventures, favourite movies, all sense of time drifting away as they realized that they had more in common than they’d thought.

It was almost dawn when Marinette fell asleep on top of her books. Before he went to bed, Adrien put her coat over her shoulders, part of him wishing that he could pick her up, carry her with him and hold her close as they slept.

Marinette looked in her bathroom mirror. She was livid. Enraged. Angry with no one else but herself. How could she have let her guard down like this? She had to keep her cool while doing her job. Adrien’s — *no, silly girl, keep it professional even if he doesn’t like it* — M. Agreste’s life depended (quite literally) on it.

So why was it that she walked to work every day with an extra spring in her step? Why did her heart skip a beat when her protégé smiled at her? Why did she volunteer for more shifts, so that her colleagues could get more free time (and *she* could get extra time with *him*)? And when did she start wearing her ‘good’ matching lingerie under her stern suits?

Whatever the case, she berated herself every day for opening her heart to him, only to let him in again and again when she looked into his beautiful green eyes.

Today was no exception.

Stupid, silly Marinette. He's just being friendly. He's got nobody else to flirt with. He's a famous international top model.

Then she put on the red lipstick she'd bought the day before and went to work.

It was going to be another typical evening. She would start at 4 PM and do two eight-hour shifts until 8AM the next day. According to the rules, they had to have two officers in the room at all times, but their boss allowed some leeway at night, especially seeing that nothing had happened in the month since the operation began. The hotel had state-of-the-art security to begin with, and there were extra police patrols around the block.

Marinette knocked on the suite door five times, the defined pattern for the day.

"Who is it?" Nino's voice came from inside.

Marinette rolled her eyes. Was this really necessary?

"It's Ladybug."

"Come in." Nino opened the door.

Inside, Kim was wearing only boxers and a t-shirt, sweaty and enthusiastically counting the push-ups Adrien was doing in gym shorts and sleeveless t-shirt.

"192... 193..."

"What the fuck is going on here?" Marinette turned to Nino, who was already on the way out.

"What else, with Kim? A bet." Nino looked tired. "See you dudes tomorrow!"

"Two-hundred!!" the other two men called in unison. Adrien planted himself on the floor, catching his breath.



“Alright, *Mr. Model!*” Kim laughed.” We’ll call it a tie for now, but next time I’ll beat you!”

“Your magnanimity is touching, officer Lê Chiến.” Adrien was still panting, and something about that made Marinette’s legs weaken.

“Mind if I use your shower?”

“Go ahead!”

The two hadn’t even noticed her coming in. Kim greeted her as he walked past her to the bathroom.

“Oh, hi, Marinette!”

“Are you nuts, Kim?” She stopped him. “What if our boss was with me? Or the prosecutor?”

“Chill, Marinette! They were here just this morning. Everything’s been calm. *Too* calm. We have to prevent our star witness from going crazy with boredom, no?”

Marinette snorted and slapped his butt.

“Go on, *monkey*. Hurry up with your *grooming*.”

Meanwhile, Adrien got up to get some water from the fridge. His skin was glistening, and his face still flushed from the exercise. Marinette was glad to see his time indoors hadn’t hurt his physical shape at all. That was a normal, professional thing to think. She was worrying about her charge’s wellbeing.

“Good afternoon,” Marinette said. She was in a particularly good mood today.

“Hello, officer Dupain-Cheng,” Adrien replied, smiling, but... It was forced, somehow.

“Everything okay?”

"Hmm-hmm?" he replied, drinking another gulp of water.

Adrien sat on one of the kitchenette stools, head down, peeling the label off the bottle. Marinette sat on the other side of the counter, in front of him.

"Something is bothering you, isn't it? Are you worried about the trial?"

"So... you and officer Lê Chiến..."

"Kim? What about him?"

"You... slapped his... butt?"

"Yes, it's a... police academy thing. We slap each other all the time."

"So... you're not... you two?"

She paused, blinked, and then laughed aloud. "God no! He's like a little brother to me. Or a big brother. Or... a puppy. He's just so... he's Kim, you know!"

"Yeah, I know. Sorry, I didn't mean to intrude."

Marinette felt her heart beat faster. *Oh... is he jealous?* She shook the idea away and started to recite:

"*Brigade Criminelle* internal code of conduct, Article 23, section A: if two officers get involved in an intimate relationship, they are required to inform their superior officer, in order to minimise gossip or conflicts of interest. Section B: If the officers involved are in the same department or operation, one of them will be reassigned to protect the integrity and decorum of the force."

"Y-you're *required* to inform?"

She nodded, pulling the stool a little closer to the counter.

"Do you think I'm the kind of person to break that rule?"

“No!” said Adrien. “No, not at all...” Adrien drew closer, looked into her eyes and murmured, “but you *are* the kind of person a guy could easily fall in love with.”

Marinette sprang up from the stool, and practically ran to the windows.

“Oops! I bet those two forgot to secure the locks, better double-check!”

A couple more weeks passed. Adrien and Marinette continued their game of cat and mouse, as discreetly as they could. Marinette felt flattered by the attention, and... really, it was all in good fun, wasn't it? It was never going to evolve to anything serious, and Adrien surely didn't *really* mean anything by it, so it was just *her* heart at stake...

Except, maybe she was in too deep already. She tried to refrain from encouraging him, but his smile and his banter were just too irresistible.

One night, on one of those rare occasions when she worked a night shift alone, Adrien had gone to bed early. She ended up falling asleep on the sofa, watching some true-crime documentary.

A gunshot in a crime re-enactment startled her awake. She stood up and looked around the suite. Something was wrong.

Adrien's bedroom door was wide open.

Marinette pulled her gun from its holster and walked into the room. The bed was empty. A lump started to form in her throat as she headed for the master bathroom: it was also empty. She searched the whole room, and there was no sign of Adrien.

“Adrien?”

She got out of the bedroom and locked the door behind her, then searched the rest of the suite, the closets, the service bathroom. Nothing.

Oh no, oh no, oh no, he's gone! How did they get to him? I only closed my eyes for a few minutes!

Marinette looked in her jacket pocket for her phone, but hesitated to call for reinforcements.

I'm going to get fired for this.

Scrolling to find Nino's contact, her heart was thumping as she pressed the call button.

Adrien. If something happened to him I—

The suite lock beeped, meaning someone was using a key card. She stopped the call, put her phone down and pointed the gun at the door, keeping her finger off the trigger.

Adrien stepped into the room, wearing his gym clothes and panting in exhaustion. When he saw Marinette pointing a gun at him, he put his hands up and knew he was in trouble.

"Where did you go, M. Agreste?" Marinette holstered her gun.

"I'm sorry I took your card—"

"Not the point!"

"I just went out for a run, I—"

"You're not allowed to go out alone, remember!?" She raised her voice for the first time since she'd been assigned this job.

"It's five in the morning, *officer!*" Adrien replied as he took off his sweaty t-shirt. "I didn't even *see* anyone else. The streets are empty."

Marinette let her eyes roam his whole body. What a body it was — shining with sweat, toned, but not too muscular, a terrifyingly *perfect* balance between strong and lean. He was looking at her, clearly having noticed her staring.

She gulped.



“Your body— sorry, your *face* is too recognizable,” she replied in a softer tone, forcing her eyes to look up at his face. That wasn’t much of a relief: beads of sweat dripped from his hair, and she was tempted to just swipe them away with her fingers.

“I could get fired for this, you know?”

Dropping his wet t-shirt on the floor, Adrien took the two steps that separated them, and put his hands on her shoulders in a reassuring gesture.

“I’m... *sorry*. I didn’t think it through. I woke up from a bad dream and just... had to do something.”

“Just... just don’t ever *do* this to me again!” Marinette punched at his chest with her fists and let her head hang down on them. She couldn’t hold back her tears any more. “I was so worried something had happened to you.”

Adrien moved his hands from her shoulders to lift up her face, wiping away tears with his thumbs.

“I promise. Never again.”

Marinette hid her face in his chest and pulled him into a hug. Fuck the sweat, fuck appearances, fuck professionalism. The thought that something could have happened to him wrecked her heart, and she *needed* this. He held onto her, just as tightly as she held onto him. She felt him kiss her head and apologise over and over.

“If anything happens to you, I’ll kill you,” she managed, the sound muffled in his chest.

“Now that *would* get you fired.”

Marinette lifted her head and tried to look angry. It didn’t work.

“Shut up.”

“Make me.”

She did. Running her hands through his wet hair, she pulled him down to her as she stood on tiptoes to kiss him. He pulled her closer to him and kissed her back. He was intoxicating. The adrenaline rush, his scent, the feel of his skin under her fingers, pulled her deeper. She let one hand slide down his arm while the other explored his back, and she could feel every muscle tense up under her touch. Without breaking the kiss, Adrien pulled her up off the floor and sat her on one of the stools to free his hands. Hesitantly, he lifted her shirt. Marinette moaned in approval, feeling him close, so close, but still needing more, more contact, more skin, more *him*.

Adrien grunted as she wrapped her legs around him and pulled him closer, breaking the kiss to look at her, his forehead resting on hers.

“Marinette...” He pulled away, breaths still ragged.

“Don’t stop.”

“Marinette, we can’t.”

“No talking,” she demanded, kissing him on the neck, the cheek, the chin, wherever she could reach.

“Your phone is buzzing.”

“Don’t care.”

“It’s your boss.”

Marinette stopped. He was right. She couldn’t do this.

“I-I’m sorry. I need to take this.”

“And I need to take a shower.” He kissed her nose and stepped away. “We’ll talk about this. Later.”

This man was going to be the death of her.



Adrien stepped into the shower and turned on the cold water, but he knew it wouldn't be enough this time. That had been too stimulating, too hot to just wait for the hard-on to go away. It wasn't the first time he'd touch himself thinking about Marinette. She'd found her way in, practically every night he'd gotten some time to himself, and *this*...

He replayed every second of the incident in his head.

It *was* true: he had woken up from a bad dream and was too wound up to sleep. He usually worked out when this happened, so he put on his gym clothes and went to the fridge to get a bottle of water. Marinette had fallen asleep on the sofa watching TV. He'd watched her sleep for a few minutes. She'd looked so peaceful and pretty, her hair loose and spread on the cushion. He knew how hard she'd been working and studying. He knew she had to take the Metro from her apartment in the outskirts to the hotel, that she often had to file her reports and also fill in for the other two when they forgot to send them, how her assignments had piled up to make up for missing exams. The workout machines were so noisy, he didn't have the heart to wake her up by using them. Her key-card was on the coffee table, and in an impulse, he picked it up and went out for a run. He'd be back before she woke up.

So much for *that*.

His heart had broken a little to see her angry at him. It had broken a little more when she scolded him softly. He tried to play it cool, but she was right, of course. He hated to see her like that, and hated even more that he was the one to cause it. He was afraid to lose her before he'd even had a chance to conquer her.

When she touched him, when she sought his body to vent her frustrations, he knew he'd do anything to make it up to her. He knew he'd fallen in love with her.

Her kisses were like fire, her hands on his body like electric shocks, her taste like the most exquisite drink, leaving him dizzy and begging for more. He wanted her, wanted to take her in his arms and hide her away from everyone but him, and shout his love from the rooftops and show her off to the world at the same time.

But he was the one who had to put on the brakes. He was sure Marinette was not thinking rationally at that time, so he was the one who had to act prudently. The phone buzzing was the excuse he needed, at the same time he cursed it for interrupting them.

Now here he was, under a cold shower, jerking off as he replayed how her hands had felt on him, how her skin had goosebumps as he touched her, the soft sounds she'd made.

This woman was going to be the death of him.

Subdirector Raincomprix's voice sounded concerned.

"Did anything happen, officer Dupain-Cheng?"

"Happen? No!?" Marinette hoped she could lie better on the phone than in person. "Why?"

"Officer Lahiffe called me, he said you rang and hung up, then you didn't pick up when he called you back."

"I did? Oh. Sorry. I— I left the phone on the sofa and must have sat on it."

"Really? That's unusual of you."

"Ha-ha! You know, happens to the best!"

There was a moment of silence from the other side of the line.

"Can I speak to M. Agreste?"

"He's in the shower."

"Oh?"



"Yes, he went running—on the treadmill. He just popped up to say he'd be in the shower. That's— that's when I noticed I was sitting on the phone."

"Hmm. Very well. You sound tired, Dupain-Cheng. When officer Lahiffe gets there, take two days off. The other two will fill in for you."

"But, boss—"

"That's an order, Marinette," Sabrina ordered, then added in a softer tone. "I've known you since Lycée. You work too much and forget to rest."

"Okay, Sabrina," Marinette agreed. "Thank you. Sorry to disturb you in the middle of the night."

"Comes with the job. Try to get some rest, okay?"

"Yes, Subdirector!"

Nino arrived within a few minutes of the call.

"Boss told me to come in early. You sure you're okay?"

"I'm fine. Don't worry about me."

"Are you sure that's all? You're all flushed, and your suit is messed up."

"Oh, this," she dismissed him, tucking her shirt in and patting at her hair. "I just fell asleep on the sofa, but don't tell her that."

"I knew you were hiding something. I know you too well!"

She gave him a fake laugh as she tied her hair back up and put on her shoes.

"By the way, Sabrina wants you to go home right now."

"Now?" She really wanted to talk to Adrien about... that. "But my shift isn't over."

"She was very clear. You have to go now."

"But—" It was no use arguing with Nino.

"Look, dude, just take this time off to rest. Everybody knows how serious you are about your work and your studies. Alya heard the call, she also got worried and wants to take you out shopping."

She slowly gathered her things, hoping Adrien would come out soon — they wouldn't be able to talk until she came back. When she was done, she looked at the bedroom door, but there was no sign of him.

"Hey, just explain everything to Adrien, just so that he doesn't let it slip to anyone that I was asleep on the job, okay? Including Kim, he's a blabbermouth."

Nino put a hand on her shoulder and gave her a knowing look.

"Don't worry, I'll explain everything. I'll say bye for you." Practically pushing her out the door, he added in a conspiratorial tone, "we'll take good care of him. Just... be careful, okay?"

As the door shut behind her, she wondered just how much Nino had figured out.

"So... how's the babysitting going?" Alya wiggled her eyebrows over her glass of wine.

"You know I can't discuss that!"

Marinette took a long sip out of her wine glass.

"By the way," she said, in a poor attempt to change the subject. "Did they ever find out who leaked the operation?"

"Wasn't that hard. It was the new recruit, that Rossi girl."

"Hm. I never liked her in the first place."

"Turns out she lied her way into the force, and sold information to the tabloids on a regular basis. Our boss kicked her out, of course."

"Kicked her out, huh?" If anyone found out about her and Adrien, it would be *her* being fired...

"I say good riddance! I caught her in a few lies myself!"

"Sometimes all you can do is lie," Marinette said, more to herself than Alya.

"I thought you hated lies!"

"I do, it's just... sometimes you have to lie to protect yourself."

"This is very weird. Did anything happen that you have to *lie* about?"

"No!"

Her friend's look showed she wasn't fooled.

"Something happened between you and... the *package*, didn't it?"

Marinette buried her face in her folded arms and grunted a negative.

"You're a pretty bad liar for a cop, you know." Alya poked her arms, trying to lift her mood. "You should work on that."

"Please, Alya! I'm serious." Then she added in a lower voice, "you're not even supposed to know who the *package* is."

"Come on, spill!... Is he as hot as in the ads?"

Marinette spat up her wine.

"What about his body? Does the *package* have a six-pack?"

"And then some," Marinette finally admitted with an eye roll. "No photo-shop necessary."

"Oh? What else?"

"I thought he'd be some kind of spoiled playboy... but he isn't. He's really nice, kind and respectful, and I..."

"And you're in love with him. I knew it!"

"How did you know?"

"You know Nino can't hide anything from me, girl. He sensed a vibe between you two."

"A vibe," said Marinette blankly. "*Nino* spotted a vibe. Am I *that* obvious?"

"I don't know about you, but it seems the *package* keeps asking about you when you're not there."

"He does?" Marinette leaned over the table, resting her chin on both hands.

"Oh my god, you're so smitten!"

"I am! Shit! That's *so* inconvenient!"

"So... anything else you want to tell me?"

"No! We just... we talk a lot. And... and we kissed."

"Whoa, there! Don't think you can just leave it at that! *Spill*. I want all the details, right now!"

Marinette told Alya about that night (except for the part when Adrien went out), and hinted that it might have been more than just a kiss. It felt good to have someone to confide with. She'd felt so wrong and conflicted about her feelings, and handling it on her own had been the hardest part.

"I shouldn't have fallen for him. I'm a terrible police officer."

"You can't control who you fall in love with, girl. Look at me and Nino. We weren't supposed to fall in love, either. But then there was that big trial we had to prepare together, stuck together in that evidence room for so long, and... you know the rest."

"Yeah, I know, and then you had to become a *secretary* to even stay in the department! It's so unfair!"

"That was *my* choice, doesn't mean it has to be yours. Nino's always been more ambitious than me. I actually got lucky, they let me work at the Brigade. I prefer to be a secretary and be near him than be an agent in another city."

"Aww..." Marinette paused, smiling softly.

Their lunch arrived, and the two spent the rest of the day shopping, drinking wine, talking and laughing. Just what Marinette needed after these stressful weeks.

Little did she know it was about to get a lot more stressful.

Adrien counted down the hours left until he could see Marinette again. Not only did he miss her, he also wanted, no, *needed*, to talk to her about that day. More importantly, he got her in trouble on her job, and the guilt was killing him. Even after Nino assured him that she wasn't being punished, rather rewarded for her hard work with a few days off.

"Dude, word of advice," Nino said, one time when they were alone. "Be careful what you say around Kim. I trust him with my life and would die for him, but he *can* be a bit of a gossip. Especially if it's about another colleague."

"Noted."

Nino had *definitely* figured them out. He'd have to show more restraint around Marinette, and he honestly didn't know if he was going to manage that.

Adrien got a chance to test that very soon, as Marinette arrived early for her shift. His heart leapt when he saw her, and he couldn't stop smiling.

"Good morning guys," she greeted, holding up a box of fresh pastries from her parent's bakery. "I brought breakfast!"

Kim sprang up from the sofa, not even pausing the game, while Adrien stayed back, leaning against the window frame.

"Great, I'm starving!" He helped himself to a brioche.

"I know, Kim." Marinette laughed. "You're always hungry."

"Did you get enough rest?" Nino asked as he picked up a croissant.

"I did," she said, switching on the coffee machine. "I'm staying at my parents' until the end of this assignment."

"Good idea."

"They practically forced me. I didn't tell them any details about the job, but they could tell I needed it."

"Your parents are the best!" Kim chimed, taking another pastry.

Adrien watched from the other end of the room. She looked well; the rest had been good for her. She seemed more alive, less sleep-deprived, but that hadn't changed the essentials of her appearance, her pink cheeks, ponytail and business suit. He practically salivated when she took the blazer off, her sober short-sleeved pink blouse baring her freckled and toned arms.

He'd been around the supposedly best-looking models in the world, but nobody had enchanted him like her. Whether she was laughing at Kim's antics or seriously listening to Nino's debrief, her features were pretty and full of expression. A memory of her face that night, needy and lips parted, flashed before his eyes and he had to shake it away.



Even from the other side of the room, Adrien felt the scent Marinette brought in with her: fresh air, fruity shampoo, and sweets. His stomach growled, and that wasn't the only physical reaction the sight of her had on him. He turned to the window to hurriedly adjust his pants and walked the few steps to the kitchenette.

"Good morning, Ad-Agreste," she greeted him with a smile and a blush. "Want something sweet?"

Adrien resisted. He fought hard. Eventually, he controlled himself enough to avoid replying with *'yes, you!'*

"Am I allowed?"

"Go ahead. I've followed the proper chain of custody, straight from my *papa's* oven to here."

Nino left, and Kim sat down to resume his video game. Marinette made a cappuccino and offered it to Adrien. Her fingers lingering on the cup more than necessary, he took the opportunity to caress them softly as he took it.

"Thanks! Welcome back," Adrien said, adding in a low voice, "I missed you so much!"

"I missed you, too," she whispered back, then turned to the coffee machine to make a cappuccino for herself.

"We need to talk."

"Not now. Later. When Kim's not here."

"Okay."

They resumed their normal tones of voice to talk about other things, but the atmosphere was strange. Worried Kim would notice it, Adrien finished his breakfast and announced,

"Welp, time for my workout!" And went into his bedroom.

Apparently, Sabrina really wasn't worried about the other night, because she kept assigning Marinette some solo shifts. Even on her first day back, she would work a double, the first one with Kim, from 8am to 4pm, then alone from 4pm to midnight.

As soon as Kim left, Adrien walked to the counter where she was studying and put one hand on top of hers.

"Can we talk now?"

Marinette felt goosebumps spreading on her skin, from her hand up to her arm. She closed her books and laptop and put them aside, turning back to Adrien to give him her full attention.

"Go ahead."

"Okay," he nodded. "First of all, I'm so, so sorry I stepped out that night."

"You should be... You know you're not supposed to, but that's in the past. You didn't mean to get me in trouble, and... you didn't. Nobody found out."

"I know, and I'm also sorry you had to lie for me. I know how much it must have bothered you."

She nodded for him to continue.

"I also need you to know that what happened... after... it was amazing."

"It was?" she asked, voice faltering a little.

"God, yes."

Adrien took her hand again and kissed her knuckles.

"You left quite the impression on me."

He kissed the inside of her wrist and made his way up her arm.

"If it wasn't... [*kiss*] for your... [*kiss*] phone... [*kiss*] buzzing... [*kiss*]" he stopped to look her in the eyes. "I don't know if I'd be able to stop."

Marinette crossed her legs in a futile attempt to ease the growing throbbing in her core.

"We can't," she whimpered as Adrien continued to kiss every exposed bit of skin. "You know I can't get involved with you."

"I think it might be too late for that."

"Stop. We need to talk seriously."

Adrien froze, and slowly pulled back. Marinette couldn't decide whether she was pleased that he listened, or upset that his lips weren't on her anymore. *And his face was so close to her...*

"I'm dead serious. I really, *really* like you."

"But..."

"And I really, *really* want you."

He brushed his nose against hers in a silent plea, to which she answered by closing the distance between their lips in a soft kiss. She felt dizzy with his adoration and burning with desire, but they couldn't, *she* couldn't give in to him. She pulled away.

"It's not possible. It's dangerous for you, and I can get in real trouble."

Adrien paused, and slowly, with a visible effort, sat down on the other side of the counter to put some distance between them.

"I get it. The last thing I want to do is jeopardise your career, but..."

"I know, it's just that..."

"I felt attracted to you from the first time I saw you, and I believe you feel the same."

"No— I mean, yes..."

"And the more we talked, the more I got to know you, the more I fell in love with you."

"Don't say that. It happens all the time. You're isolated, I'm the only woman you've seen in two months, and you think you're in love with me. Once you get out, you'll forget about it."

Adrien looked hurt. It was impossible that he fell in *love* with her, right?

"You think I'm just *imagining* things? Or that I'm *lying* to get you to fuck me?"

"I don't know, Adrien..." Marinette tried to keep a steady voice. She made a gesture towards the windows, and continued, "I think that if you ever met me out there, in the real world, you wouldn't give me a second look. And that once we're out of here and go our separate ways, I'll never hear from you again."

He started to move his hand to cradle her face, but stopped himself.

"It's *not* true! You seriously wound me. I'm not that kind of person!"

Marinette folded her arms on the counter and leaned her head on them.

"I know it was me who started it the other day, and I shouldn't have. I've been attracted to you for a very long time, too, but *I* was the one who should have been in control and lost it!"

"Look, Marinette, I— I love you. That's it. I know it's too soon to say it, but I'll prove it to you. As soon as we get out of here, I'm going to take you on proper dates and woo you as you deserve, and I won't rush you to do anything you don't want to do. Will you give me a chance *then*?"

Marinette had lifted her head as soon as he said he loved her. She still couldn't believe it, but she had seen and *felt* his reactions to her then and now.



“Deal. When this is all over, I’ll let you take me on a date.”

Adrien bounced up and down on his chair, flashing his most genuine smile.

“Okay. I can work with that. The trial starts in a few days, it won’t be too hard to wait, will it?”

His enthusiasm was contagious. Unable to keep a straight face, Marinette let out a small giggle.

“I think we’ll be okay.”

Adrien leaned his upper body over the counter to get closer.

“I really want to kiss you right now.”

“We... shouldn’t.”

“Are you sure?”

“Okay, then... just a little one.”

One kiss led to another, then another, and Marinette was losing control again. She couldn’t keep her hands off him, his hair, his arms, his face... They broke the kiss, gasping for air.

“I don’t know if I can keep doing this,” she said, hiding her face again.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to...”

“I mean, it’s hard for me to *just* kiss you.”

“Oh.” Adrien sat back on the stool. “Does that mean no more kissing?”

“I... I don’t know,” she answered. “I guess we’ll have to take it easy.”

This time it was Marinette leaning on the counter.

“Maybe just like this.” She gave him a peck on the lips. “That’ll have to do for now.”

“As you wish, my princess,” he complied with a smile. “Tea?”

Finally, the date of the trial arrived. As a key witness, Adrien would have to be present every day, to give his testimony and answer the questions from the judges and the lawyers.

The first day went by without any incident, except for the general surprise and murmurs as the prosecutor described the true extent of Gabriel Agreste’s crimes. He was accused of business corruption, tax evasion, insider trading, money laundering and child labour exploitation. In addition, he also had connections to organised crime networks in several countries.

Subdirector Raincomprix’s plan to move Adrien to and from the court included once again unmarked cars and blonde men as decoys, and it worked. The cars entered and exited the court via the back entrance, which journalists couldn’t access. He was always accompanied by two of his assigned officers, while the other stayed back to guarantee the safety of the room.

On the day Adrien would start his deposition, his personal lawyer insisted that he should hold a small press conference to clear his name, which meant he had to be out in public for the first time after his father’s arrest. M. Ramier, the prosecutor, agreed and made the arrangements for him to make an appearance before the day’s session started.

At 9:00 AM sharp, Adrien stood just outside the main entry of the Tribunal de Paris, officers Lê Chiến and Bruel beside him, and Marinette standing between him and the screaming journalists.

“I will make a brief statement, and will not be taking questions at this time.”

He started to read the speech he’d prepared with his lawyer: he did not know of or participate in any wrongdoings. He had been assisting the prosecution



since the beginning of the investigation, and he waived his right not to testify against a family member.

At the end of the statement, the journalists and paparazzi swarmed him with more questions, which caused a big confusion.

“Thank you all,” Adrien raised his voice, “any further questions should be directed at my lawyer.”

He turned around to go back inside the building, surrounded by his protection team. Marinette stayed behind a few steps to stop anyone from following them. When the court’s security guards had the crowd under control, she turned to follow Adrien and her colleagues.

That’s when her heart stopped. A red spot was swirling around on Adrien’s dark suit, making its way up to the head.

“SHOOTER! GET DOWN!” she shouted. The two or three steps that separated her from Adrien felt like a marathon, as everything seemed to happen in slow motion. She ran into his back, tackling him to the ground just as the sound of a shot made the crowd scatter, while the other agents pulled out their guns and spun on their heels, searching for the shooter.

Another shot followed, just as they hit the ground. Marinette ignored the bullet that hit her right arm to crawl over Adrien’s back, covering his upper body with hers.

“Are you alright?” she asked him, their faces pressed together as she put her left arm over his head. “Did they hit you?”

“I’m fine. Just tell me what to do.”

“We’ll have to stay down until the threat is gone.”

By the sound of Kim and Ivan’s pistols, they had spotted the shooter.

“I think I hit him,” Kim shouted into his earpiece. “He’s on the roof of the sports centre, across the avenue!”

The shots and panic stopped. Suddenly, everything was silent. Police cars stopped the traffic on the Avenue de la Porte de Clichy, as agents stormed the stadium to look for the shooter.

“We’re clear. You can take the *package* inside,” came the order from her earpiece. She kneeled beside Adrien and rolled him to his back, checking him for injuries.

Marinette opened his jacket and the white shirt was pristine. With her left hand, she carefully felt around his chest, arms and head. So what, she took *extra* precautions with him? She was just being *thorough* in her protection duty, right? When she was done, she looked in his eyes, speaking volumes without saying a word. She had to summon all her determination just to get into professional mode again.

“The *package* is unharmed. I’ll take him in now.” Then she turned back to Adrien. “Okay, you need to get on your feet, but keep your head down. Then I need you to walk towards the door, and I’ll be right behind you.”

Adrien nodded and did as he was told. At the same time, Marinette stood and slammed her back into his, her gun ready to go if needed, as she walked backwards at the same pace. As soon as they were inside the building, Marinette collapsed to her knees. The pain from the shot was only kicking in now, like a burn mixed with a cut, mixed with acid.

“Oh no! They hit you? Are you okay?” Adrien got on his knees to check on her. Her face was white as a ghost, and blood was trickling down through her suit. “We need help here!”

Kim and Ivan rushed to help, shouting into their earpieces for medical assistance.

“It’s nothing, it’s just a scratch!” Marinette said.

Adrien caught her in his arms as she fainted.

It really wasn’t just a scratch. The bullet had gone through her arm, missing any major nerves or blood vessels, but still bad enough to need surgery.



Marinette was on the operating table for two hours as the medical team sutured all the damage in the arm. She woke up hours later, still dizzy and confused by the anaesthesia, and babbling Adrien's name. A nurse came to her to take her vitals and gave her more medicine.

"Rest easy, sweetheart. We've already called your family, I'm sure your boyfriend will be there when you wake up."

Before she could contradict the nurse, Marinette was asleep again.

Meanwhile, back at the court, the day's session was coming to an end. The presiding judge had offered to suspend the trial for some days, but Adrien's lawyer guaranteed he was unharmed and eager to proceed.

It was a long and sometimes painful testimony. Adrien had to relive the night when his father was arrested, and he could almost feel his cold, furious, glare from behind him, as he stood before the judges at the *barre*.

At the end of the day, Adrien avoided his father's eyes and joined his lawyer for a brief, private conversation in the hall. When the protecting officers, together with Subdirector Raincomprix, came to get Adrien, the lawyer made a declaration.

"My client refuses to go back to the hotel at this time."

Sabrina looked at Adrien, then at the lawyer.

"We're sorry for what happened this morning. We did a sweep of the surroundings before the press conference, but the shooter—"

"No need for apologies, Madame Subdirector," the lawyer interrupted. "I understand the presumed gunman was caught?"

"Yes, one of our agents shot him, but he died on the way to the hospital. We're still working on identifying him."

“Good, good. And how is the officer who took the bullet for M. Agreste?”

“She’s at the hospital,” Kim replied. “I just got a call from Mar— officer Dupain-Cheng’s parents. She should be awake from the surgery by now.”

Adrien couldn’t contain himself and turned to Kim, placing his hands on the other man’s shoulders.

“Surgery? How bad was it?”

“It seems it was worse than it looked like at first, and she lost quite a bit of blood. But they said the surgery was a success.”

“Ahem.” The lawyer cleared his throat and gave Adrien a reproaching look. “My client insists on seeing officer Dupain-Cheng, to thank her for saving his life.”

“That is against our procedures. We cannot allow your client to risk his life again...”

“Please, Subdirector Raincomprix,” Adrien pleaded. “I won’t go back into protection unless I see her.”

Kim whispered in Sabrina’s ear.

“We can stop there on the way back. The hospital has an underground garage. We caught the guy anyway.”

“Very well,” she said, then turned to her officers, “but you’d better be careful. And make it quick!”

By the fourth time Marinette opened her eyes, daylight was turning into dusk. She tried to make maths in her head... It was summer? The sun set at... 8:00PM? 8:30PM? The shooting was... that morning? That was all she could manage with all the drugs still running through her system.



“Sweetheart, you’re awake!” and “My baby!” came from her right side. She blinked away the fog that blurred her vision and looked.

“Maman, Papa!”

Her crying parents kissed her forehead and patted her face, but something was *weird*. They were sitting to her right, and she felt her *left* hand being kissed, warm droplets trickling down her wrist.

“Marinette! Thank goodness you’re okay!”

She slowly turned her head to the left, where only a mane of blond hair was visible. She recognised its owner’s voice.

“Adrien... I mean... *Monsieur* Adrien... what are you doing here?”

He lifted his head to look at her. His face was red and wet, but he was smiling.

“I had to. I just *had* to see how you were doing.”

“Not too bad, just drowsy...” Marinette lowered her already weak voice. “Do *they* know you’re here?”

“Your boss allowed us to come for a little bit...”

“You were still knocked out, so we’re kinda AWOL,” Kim said from somewhere in front of her.

“The doctors said the surgery was successful,” Sabine said, “but you’ll need rest for a few days, then physiotherapy.”

“What about...” Marinette gave Adrien a sad look, then turned to her mother. “What about my job?”

“I asked about that,” Tom answered. In contrast to his usual joyful presence, there was a downcast expression on his face. “You’ll need to take at least three months off sick.”

“Boss said she’ll take care of all the bureaucracy you need, Marinette,” Kim added, lightly. “We’ll be waiting when you’re ready to come back.”

“Make sure to thank her for me.”

“Is there anything else you need, sweetie?”

Marinette noticed the clock on the wall marked 7:45PM. It was almost bedtime for her parents.

“I think I need to go back to sleep... I’m still groggy from the medication,” she replied, yawning. “You should go home, though.”

“Are you sure?” Tom insisted. “We can close the bakery for a few days...”

“I’m more than sure! I’m a big girl now. The doctors will take good care of me.”

Tom and Sabine said their goodbyes with lots of kisses and the closest to hugs Marinette could manage. Kim left with them.

“Come on, I’ll drive you home.”

Marinette watched them leave. Maybe it was the aftermath, or maybe the drugs... she started crying.

“Sorry,” she chuckled between sobs. “I try not to cry in front of people, but...”

“... But today you went through a lot, and you were *so* brave... it’s okay to cry.”

Adrien kept petting her hand and her cheeks, whispering comforting words. His mere presence soothed her so much that the tears faded away after a few minutes. He wiped away some tears of his own and asked her:

“Feel better?”

Marinette nodded, still sniffing a little.

“Good.” Adrien took a deep breath. “I don’t know what to say. Somehow, ‘thank you’ isn’t enough.”

“Never mind that. It’s my job, and even if it wasn’t, I would’ve done the same.”

“I owe you my *life*. Do you realise that!? When I saw you there, unconscious and with all that blood... I didn’t care about anything else in the world, but you. I wanted to go in the ambulance with you, but they didn’t let me. I... I don’t know what I would’ve done if you... The thought of losing you, I...”

“Shh... I’m not going anywhere.” She squeezed his hand, returning the solace he’d just given her, then swept his long hair off his eyes. “You still owe me a date, remember?”

“I wish I could stay here with you tonight.”

As if on queue, Marinette yawned.

“I’ll just be here sleeping. You should go get some rest, too.”

“Can I kiss you goodnight?”

“Are you taking advantage of a poor, injured, defenceless, bedridden girl?”

He stood up, supporting himself on the headboard to lean over her, and bumped her nose with his.

“I thought you were a badass who took a bullet and said it was just a scratch.”

“Just shut up and kiss me.”

Adrien obeyed with pleasure and kissed her, softly and carefully, as if she was made of porcelain. Marinette combed his hair with her left hand, pouring her last bit of energy into the kiss.

“I love you, Marinette. I really do.”

"I... I love you, too, Adrien."

He gave her another soft peck on the lips, then one on her forehead, and straightened up.

With perfect timing, Kim opened the door and entered the room.

"Your parents are home, safe and sound. Now I need to get the *package* back to the hotel before our boss finds out." He gave Marinette a soft pat on the head. "Ready to go, A? We should let your guardian angel get some rest."

"Guardian angel?..." Adrien said, as he circled the bed to join Kim. "That sounds pretty accurate."

After three weeks, the trial was finally over and Adrien was able to go on with his life as a free man. The judges and jury agreed with the prosecutor that Adrien hadn't been involved in his father's crimes, and Gabriel would serve what equated to a life sentence in prison.

The Brigade investigated the shooter, which led them to catch a major crime boss known only as Cash, whom Gabriel Agreste had used to import expensive silk while paying cheap polyester taxes. Together with Nathalie Sancoeur's testimony and documents, they exposed a tax evasion scheme involving hundreds of criminals.

Two months after the shooting, Marinette was awarded a medal of honour by Mayor Chloé Bourgeois, for her bravery and selflessness in the line of duty. Adrien attended the small ceremony at the *Mairie*, then waited for most of the audience to leave before pulling Marinette aside.

"Congratulations, officer Dupain-Cheng. You deserve it," he said, smiling as he pointed at her medal.

"Thank *you*, M. Agreste, I *literally* wouldn't have it if it weren't for you," she joked. Adrien's expression turned serious for a moment.



“For real, though. Thank you for everything during my... confinement? That doesn’t sound right.”

“No, it doesn’t,” she said, still smiling, “but you’re welcome.”

“How’s your arm doing?”

“Still working on it,” she answered, showing how well she could move it. “Better than the doctors expected... It still hurts a little, and I have to be careful, but I’ll be allowed to go back to work in a few weeks.”

“Does that mean you have some free time now?”

“Well, it *is* summer break at Uni, and my physiotherapy only takes a couple of hours every day.”

The room was empty now, except for a few technicians cleaning up the sound equipment. Adrien pulled Marinette through a curtain to a kind of backstage.

“Would you like some help with the time you have to kill?”

“Maybe... It’s so boring to just sit there, doing nothing all day.”

Adrien inched closer to her, bit by bit.

“Would you like me to come over?”

“I’d love that.”

“I have a few ideas on how to thank you for your service.”

“I’m all ears...”

Adrien closed the distance between them and kissed her. He hadn’t been allowed to see or contact her since the day of the shooting, and it physically *hurt* how much he’d missed Marinette.

She put her left hand around his neck, lifting herself up to reach his lips, while her right arm rested on his hip.

“My sweet saviour...” he whispered between kisses. “I missed you so much!”

“I missed you, too...”

Adrien spotted an empty chair near them and sat her there.

“We wouldn’t want our patient to exert herself, would we?”

He knelt down in front of her and resumed his kissing.

“That uniform is *doing* things to me...”

He removed her blue cap and the hair tie that was holding her hair in a stern bun, and admired the way she looked with her loose and messy hair.

“... But I wonder what you’ll look like without it.”

“Watch out, civilian... I have a baton, and I’m not afraid to use it!”

“*Damn*, officer...” He stopped kissing her to give her a cheeky grin. “Save that idea for later.”

Adrien caressed her thighs up her ceremonial uniform skirt, his lips never leaving hers. She was wearing lace stockings and a garter belt, and when he reached her bare skin, he stopped to look at her in expectation. He’d made a promise, after all.

“Well?”

“Go on...” Marinette panted. “*Please*, don’t stop.”

He gladly obeyed, kissing and caressing down her neck, her breasts, her waist... He lifted her skirt a little more for better access, then slowly kissed the



inside of her knees, very softly, one side at a time, slowly easing up to where she wanted him. He could tell she did, from the way she lifted her hips to meet him.

Steadying her with one hand, he used the other to move her dripping wet panties to one side. The scent was driving him crazy. He used his tongue to ease her open, and was rewarded with a low moan, before licking gently up and down from her clit to her pussy.

The delicious sounds she made kept teasing him. He slid a finger inside her, then another, curling them up to find her most sensitive point, while his tongue was busy with her clit. He knew he'd hit the spot when he heard her gasp audibly, then stopped himself for a second to hear if anyone was coming. There were no sounds coming from the other side of the curtain, so he resumed his attentions.

He swapped his fingers and tongue around to relish in the taste of her, making her moan aloud when he dipped his tongue into her, as far as it could go. He felt her begin to twitch — it wouldn't take long now.

Adrien switched up again and licked and sucked her clit and twirled his fingers inside her, increasing his rhythm in sync with her breathing. Just a few seconds at this faster pace were enough for her to reach her climax, causing more of those delicious fluids to pour down his fingers. He licked every last drop, before repositioning her panties and kissing his way back up to her lips.

"That was..."

"... amazing."

She pulled him to her to kiss him fiercely. The way she kissed him and moved her body, and the thought that she was tasting herself in his lips, made the pressure in his pants almost painful.

But he could wait. Their first proper time shouldn't be rushed in a dusty old backstage.

Soon.

Marinette's legs were still wobbly when Adrien dropped her at her apartment. It was hard to let him go. She wanted to continue where they'd left off, and pay him back in kind, but Adrien had a meeting with his lawyer about changing his last name.

"Pick you up tomorrow at eight," he'd said before she opened the door to her building. "You'll get the date you deserve."

He'd kissed her again, this time a soft peck on the cheek. She was still in her uniform (though it was so messed up, she was sure she'd fail an inspection), so his discretion was appreciated.

As soon as she entered her apartment, she removed her shoes. She was exhausted, but happier than ever. She'd been recognised for her work and got the boy of her dreams. She undressed and stepped into the shower, wishing he could be there with her.

Her core was still throbbing with the after effect of their encounter. She felt satisfied, yet eager for more intimacy. She resisted the urge to relieve herself in the shower.

I've waited all this time for him... I can wait one more day.

Marinette couldn't have wished for a more perfect date.

She wore a strapless black dress she'd made back when she still dabbled in sewing (but never had the chance to wear), with matching lingerie. Her hair was down, pinned to one side with a gold and black bee design comb, showing off the plain, black earrings her grandmother had given her. She completed her look with a green shawl around her arms, and was ready when Adrien rang the doorbell at exactly 8:00PM.

When Marinette opened the door, an even more stunning version of Adrien stood in front of her. Black suit and shirt, dark red necktie, and a new haircut,



very short on the sides and back with a long, messy top. He had a small red rosebud in his lapel and held another one for her.

“Good evening,” he said, giving her the rose. He took the opportunity to kiss her hand. “You look beautiful tonight, Milady.”

“Thank you.”

Unaccustomed to this kind of attention, Marinette blushed as she stood to one side and gestured to invite him in.

“I—I’d better put this in water.”

Her studio apartment was small but very cosy. She had decorated the living spaces so that they felt like separate rooms, with a pink curtain dividing the sleeping and seating areas, and a little red fold-out table and two unmatched old chairs between the latter and the kitchen.

She tried to get a vase from a top kitchen shelf, but couldn’t quite reach it.

Adrien came to her help, smoothly moving right behind her and asking:

“Need a hand?”

He held her waist with his right hand, at the same time as he brushed his fingers up her left arm, which was still up in the air as she reached for the vase.

The feel of his body against hers made Marinette breathe harder and her heart beat faster, thumping in her ears and pulsing between her legs. Never one to be defeated, she exaggerated the movement as she got down from her tiptoes, gently rubbing her butt against him.

Adrien put the vase down on the counter and hugged her waist, burying his nose on her neck and taking a deep breath.

“You are *wicked*,” he whispered, “did you know that?”



Adriennette Kiss ♥ GKittyArt

He turned her around, taking extra care because of her arm, and kissed her.

"You started it," Marinette replied, smiling against his lips and brushing her fingers up his arm, just like he'd done. He pulled back from her with mock outrage.

"No, *you* started it by looking so scrumptious in that tiny dress."

"I thought this was supposed to be a date..."

"Oh, but it is," he said, kissing up and down her neck. "I'll make sure to treat you like the princess you are."

Marinette had to lean back against the counter — her legs had turned to jelly and were not to be trusted. Taking a deep breath, she reluctantly reminded him.

"Shouldn't we be leaving, then?"

Adrien pressed his body against hers. His excitement was, *quite literally*, palpable, and she had to control herself not to unzip his pants and take him into her mouth then and there.

"Our reservation's at 8:30... we have a little time."

"Not if you keep doing *that*... I've been looking forward to this for months..." she gave him a peck on the lips. "And we... [*kiss*] have... [*kiss*] all... [*kiss*] night..."

Grudgingly, Adrien stepped back and offered her his hand.

"Shall we go, then? I have a great night planned for you, Milady."

Marinette took his hand and curtsied.

"Thank you, my prince. I can't wait."

Adrien was the perfect gentleman the whole evening, opening doors and pulling chairs for her at the small restaurant, then at the exclusive rooftop bar, after dinner.

They sat at a corner table, so that they could talk peacefully without being bothered by any of Adrien's overeager fans. It was a warm evening, so Marinette removed her shawl, leaving her scar in full view. Hesitantly and ever-so-lightly, he kissed it, then pulled back, his thumb drawing soft circles around the mark.

"Does it hurt?"

"Not any more. It hurts when I exercise at therapy, but that's normal."

"I'll spend my whole life repaying you for this."

"Silly man," Marinette lightly scolded him. "How can you say that? I told you before—"

"I *do* mean it," he kissed her forehead, as if to seal his promise, and Marinette's smile gave way to a pensive look.

"You know, I had a lot of time to think at the hospital." She sighed and looked him dead in the eyes, as serious as he'd ever seen her. "It's true what they say, life *is* too short. *Especially* in my job. In a split second, everything can be stolen away from you. That's why I'm not going to play coy, or hard to get, or anything like that. I love you, Adrien, and I want to be with you from now on."

He took her hand and kissed it.

"I love you too, my princess. My saviour. My lady."

After that, she couldn't wait to take him home.

When they arrived, he parked the car and held her hand as he walked her to her building.

"So... That's all I had planned for our date night."

"Is it, really?"

"It *really* is. I promised not to rush you, didn't I?" Adrien said, pressing his forehead against hers. "You can call it a night if you want to."

"Hmm... I don't know about that... Want to come up for coffee? Tea? Me?" Marinette smirked at the last word.

Adrien chuckled.

"Ah... classic line. I don't take coffee or tea at this hour..." he leaned over to kiss behind her ear and whisper, "but I'd love to come up!"

The evening had been wonderful. Everything went exactly as Adrien had planned, if not better. Marinette looked beautiful, free as she was from the constraints of her job. Her strapless dress was the most provocative piece of clothing he'd ever seen, threatening to slip off with the slightest movement, yet never quite doing it. She looked good enough to eat.

At the end of the evening, when they entered the lift up to her flat, he could hardly contain himself. Her lightly freckled shoulders looked so inviting, he couldn't help but embrace her from behind and place a little kiss on them. Then another. Then one on the curve of her neck, and then...

They arrived at Marinette's floor, and had to compose themselves in case they came across one of her neighbours.

Marinette quickly opened the door, locking it after they got in.

"I forgot to say it before..." Adrien said, looking around. "Your apartment is adorable. It's so... so... you!"

"Let me give you the grand tour, then..." Marinette slipped off her shoes, and Adrien did the same.

She took three steps into the apartment, acting like a tour guide, then pointed at the TV, laptop and game console, which were on a wheeled drawer cabinet, between the sofa and the pink curtain.

“Here we have the media room...” she stepped to the right and pointed at the sofa, “then we have the lounge...” she took two more steps and pointed at the table, “the dining hall...” two more steps, “and finally, the kitchen.”

Adrien laughed at her nonsense and began to play along, tapping on his chin and nodding.

“Very interesting... A true pearl of modern deconstructed architecture... It seems to be missing something, though...”

“No sir!” Barely able to keep a straight face, she opened the curtain to reveal her bed. “I give you... the Master Bedroom!”

“Wow! Just when I thought I’d seen everything!”

“And that’s not all! Through that door over there, you’ll find the Spa!”

Both of them broke character with this last one, laughing heartily. Marinette wiped a tear of laughter.

“Yeah, it’s really, *really* small...”

“I love it. It’s cute, cosy and warm, and it smells like *you*.”

“Rude!”

Laughing, Marinette made a show of smelling herself. Adrien turned to her, inhaling deeply through his nose.

“It smells like sweets, chocolate and clean laundry, with a touch of your shampoo... strawberry?”

“Wild berries, actually...”

“Delicious... just like you...”

Adrien drew her closer to him, catching her lips before she could respond. He kissed her passionately, trying to show her how much he wanted her. Then

he planted soft kisses and licks down her neck and chest, stopping just above her cleavage.

"I'm going to keep asking, Marinette, until you're sick of it. *Shall I continue?*"

"Mmm-hmm..."

Adrien lifted her chin to catch her eyes.

"I need to hear it, Milady... I need to know you want this as much as I do."

In response, Marinette turned around and held her hair away from her back.

"Can you unzip me? Then I can show you *how much* I want you."

He obeyed, slowly pulling the zipper down as he kissed her back and shoulders. He wanted to kiss her all over, all night long.

Marinette turned back around, still holding her dress up. Looking him straight into his eyes, she let her dress fall to the floor, and Adrien lost all his ability to think.

She had the full matching set; lace strapless bra, thong, garter belt, and silk stockings. Saying he liked what he saw would be an understatement; she was... *gorgeous*. His fingers itched to follow every curve of her body, to find out how every single bit of her felt. Even if he'd never met her, he'd have called her pretty, but... *She was Marinette. His Marinette. His guardian angel*. And she was sharing this with him; she was letting him see her at her most vulnerable, after so many months of playing tough and 'keeping it professional'.

Adrien almost didn't want to touch her and break the spell. *Almost*. He ran his fingers from her lips, down her neck, down to the top of her left breast, then the right. She stopped him before he got any further.

"Fair's fair," she said in a husky tone, "now's *my* turn."

Marinette slipped his jacket off his shoulders, then removed his tie.

"I like this... maybe I'll keep it."

He gulped audibly as she threw the tie in the general direction of the bed and continued, slowly unbuttoning his shirt, then pulling it off to admire his arms and torso. She stroked his toned muscles, a touch so light and teasing it made it hard for him to breathe. Her breathing grew irregular, her touch getting bolder, her fingernails dragging along his skin. It didn't take long for her to get rid of his pants and boxer shorts, but it felt like she was moving intolerably slow.

Adrien stood still, a bit self-conscious about the way his erection twitched involuntarily. Marinette looked at his body, up and down, left to right, as if she was trying to memorise it, running a finger across him. She walked, painfully slowly around him, trailing her fingers down his waist, then his buttocks, then back to standing before him.

"Well, princess," he said, mustering up a devilish grin at odds with how badly he wanted to pounce there and then. "Do you like what you see?"

"Unbelievable," she finally breathed, "you're like one of those classic statues at the Louvre."

"I can move, though... *That's* a plus!"

He inched closer with a low, devious chuckle. Like a dancer about to begin a sensuous tango, he put one hand on her shoulder and one on the small of her back and pulled her to him, holding her close enough for her to feel his hard-on.

"Why *don't* you, then? I *love* it when you move."

"*Sounds like a yes to me.*"

Adrien reached behind her and unhooked her bra, letting it fall to the floor, and held her breasts, teasing the nipples with his thumbs. Without delay, his hands travelled down her torso, while leaving little pecks and love bites all over her *décolleté*. He squeezed her hips, then trailed around to feel her bottom, taking her panties off on the way.



Effortlessly, he picked her up by the thighs, kissing her ardently as he took her to her bed. Never letting go of her lips, he lay her down gently and positioned himself between her thighs. He wanted to explore and worship her some more, but by now his cock needed her so much it *hurt*, and he could tell Marinette wanted him just as bad.

“Like I said, Marinette. *Until you get sick of it.*”

“I *am* sick of it,” she said, “I *need* to feel you inside of me.”

She sighed and panted as he moved down her body, leaving a trace of kisses and licks and adoring words, leaving her just long enough to reach into his pockets for a condom.

Marinette watched him eagerly as he put it on, teasingly touching herself and spreading her legs for him.

“It’s rude to start without me,” he scolded when he was ready, as he opened her pussy with his fingers.

“I can’t help it. You’re taking too— *ab!*”

He plunged his cock into her, watching her reaction with a wicked smile. She pulled his head down to kiss him, while pressing her hips up, the green light he needed to start moving. He began at a slow rhythm — the way he was so worked up, he had to take care not to peak too soon.

But Marinette wasn’t having any of that. She wrapped her legs around his, rotating and writhing beneath him to set a faster pace. There were just too many sensations, too many feelings in him, and the way she was kissing and groping him, and the lovely moans she was uttering, did *not* help.

“I—I won’t last long like that.” he gasped.

“Just *move*—harder—*ab!*”





Like the good boy that he was, Adrien obeyed and sped up, sinking into her deeper and faster. Somewhere in the small part of his brain that was still rational, he still wanted to pleasure Marinette more than himself. He slid a finger between them to tease her hardened clit, and it only took a few strokes for her to orgasm. He followed her soon after, *growling* her name as he, too, reached his climax.

Complete and utterly spent, Adrien collapsed in her arms, careful not to put too much weight on her.

They lay there for some time until they could catch their breath, just enjoying the other one's presence. There was no need for words — both knew this was the *best fuck* of their lives — and that the other one felt the same.

After a while, Adrien rolled to his side to get off of her, supporting his head under his arm so he could admire his lover's profile and play with her hair.

"I've been meaning to ask you..." he began.

"Yes?"

"When was it that you fell for me? You once said you liked me for a very long time, but we only met when I went into hiding..."

Marinette rolled to her side to face him, an awkward smile playing on her lips.

"Promise you won't laugh?"

"Promise!" It would be a difficult promise to keep, elated as he was.

"I told you I was into fashion, right?" He nodded for her to go on, picking up another strand of hair to twirl. "My favourite designer used to be your—well, Gabriel... and I did a lot of research for my creations."

Adrien could see where this was going, but wanted to hear it from her.

"And?..."

“And, I used to have these posters of you all over my walls, and I used to follow all your social media and leave hearts and keysmashes on all of your posts...” She covered her face, thoroughly embarrassed.

Adrien chuckled, pulling her closer for a kiss.

“Hey, you promised!”

“I’m not laughing,” he lied. “I’m just so happy you’re my number one fan...”

“Noo... I quit that years ago!”

“I’ll have to search those old posts...”

“Please don’t!”

Marinette looked genuinely panicked, so he dropped it... for now. He appeased her with another shower of kisses, which seemed to work.

“My turn,” she said. “How about you? When did you start... you know?...”

“Me? Oh, I was a goner from day one!”

“Liar.”

“Honest! I was so intrigued by this tiny, cute girl they assigned to protect me.”

“I’m not so tiny!” Marinette mumbled. “Go on...”

“Then, when you absolutely kicked Kim’s ass... It was so hot! I’d never felt so turned on in my life!”

“Pfft... You smooth-talker,” she said, playfully pushing him away with a finger to his nose. “If I didn’t love you so much, I...”

“You love me so much, huh?” Adrien caught her finger and sucked it, grinning. “Well, I love you so much, too.”



Marinette kissed him again. They were getting more passionate, promising a very fun rest of the night. She pulled back again, before they got too heated for words, pointing a menacing finger.

“Final question — watch out, *package*, this one’s a dealbreaker!”

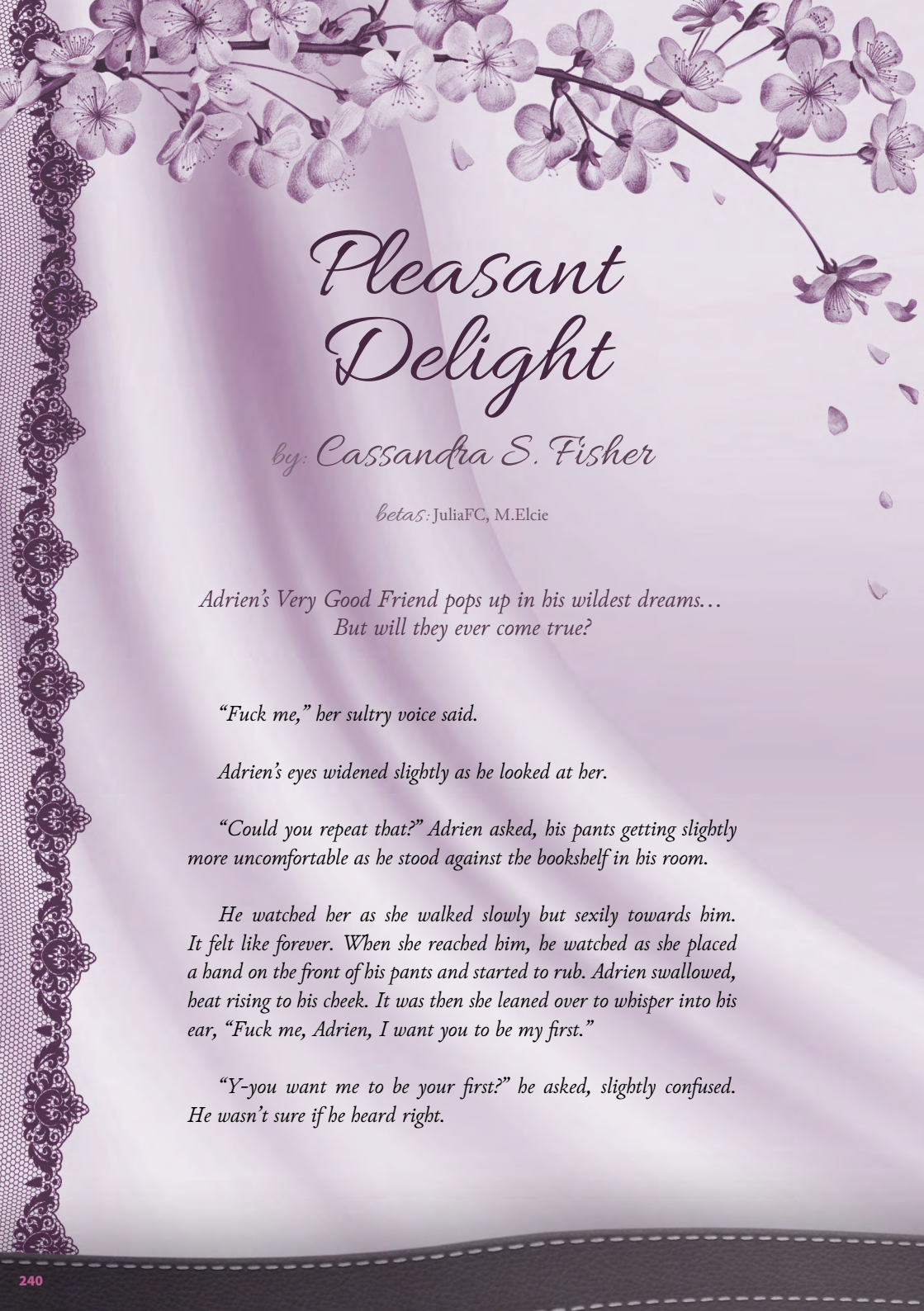
“I’m trembling already.”

“How do you feel about hamsters?”

The End







Pleasant Delight

by: Cassandra S. Fisher

betas: JuliaFC, M.Elcie

*Adrien's Very Good Friend pops up in his wildest dreams...
But will they ever come true?*

"Fuck me," her sultry voice said.

Adrien's eyes widened slightly as he looked at her.

"Could you repeat that?" Adrien asked, his pants getting slightly more uncomfortable as he stood against the bookshelf in his room.

He watched her as she walked slowly but sexily towards him. It felt like forever. When she reached him, he watched as she placed a hand on the front of his pants and started to rub. Adrien swallowed, heat rising to his cheek. It was then she leaned over to whisper into his ear, "Fuck me, Adrien, I want you to be my first."

"Y-you want me to be your first?" he asked, slightly confused. He wasn't sure if he heard right.

"Yes, my virginity is yours," Marinette said, a shy smile spreading all over her face.

"Mari I..." Adrien started, but then he closed his mouth and opened it again, to say something, but no words came out.

"Cat got your tongue?" Marinette asked coyly.

Adrien swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down. The sound of a zipper being undone caught his attention, he looked down to see she was unzipping his pants. Her other hand was about to reach in when his cock popped out fully erected. It felt so good, plus he'd wanted her to do it to him for a very long time.

He whimpered as one of Marinette's hands was at the base of his cock; it wrapped around it and started to move up and down its length. Adrien let out a moan, and then another one as wetness engulfed his cock. Somehow Marinette had knelt down in front of him and decided to give him a blow job. Adrien was all for it.

Adrien used his hand and put it on the back of her head and slowly thrust his cock into her mouth. It felt so good, he felt his cock hit the back of her throat and was surprised when it went deeper. The pressure around his cock increased and his cock throbbed and pulsed, sending waves of pleasure deep through his core. Before he could say anything, he ended up coming into her mouth.

It took him a few seconds to realize that Marinette swallowed his cum; he looked down at her raven colored hair, as he leaned against the bookshelf and Marinette looked back at him with her bluebell eyes.

"That was amazing," he started to say, before he heard a loud screeching sound.



Fuck. That was his morning alarm. Adrien sat straight up, feeling deflated and disappointed when realisation hit—it was just a dream.

“Damn,” he muttered under his breath as he looked down to see that his cock was fully erect.

Well, that part wasn’t a dream. He wondered how much of that was just morning wood and how much was due to the wet dream he’d just had.

He needed a cold shower. As he headed to the bathroom, the dream he just had played back in his mind. It felt so realistic, he wanted that to happen for real! But before it could happen, he had to take his courage into his hands and have the balls to talk to Marinette. He vowed to himself, right there and then, that he would tell that girl how much she meant to him—and show her too.

“Adrien, are you okay?” Marinette asked in a concerned voice, as she stood next to him on the school stairs.

Adrien felt as if his body had moved a couple of inches off the ground as he stared into her eyes and then looked at her.

“Hi.” He rubbed the back of his neck.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you.”

“No, it’s fine. I was just thinking about something I have to do after class,” he lied.

“Oh...so you’re busy after class?”

“Do you need me for something?”

She crossed her arms to her chest, almost defensively. “I wanted to hang out with you for the afternoon, I was thinking we could go on a picnic.”

“Huh?!?” He gave her a confused look.

"I am asking you on a date," Marinette blurted out all at once, and then looked everywhere but at Adrien himself, a deep blush dusting her cheeks and neck.

It took a moment for Adrien to make out what she had just said, and as he did, he held his breath, his heart racing in his chest. "Hold on...Marinette, can you say that again? Slowly..."

Marinette froze; she then looked at Adrien and took a big breath.

"I am asking you on a date," she said quietly, highlighting and spelling out every word, as she held his gaze.

Adrien looked into those blue bell eyes and saw hope in them. His own cheeks dusted in pink as his Adam's apple bobbed. "I would love to go on a date with you Marinette." He beamed at her as she smiled shyly at him. "Where are you thinking we should have the picnic?"

"I was thinking about somewhere we can have a little privacy."

"I know of the perfect place," Adrien said, thinking back at a beautiful spot he had seen recently while patrolling as Cat Noir.

"Okay, great! How about we meet at six pm and head out," she said excitedly. Then, she suddenly froze and cringed a little before glancing at him and asking, "Oh...will this be okay with your father?"

Adrien looked over at Marinette. "Don't worry about my father, I *will* handle him," he said matter of factly.

"Okay, then we better get back to class! We don't want to be late," Marinette said, grabbing hold of his hand and squeezing it as they walked back to Miss Bustier's room.

"I'm glad we get this time to ourselves," Adrien said, as he watched Marinette spread out the food on the picnic blanket in front of them.



"I'm so happy we're doing it! I wanted to ask you on a date for a long time, but only now I got the courage to do it."

"Oh, did you? I wasn't sure whether you liked me like that or not. I didn't want to say anything to not ruin our friendship," Adrien blurted out, blushing a little and looking down.

Marinette groaned. "Oh...I didn't realize that is how you felt! Sorry Adrien."

She picked up a plate and handed it to him. And as she did that, a few strands of hair fell into her eyes, and Adrien used one of his hands to tuck them behind her ears. They held each other's gaze. Adrien's eyes went to Marinette lips; he bet her lips were soft and tasted like strawberry lip gloss.

"Can I kiss you?" he asked, voicing his growing desire.

Their plates were set aside. Marinette's eyes widened slightly and she gave him a shy nod, so he leaned closer and closer, until their lips met. Yes, her lips did taste like strawberries! The kiss started light and gentle, but almost immediately, Adrien tried to deepen it.

One of his hands slid down to the hem of her shirt. His hand then slipped underneath the fabric, his hand made its way to her bosom. He lifted her bra, then started to massage her breast gently.

Marinette let out a moan. Her hand wrapped around the back of his neck, as she slowly pulled him down with her to the picnic blanket and Adrien's hands roamed her body. The girl's hand rubbed against his erect cock through the fabric covering it, so she unzipped his pants and his erection popped out. He looked at her and took in every small detail, how glazed over her gaze was, how soft and full of trust was her smile, as she moved her face closer to his cock. She used her spit as lube to make his dick wet and then took in his full length. She sucked him like a popsicle and felt the throbbing member plumbage through her lips until a salty taste filled her mouth.

Adrien froze, he didn't think he would finish this quickly. It wouldn't be fair if he was the only one who was able to get off tonight. His mind was brought back to the present when he realized Marinette was swallowing all of his cum.

“How was that?” Marinette asked as she looked up at him.

“God, that was amazing! My turn now, mademoiselle.” A relaxed smile curled his lips as he said that.

“I would love that. But would you mind me asking you: is this going to be just one date, or are there more in the future?” Marinette sounded worried.

Adrien looked at her. “Marinette, you’re the only girl for me.”

Marinette smiled at him. “That’s great to know, since *you’re* the only man for *me!*”

They picked up their plates and started to eat. They ate silently, both glancing at each other.

Adrien looked up at the stars shining brightly in the dark canopy of the sky above them. “Hey Marinette, there’s the Big Dipper,” he started as he pointed in the right direction. Marinette moved closer to his side as her gaze followed his finger. She turned her face towards Adrien’s face and started to gently kiss his neck. Then, she moved so she could straddle him.

Adrien’s hand started to roam her body, and after a few moments, he was helping Marinette take off her shirt and bra.

Marinette sucked and nibbled on his neck. Adrien’s hands moved towards her breast; he gently started to massage both of them as Marinette bit his neck playfully and a surge of pain shot up from where her teeth sank in his skin. Adrien squeezed her breast as the pain hit, forcing a loud moan of pleasure out of her lips.

The bulge between Adrien’s legs moved, which caught Marinette’s attention. She unzipped his pants, and hastily took out his cock, which was fully erect. He looked at the girl’s beautiful bluebell eyes and kissed her hungrily, releasing her lips only for the mere need of air in his lungs, when Marinette took his cock in her hand and started to stroke it.

“Do you want to cum for me sweetheart?” Marinette murmured into his ear. The boy answered with a languid kiss on the lips. Then he started to lazily kiss



and suck all over her body. His hand slid between her thigh and he rubbed her clit. Marinette leaned back on the blanket to let Adrien have more access, and the boy moved with her until they were both lying down. He licked his lips—he was able to access everything.

He slowly started to place hot kisses on Marinette, from her head towards her toes, quickly helping her reach her climax, but paused before she went over the edge.

“Adrien please let me cum, or fuck me,” Marinette begged, as her body relaxed in between the almost orgasm, but the smile on Adrien’s face grew in an impatient little smirk she was dying to wipe off his lips with a kiss. Before she could do anything, though, he slid three fingers into her pussy and started to move them slowly in and out, and soon increased the speed, causing a blow of energy to build up into her gut. Marinette tensed up and her body arched upward, as her orgasm hit and her juices squirted out of her and coated his hand.

‘She’s a squirter,’ Adrien thought to himself with a smile.

Marinette was breathing hard until her climax subsided, and Adrien laid next to her, hugging her tight as the mad beating of his own heart started to cool down.

“That was so good,” whispered Marinette in his ear as the boy looked up at the stars.

“Yes, it was,” Adrien replied. He turned around and laid there, hugging her tight and smelling the fresh smell of coconut and wildflower on her hair, thankful he had finally found the place he knew he really belonged.

The End





